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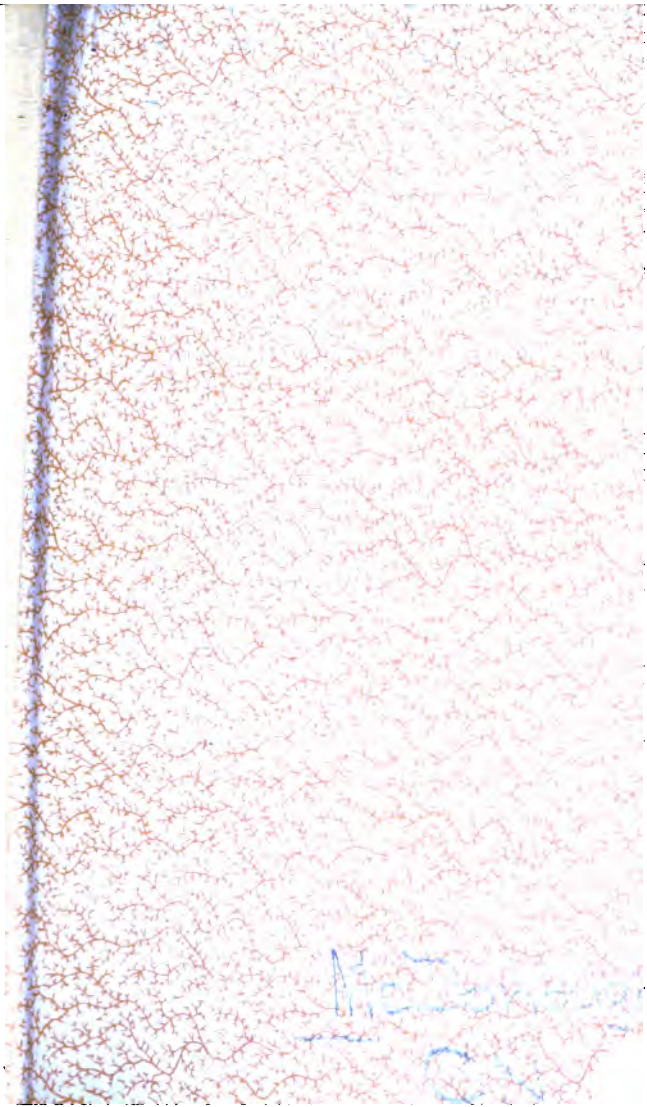

THE

HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES

OF

ENGLISH MANNERS.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great babel, and not feel the crowd.
Cowper.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses usages.
Boileau.

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THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTION.

\- - - - - Ridiculum acri
Fortiust et melius magnas plerumque secat res.
Horat.

IT was remarked by my immortal predecessor, the Spectator, that a reader seldom perused a book with pleasure, until he knew whether the writer of it was a black or a fair man; of a mild or choleric disposition; married, or a bachelor; with many other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author: and, since he made the observation, it has been so often repeated by those who have attempted to tread in his steps, that nothing remains for me, but to subscribe to its truth, and proceed accordingly to put my readers in possession of such facts relative to myself, as may give them an interest in the papers which I intend to lay before them in the ensuing pages.

Suppose to yourself, then, gentle reader, one whose years have imperceptibly rolled on in drawing-rooms, in parties, and in what is called the world; whose looking-glass now begins to cause unpleasant reflections, and whose hair reminds him of the utility of such men as Mr. Ross in Bishopsgate-street, and Mr. Bowman in New Bond-street.

Such is the author of these pages: too old to be an *Exquisite* or a *Coxcomb*, yet neither old enough, nor wicked enough, to sigh over, or to frown upon, the past. He can now, not only enjoy the pleasures of memory, but sit by calmly, and observe the present day, without being blinded by tumultuous passions, or soured by age and infirmity.

It may easily be conceived that such a man must have seen and felt all the enjoyments of life. With these his account of the past must necessarily be filled; nor would it be possible for him to vegetate in the seclusion of woods and forests, or to become the solitary of a desert, or of a monastic retreat. A time however must come, when the fire of youth will decay; though, with such a man, the warmth of friendship succeeds to the flame of love, and the glow arising from a relish for society, survives the ardent pursuit of pleasure.

Such a man will certainly be the little hero of his tale; but he will neither be fastidious nor querulous, and although he may be somewhat prone to telling his own history, yet will he have so far derived benefit from his intercourse with fashionable society, that he will have learned how to listen, and how to observe. There will naturally be rather more distance and retirement in his habits, even though remaining in the very midst of the world, than there was when he was an actor, instead of a looker-on; but such a man's retirement is the corner of a well-filled drawing-room, a niche in a reading room, the back row of an opera-box, behind a sexagenary duchess, unenvied, and almost unobserved; or in the deep shade of an umbrageous tree in St. James' Park.

A *Celibataire* more from chance than from determination, he has no domestic concerns to perplex

him, no wife to promote or to impede his welcome in the gay world, no train to carry after him, no addition to his unity in an invitation card, and he is therefore more easily provided for, and more generally invited than a family man. Without assuming any peculiar merit, a well-dressed and a well-bred man, whose face is become common at parties, *bien composees*, will be asked to one place merely because he has been seen at another, where the same class of society moves; and thus must the scenes of high-life multiply infinitely to him in the course of years, making almost an imperceptible experience. A beautiful young unmarried lady can with safety honour his arm, as the companion and protector of her morning walk, without fear of exciting either ambition or passion in his breast, or of raising jealousy or uneasiness in the bosom of a more favoured swain. The flaunting married woman of quality can take such a man in her carriage to make the round of her morning visits, or to kill time by shopping, without fear of wearing out his patience, or of furnishing chit-chat at some distinguished *conversazione*, where the tongue of scandal might have canvassed the connexion and society of a younger Cicisbeo. He may also be consulted as to dress, with implicit trust in the sincerity of his advice; and he may be allowed to witness a tender glance, a hand pressed, or a significant look given to a more youthful beau, without fear of rivalry, or any risk of scandalising him.

A *Donna attempata* will sit with him in a morning deshabelle, having no designs upon him. An *Exquisite* and a *Ruffian* will unrestrainedly play off their part before him, considering him as a good-natured, gentleman-like old fellow, or, in other words, a cypher in the busy scene of high life.—

Lady Jemima's "At Home," or Mrs. Alamode's "Fancy Ball," must be numerously attended; and men like him are precisely the materials for making up the corner figures of the belle assemblee. "Hand me to my carriage," an angry belle will say to such a man; and to him she will recount her disappointments and disgusts, the coldness of a favourite,—the flirting of a husband,—the neglect which she expected not to meet,—the killing superiority of a rival,—the untimely giving way of the lace of her corset,—the mortifying bursting of the quarters of her satin shoe,—her loss of temper or her loss at play,—an assignation which calls her away, or vapours arising from the dissipation of the preceding night.

If such a man see, and observe not, it must be his own fault; for, no longer blinded by his passions, nor quitting the world in disgust, he can reason upon the past, correctly weigh the present; and calculate thereby what may occur in time to come. Life is a drama more or less brief; with some gay, with others insipid,—all men are actors of some part or other, from the prince on the throne to the little tyrant of his domestic circle,—nor is it given to those actors to see and learn themselves, but only to those who, like the Hermit in London, occupy a seat in the stage-box, and are the calm spectators of the piece.

Whilst the fashionable novels (for, alas! nothing is so fashionable as scandal) are hewing away *a l'Indienne*, on every side, and cutting up, not only public, but private characters; it is the intention of the following pages to pursue an intirely different plan, namely, to strike at the folly, without wounding the individual—to give the very sketch and scene, but to spare the actor in each; so that,

upon every occasion, personality will be most sedulously avoided. To blend the useful with the laughable, and to cheat care of as many moments as possible, are the chief and favourite views of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. I.

ENTERING A ROOM.

Arche hemisu pantos.—Hesiod.
Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.

WHATEVER a man is accustomed to do, he will do with ease; and ease is grace to a certain degree, at least there can be no grace without it. Yet the very same person who performs every thing to which he may have been habituated, in the most becoming manner imaginable, will perhaps feel the bashfulness of a school-boy, or the awkwardness of a rustic, if unexpectedly called on to appear in a character entirely new to him. Thus we shall see a player get through his part with all the eloquence of passion, aided by the most impressive gesticulation; yet if it fall to his lot in the course of the evening to deliver an apology to the audience for some disappointment in the appearance of a brother performer, or some alteration in the amusements, his fluency deserts him, his carriage becomes constrained, and he very likely feels himself almost as much at a loss in addressing the spectators in this extemporaneous manner, as the major part of them would do, if required to leave the boxes at a moment's warning, and "fret and strut their hour upon the stage." Behold, in the same manner a clergyman enter the pulpit, whence he is accustomed to exhort an admiring and attached body of parishioners. How calmly he looks around on them? with what ease he opens his discourse! with what facility he proceeds! How readily he

confutes the objections which, for the moment, he supposes to be raised against the doctrines he is advancing! and how ingeniously he winds up his arguments, precisely at the moment, when he is aware that they have produced the full effect which he intended, on the minds of his congregation!—Yet let this very same preacher be called on to give his evidence in a court of justice, or his opinion at a public meeting, on matters unconnected with his profession, and it is probable that an attorney's clerk, or an intelligent farmer, would speak with as much perspicuity, and more to the purpose. Place a man whose life has been devoted to the study of the fine arts, among a set of merchants talking over their speculations, and how silent he will sit, in all the amazement of ignorance, whilst they discuss the value of Russia or of India produce; of hemp, tallow, and iron; cottons, sugars, or dye-stuffs. In return, bring him who has never studied any thing but the prices current, and the list of exports and imports, into a party of connoisseurs, and what will become of all the commercial knowledge, and the correctness of calculation which had gained him the reputation on 'Change of a shrewd man, and a good man? He will find small hope of making cent. per cent. of his capital, by studying the *beau ideal* and the *chiaro oscuro*, and the breadth of light, and mass of shadow, and the draperies, and groupings, and effect which excite such admiration in the party among whom he wanders about, impatient and bewildered—angry at the unprofitable nature of their discussions, yet ashamed to show his ignorance of them, and devoutly wishing himself boxed up in his counting-house again, among his clerks; or reclining at his ease on the benches of his favourite coffee-house,

where his countenance is watched as a kind of index to the probable averages of the markets.

It follows, then, that in order to appear to the most advantage, we ought to be seen in the place which we have been the longest accustomed to fill: and it is perhaps from a little anxiety respecting myself, on this head, that I have been led into the foregoing reflections. A first appearance as an author is a tremendous undertaking: however, he that ventures on it may have been used

"The applause of listening senates to command."

or to lay down the law with more certainty of success, and less fear of contradiction, on a matter of taste, in a lady's *boudoir*. It is one thing for a man to fix the eyes of a fashionable circle upon his dress and figure, and another to fix the eyes of the public upon his works. The remarks that may excite most enviable peals of laughter in an elegant drawing room, may be read with phlegmatic rigidity of muscle in the corner of a bookseller's shop, particularly if the day should happen to be damp and foggy; and the criticisms which sound vastly acute and erudite, as delivered from a stage-box at the theatre, or in Fop's Alley at the Opera, may be criticised, themselves, as sufficiently vapid, when they fall under the lash of critics by profession, instead of being re-echoed by pretty *savantes* at one of the numerous *conversaziones* which this age of intellectual improvements has established, in order to perfect us in the ancient art of talking, which, it should seem, we have been too much accustomed to consider, hitherto, as a mere matter of amusement.

Dangers and difficulties are, however, the price of honours, whether they be such as the hero or

the saint aspire to. Behold me, therefore, gentle reader, a hermit by choice, an author at your service, and only solicitous to know what topic I can fix on for the opening of my lucubrations, so as most to minister to your entertainment.

There is something so awkward in choosing a subject for the first time! It is like first entering a room—which bye the bye, is one of the most difficult things in the world, to accomplish in a graceful and prepossessing manner. There are a thousand ways of doing it—And why not remark upon some of them? An excellent thought! "What shall I write upon?" said Cowper to his fascinating friend, Lady Austin. "Write upon the Sofa, to be sure!" she replied: and from her lively equivoque arose that delightful poem of "The Task," than which I will not pledge myself to my readers for any thing much better in the whole course of the following pages. This was all owing to seizing a first thought,—an impulse; and Cowper was of the Hermit-species himself, though somewhat of a different class from the Hermit in London, being a follower of Heraclitus, instead of Democritus, I cannot do better than take him, in this instance for my example; and if I so far imitate him as to make the most of the moment whilst the impression is warm, for expanding the idea which is uppermost in my mind, I shall waste no further time in deliberation, but immediately proceed to analyse some of the various modes of entering a room.

In no situation are we more prepossessed by the expression of countenance and by the general figure, than when a person first enters a room. It is, in some measure, like a scenic representation; and we are prepared, however unjustly, to applaud or to disapprove the character, unexamined and un-

heard. I have so often sat myself down, like a statue, in the corner of a drawing-room, that I have had good experience in this way; and, close observer as I am, and albeit neither dazzled from inexperience nor inflamed by youth, yet to the prepossession for or against, I have, involuntarily, very frequently given way.

Modesty blended with dignity (a beautiful point, most difficult to hit) has always won my vote in favour of the possessor; and yet I am aware, that a consummate courtier, a high-bred, finished gentleman, a travelled man of fashion, endowed with observation and with imitation, can assume this character perfectly and successfully. The grave, gloomy, eye-averted and brow-dejected man, the man who hastily enters the apartment, and fain would say to the one behind him "Shove me in, that I may get over these odious ceremonials," appears a suspicious guest. You say to yourself, "We shall never get acquainted, 'tis no loss; I do not wish it; he is a stoic, a cynic, a sceptic, a fellow of long head, perhaps, but selfish; he would cheat you in a bargain; 'tis pride or meanness which makes him shy." Whilst every interchanged look and word with the former is like a wish "to our better acquaintance."

But besides these extremes there are various ways of entering an apartment, divers characters assumed at that moment; many modes of expressing, by the very look and bow, what rank a person holds, who thus appears on the scene,—and not only his rank in society, but the estimation in which he is held in the very circle of which he now forms a segment, or a component part, and in which he has a character to play, very frequently for that night only,—I say night, because I allude to a dinner party, which, in high life, always takes

place at night, as the breakfast is the repast of the afternoon, and the morning call, or ride, is an evening amusement.

One character enters with dignity and with an assumed condescension; which is pride in a fancy dress. The bow bends little, it says "I am come, —not very late neither; I might have sent an apology, but I am come, to confer honour, and to be praised." The smile means, "I greet ye all; be seated; I shall show no superiority amongst you, but make myself uncommonly pleasant."

Another enters with a briskish step, usually accompanied by "I fear I am late; I had not an idea of the hour; I hope I have not kept you waiting very long." This person looks round for smiles, for acknowledgments; bows rapidly and circularly; squeezes his hosts hand; steps boldly, but respectfully, up to the lady of the house,—sometimes shakes hands with her; fidgets, as it were, until he is brought into play; then *attitudes* himself for a moment, and casts a beam of mirth around him.—This is either one who is whispered all around the room to be a pleasant fellow, a wit, a table light, one who will be looked to for a joke at dinner, one whose attic salt is to give relish to the feast; or he is a character, for whom all are prepared; or lastly, he is the friend of the family, or a young, not overbearing patron.

A third lounges in, and lisps and drawls out his answers; holds one finger to his landlord, as if loth to be too kind; and bows to the lady of the house as if an *exquisite* was the very gas of a brilliant circle, and as if he felt that he must be every where welcome. Very little interest is created by such a doll, which is importantly to fill a chair, in all the plenitude of emptiness.

A fourth bashfully hangs back; enters slowly; waits to be met, and to be brought forward in the circle; directs his glance and the profound inclination of his head to the host and hostess; taking his chance for gaining friends afterwards by gentleness, obliging attention at table, and humility; or perhaps looks meekly at the donor of the feast, and glides away into a corner, into the embrasure of a window, or a situation remote from the foreground figures of the picture. This character you may set down for a man of modest worth; perhaps an artist, one who is there for the first time, or else an unfortunate *protege*, a voter at an election just secured, or a poor relation.

Lastly, we may observe a very quick stepp'd, over civil, circularly smiling, wise looking, mysterious eyed, obsequious, grave dressed man in black, with a sufficient number of seals and rings, white hands, and often with a powdered head, canvassing every eye for notice; who will applaud every thing which you say, laugh before the joke be concluded, often look at his watch, be called out, or take French leave. This is either an author of doubtful rank, a clergyman of somewhat too complaisant habits, or the physician of the family.

There are a hundred other kinds of entrances, too tedious to mention. I have however confined myself to men only; as female fascinations speak for themselves, and as all women in high life enter a drawing room in pretty much the same way, a little more or less consequence, a little more or less diffidence, free from the *mauvaise honte*, being the only shades of difference; at least all the others are so minute as to have escaped, hitherto, the penetration even of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. II.

A PATRON.

Tu proverai si come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui e come e duro calle
Lo scendere e 'l salir per 'l altrui scale. *Dante.*

Patrons in days of yore, were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters:—some of them were heard
To read off hand, and never spell a word;
Our Patrons are of quite a different strain,
With neither sense nor taste; against the grain
They patronize for fashion's sake—no more!
Churchill.

Genius, like the beautiful flowers which adorn the garden, requires culture and the sun of patronage. Without these, however rich the soil, it will pine and wither in the shade of neglect. Some talents there are, like those of the immortal Burns, which may be considered as field flowers, as the mountain daisy, cheerfully "glinting forth" "above the storm," or the wild violet, which "wastes its sweetness on the desert air." But these are few in number. For the most part, where genius puts forth the blossoms of promise in a young mind, some kind patron—a nobleman, a clergyman, or a man of science, not unfrequently the honest schoolmaster of the village, cultivates the tender plant, by bestowing education on the growing capacity; and, at a future period, it depends on the great for support, and for being brought to maturity.

There is not indeed a nobler office, than that of patronising talent in every branch. It is often done

he was. And more than one artist has lost his time, and forfeited opportunities of benefitting himself, whilst listening to the encouraging conversations of the peer, attending his levee, and expecting some sapient suggestion, or powerful interest which might introduce him to royal patronage; or at least insure his celebrity with the public.

My friend Dr. Dabble is a very different patron. Made a L. L. D. at an early period, and gifted with a fine estate, he has set himself up for the promoter of learning, and the patron of science; but his patronage is not the mere warmth of a tea-pot, nor does it evaporate in a morning walk, nor can it be covered by a plate at a table. He deals in solids—extracted, however, not from his own pocket, but from the paper currency, or the metallic substances of his friends and acquaintance. It is dangerous to meet the Doctor unless you have money about you for which you have no use; for his pockets are crammed with addresses, prospectuses, tickets for benefits, and plans or drawings of some architectural pile which is destined to rise from the earth; whilst his house is like an auction-room for antiquities, statues, paintings, drawings, cameos, books, and goods, to be disposed of, for the benefit of their respective owners.

"Do, my dear fellow, give me your guinea for this splendid work; here is a prospectus; it will be printed in the first style of perfection;" or "I must have you put your name down for this book of drawings just about to be published;" or "I have set you down as a subscriber to Mr. Polyphrase's readings;" or "You are the very person I wanted to meet; you are so popular, so generally acquainted, that I am sure you will get off half a dozen tickets in a raffle for a Cameo, or for such a man's benefit."

Such is the constant language of the learned Doctor, who spends his time in giving audience to artists and to authors; in being the porter of their plans and cards in the streets, and in puffing at evening parties, or negotiating with booksellers in the mornings. All this costs him personally very little except his labour; in giving which, by the by, there is merit; and at the same time it amuses and occupies him, and gains him the name of a patron, which he considers to be a very desirable distinction.

He is however so well known, that he often fails in his endeavours to serve; for if you see him fumble in his pocket, you know he is about to bring out "proposals for printing," "plan of an extensive collection of ——," "prospectus of a work to be published by subscription," or some such pocket-pistol which he means to fire at your bank-note; so that many of his acquaintance fly from his approach, and some are even scandalous enough to report that he has an interest in these speculations, beyond the mere pleasure of encouraging merit.

Such is the character of these two patrons of the arts. Others there are, however, although the number be but few, who are the pure encouragers of science, the promoters of more extensive knowledge, and the distinguished cultivators of talent.—Insensible to flattery, the only pride of such men is to see the success of those who owe their outset in life to their generous and bountiful assistance. Friends to wisdom and to mankind, they dedicate a great part of their fortune to the support of indigent talent, to drawing merit from the shade of adversity or from the obscurity of their situation, and to enriching the republic of letters.

It is to such men that statues are due. Their names deserve to be written in letters of gold, to be

chronicled here with sages and with heroes, and to reign hereafter in immortality; for they are the pillars on which wisdom and virtue lean, they are the support of growing genius; and, without them a world of genius and of science would fall to the ground uncultivated and unknown.

No. III.

TOO LATE FOR DINNER.

- - - - Parthis mendacior. *Hor.*

- - - - Sed non ego credulus illis. *Virgil.*

This circumstance is a matter of chance and of some misfortune to some people; an affair of affectation and bad habit in others; but a practice, whether from the former or the latter cause, of continual occurrence in the *beau monde*, although evidently at variance with true politeness.

Young Woodville, an acquaintance of mine, an *Exquisite* of the first class, in the way of magnificent living, splendid equipage, and well-appointed establishment, is conspicuous for this failing. I think I see him this moment, flying out of his chariot—the grey horses arriving at break-neck pace—a knock like thunder announcing him at the door—and affecting himself to look overcome and chagrined on entering the apartment where every one is either just seated, or just finishing the first course.

His general plan is, on presenting himself at the dining parlour door, to withdraw as it were, to join his hands, elevate his shoulders, make a slight inclination of his body, or a shake of his head, as much as to say, "this is very bad indeed; an't I incorrigible? most abominable for late hours? always engaged—always run away with by pleasure—never in time any where? But quite the thing—monstrous agreeable—pardoned by the ladies—every where welcome." This pantomimic repre-

sentation is followed by a demonstration of his white teeth, rather than a smile; and then, shaking hands with his friend at the bottom of the table, or giving him a gentle tap on the back, (if an intimate) ogling all round, glancing at all the beauty and fashion in the room, he proceeds with much confidence to the seat allotted to him, disturbing and apologising to as many as possible in his way towards the head of the table.

His hacknied excuses in general are, "Upon my life, I don'd deserve to be pardoned; yet I reckon on your ladyship's indulgence; I never was so mistaken in my life; it was six when I was talking about a horse to the duke, at Tattersall's; the moment that I discovered it, I galloped home at the risk of upsetting a score of plebs, and took only ten minutes to dress and get here:" "Upon my soul, I beg your pardon; 'tis too bad I know:" or "I know not on earth how to apologise for my seeming rudeness; but I did not get home from the quadrille ball until seven o'clock; could not close my eyes for two hours; let my watch go down; and have gone wrong all day since:" "Upon my honour I had not an idea of its being so late by an hour; but I know your goodness, and that you'll excuse me; you know me; the very worst head in the world; never could calculate time or money; you know that, Sir Charles; I have always twice as much to pay as I expected, and am an hour or two later than I intended;" and an insipid laugh closes this *mis*-statement. Or else it is, "Do forgive me; it is not my fault; I wish the House of Commons were annihilated; I went in with my brother, and could not move until half an hour ago; dressed all by guess, and almost half in my carriage; I never was so put out in my life."

Now all these excuses are nearly as old as himself, known to all his acquaintance, worn out as to effect, and wearing out the patience of every one concerned; yet does he think this bad habit quite an accomplishment: he prefers it to the chance of entering a half-filled apartment in proper time, or being mistaken for a man of exactitude and of order. Many of his female acquaintance, who are fearful of dinner's suffering from his neglect, or who are not dazzled by his good looks and affectation, have relinquished his presence at their tables on this account; but still he will not submit to the dull five minutes before dinner, and thinks it stylish in the extreme to be always in a great hurry, galloping out of the park, or dashing up to your door, as if on business of the last importance. Hence he has acquired the nickname of the *late* Mr. Woodville; and so far is he from being ashamed of it, or corrected by the charge, that he seems to pitch his ambition at a still higher mark, and aspire to be called latest among the late, as Marshal Ney was termed "Le brave parmi les braves."

I need not add that he is incorrigible; and well he may be so, when one lady holds out her hand to him at the head of the table, crying, "Sit down, madcap; I wonder you did not come in at the desert:" another exclaims, "Ah! Woodville, are you come so soon?" a third, in answer to his practised, easy, and insincere apologetical tricks, says, "sit down, never mind, we all know you; you (with a stress) are a privileged man for late hours: Have you seen the young dowager?"

All this, Woodville thinks adds eclat to his course through fashion's airy circle. He fancies, and often with truth, that very young tendrils of fashion, the scions of elegant and extravagant stocks, admire

him for his foibles, commend his assurance, and extol his vanity. His practised weakness so often gaining indulgence, he becomes an habitual defaulter at dinner, and he would not know how to take his chair without an excuse. How prettily he looks and answers to Lady Mildway, when she, with a suavity peculiar to herself, observes, "My only regret is, that the soup will not be worth your tasting, although Mercier (the cook) pleases you in general; and that the fish will be neither hot nor cold." "Upon my life," lisps the youth, "you overpower me with goodness; its my own fault if either be the case; but if you would expiate my enormity by taking half a glass of Madeira with me, I should feel much more comfortable; for I really am horrified at coming so uncommonly late:" (habitually ought to be the word.)

All these minor manœuvres lend a false interest to Mr. Woodville, which he has usurped, which indulgence has admitted, which youthful inexperience tolerates, and, which ignorance admires.

Lord Livre-rouge, whose only superiority is his place in the Red-book, his name, style, title and designation in the Court Kalendar, is another of these dinner-spoilers, these abusers of good-nature, these violators of good manners, these usurping coxcombs, who wish to soar above even the circle of elegance and good company, by coming last, by being waited for, by deranging a party, and by creating a sensation, as they swagger, seemingly confounded, to the first places at the tables they have so long kept waiting for them.

My Lord, however, has not Woodville's good humour, none of his simpers and his smiles, no false humility, no submissive pride: He makes you wait as a matter of course, and takes his place as

a matter of right. He sometimes seems to look surprised, and motions a regret at deranging a whole party, but it is with a self-approving deportment. He will tell you, that he is that moment arrived from Derby, or from Newmarket, or from the Upper House, in which however he takes much less interest than at the winning post of either of the other places. He wishes you had not waited; but it is very easy to perceive that he would never have forgiven you, if you had not. He canvasses the respect and attention of the whole family; and is mortified in the extreme if he find himself in the minority. Every glance of his claims applause; and and every civility caricatures condescension. He dines with you for form's sake; comes late for fashion's sake; stops as long as suits himself; and takes French leave, without heart or interest in your party.

Sometimes he will say, with a superior and saucy tone, "Indeed, my dear Mrs. So-and-so, I am sure you think me very rude in coming so late; but it was with difficulty that I came at all: I put off five engagements for your's; and I left a dozen things undone, and people dissatisfied, sooner than disappoint you." Or, by way of being jocose, "I dare say your French cook wishes me at the Antipodes for spoiling his fricassee or his vol au vent, his omelette or his macaroni; but I had a hard matter to get here at all—only I hate sending excuses."

The prevalence of these late dinner visitors is such that there is quite a struggle betwixt the makers of banquets and the eaters of them, who shall be latest in their hours: and, as was said by an Irish gentleman of my acquaintance, who has crossed the Channel to nod and monosyllablise in the House of Commons annually since the Union, 'Upon my

faith people are getting so much later every year in their hours, that I should not at all be surprised to find dinner put off until the next day.'

The givers of parties are so afraid of having their delicacies spoiled, that they know not how late to make the hour of meeting; and yet the rival party, the guests of fashion, all emulating each other in haut ton, struggle who shall come last, who shall cut in for the last moment, who shall drive up last to the door, who shall make the most dignified, graceful apology, in which a multitude of engagements, their parliamentary duty, general dissipation, their break-of-day habits, or their horse-racing, or other laudable pursuits take the lead; and until some very high authoriy give a contrary example, this evil will increase daily. Yet how pitiful, how stupid are these excuses, founded in folly and untruth.

If you fall in with a man of fashion in Rotten Row, he will deign to go down the ride once or once and a half with you; but when tired of you, out comes his watch, he looks all wonder, he is astonished at the lateness of the hour, and he must leave you. He goes off in a hard canter; and in five minutes more, you see him walking his horse by the side of a new acquaintance, as leisurely and insipidly as if he did not know what to do with his time, and hailed any company in preference to study or to solitude. From the second picked-up companion he escapes as from you—" is sorry he must leave him or her; has a particular engagement;" yet returns to the charge, and skirmishes among the trees with a fourth, fifth, or sixth, or perhaps passes you by unnoticed, with a greater personage by his side, or gives you a slender acknowledgement, a bow which bespeaks an air of protection.

I confess that I like punctuality myself, and that, but for fashion's sake, I would adopt it in its utmost exactitude; but I have so often been turned into a study by an astonished and an astonishing puppy out of livery, and had a parcel of pamphlets novels, and new publications put before me about half past six o'clock, with a look of "who can you be, to come so very soon?"—so often been in the drawing-room with only officious slaves stirring up the fire, presenting me a newspaper already read, and looking contempt at me for coming in time to read it;——so often beheld my Lord dismount his horse, and proceed to dress, after I had come fully prepared to dine in ten minutes;——so often heard a groom of the chambers, in a practiced accent and a haughty voice. inform me, that he dares say his master or his mistress will soon be in;——that I have got nearly as incorrect in keeping time as the rest of my circle.

Nevertheless, I commend and highly esteem the principle and plan of the late immortal Nelson, who held promptitude of measures and exactness as to time as most valuable qualities, and who, when he recommended a tradesman to send off some articles for him so early as 6 A. M., on the man's saying "Yes, my Lord, I will be on the spot myself by six o'clock," mildly touched him on the shoulder, and with a very significant look added, "Mr. ———, a quarter of an hour before, if you please." The tradesman seemed astonished; but stammered out, "Surely, my lord, if you wish it; yes, a quarter before six; yes, a quarter before, instead of six!" "Right," said his Lordship, "it is to that quarter before the time that I owe all the good I ever did,"

The more we consider this remark, and weigh it with the activity and decision of our late naval he-

ro, the more inestimable it appears; but my readers are just as well able to appreciate this as I am; and "*Je reviens à mes Moutons*," by saying, that if I could get others not to be too late for dinner, they should never have that fault to lay to the charge of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. IV.

HYDE PARK ON A SUNDAY.

Round, round, and round-about, they whiz, they fly,
With eager worrying, whirling here and there,
They know, nor whence, nor whither, where nor why,
In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming. *Frere.*

"I wish that there was not such a thing as a Sunday in the whole year," said my volatile friend Lady Mary Modish. "A fine Sunday draws out as many insects, from the butterfly of fashion down to the grub-worm, from some court leading out of Bishopsgate Without or Bishopsgate Within, as a hot sun and a shower of rain can produce in the middle of June. The plebs flock so, that you can scarcely get into your barouche or curricle without being hustled by the men-milliners, linen-drapers, and shop-boys, who have been serving you all the rest of the week. Bad horsemen and pedestrian women, *parees a outrance*, *ultras* in conceit and in dress, press upon you on every hand; and yet one cannot be at church all day, nor make a prisoner of one's self because it is Sunday. For my part, I am *ennuyee* beyond measure on that day; and were it not for my harp and a little scandal, there would be no getting through it all."

The carriage now drew up to the door, and her ladyship proposed that I should take a corner in it, and go down to the Park just once with her and her younger sister, merely, as she said, "to shew her friends that she was in town." "What legions of

counter coxcombs!" exclaimed she, as we entered Grosvenor Gate. "The tilbury and dennet system is a great convenience to these people. Upon the plunder of the till, or by overcharging some particular article sold on the Saturday to a negligente, who goes shopping more for the purpose of meeting her favoured swain, than for any thing she wants to purchase; it is so easy for these once-a-week beax to hire a tilbury and an awkward groom in a pepper and salt, or drab coat, like the *incog.* of the royal family, and to sport their odious persons in the drive of fashion. Some of the monsters, too, have a trick of bowing to ladies whom they do not know, merely to give them an air, or pass off their customers for their acquaintance.

"There!" continued she, "there goes my plumassier, with fixed spurs like a field officer, and riding as importantly as if he were one of the Lords of the Treasury. There again is my banker's clerk, so stiff and so laced up, that he looks more like an Egyptian mummy than a man. What impudence! He has got some groom out of place with a cockade in his hat, by way of imposing on the world for a beau *militaire*. I have not common patience with these creatures. I have long since left off going to the play on a Saturday, because, independent of my preference for the opera, these insects from Cheapside, and so on westwards, shut up their shops, cheat their masters, and *font les importans* about nine o'clock. The same party crowd the Park on Sunday; but on black Monday, return like school-boys to their work, and you see them with the pen behind their ear, calculating how to make up for their hebdomadal extravagances, pestering you to buy twice as much as you want, and officiously offering their arm at your carriage door."

At this juncture, Mr. Millefleurs came up to the carriage perfumed like a milliner, his colour much heightened by some vegetable dye, and resolved neither to 'blush unseen,' nor waste his 'sweetness on the desert air.' His approach was very much like what I have heard of the Spice Islands. Two false teeth in front shamed the others a little in their ivory polish, and his breath savoured of myrrh like a heathen sacrifice, or the incense burned in one of their temples. He thrust his horse's head into the carriage (I thought) a little abruptly and indecorously; but I perceived that it gave no offence. He smiled very affectedly, adjusted his hat, pulled a lock of hair across his forehead with a view of shewing, first, that he had a white forehead, and next, that the glossiness of his hair must have owed its lustre to at least two hours brushing, arranging, perfuming, and unguenting. He now got his horse's head still closer to us, dropped the reign upon his neck, hung half in and half out of the carriage, with his whip stuck under his arm, and a violet in the corner of his mouth, a kind of impudent stare in his eyes, and a something half too familiar, yet half too courtly in his manner.

"What a beautiful horse!" said Lady Mary.—"Yes," replied Millefleurs, "he is one of the best bred horses in Europe." I must confess that I thought otherwise, nor did I admire his being so near, his head being troublesome to me; "and," continued he, "the best *fencer* in Europe." This accomplishment I had myself excelled in; but I was ignorant of its becoming a part of equine education. I urged him to explain, and amused him at my own expense very much. He, however, was polite enough to instruct my ignorance; and informed me that he was a high couraged-horse,

and one of the best *leapers of fences* that he had ever seen. Lady Mary condescended all this time to caress the horse, and to display her lovely arm ungloved, with which she patted his neck, and drew a hundred admiring eyes.

The *Exquisite*, all this time, brushed the animal gently with a highly scented silk handkerchief, after which he displayed a cambric one, and went through a thousand little *minauderies* which would have suited an affected woman better than a Lieutenant in his Majesty's brigade of Guards. Although he talked a great deal, the whole amount of his discourse was, that he gave only seven hundred guineas for his horse; that his groom's horse had run at the Craven; that he was monstrous lucky that season on the turf; that he was a very bold horseman himself; and that being engaged to dine in three places that day, he did not know how to manage; but that if Lady Mary dined at any one of the three places, he would cut the other two.

At this moment a mad brained *Ruffian* of quality flew by, driving four in hand, and exclaimed in a cracked but affected tone, "Where have you hid yourself of late, Charles?" "I have been one of his Majesty's prisoners in the Tower," said Millefleurs; meaning that he had been on duty there; and, turning to Lady Mary, in a half whisper he observed, "Although you see him in such good form, though his cattle and his equipage are so well appointed, he got out of the bench only last week, having thrown over the vagabonds his creditors; he is a noble spirited fellow, as good a whip as any in Britain, full of life and of humour, and I'm happy to say that he has now a dozen of as fine horses as any in Christendom, kept *bien entendu* in my name, but there are wheels within wheels."

He now dropped the violet, kissed his hand, and was out of sight in two seconds. "A fine young man!" said her Ladyship. I bowed assent, and offered her some *Eau de Cologne* which I had about me, as a corrective to the scent which her taper fingers had gained by patting the well bred, fencing horse. "Alas!" thought I, "this young rake has made his impression!" Lady Mary has a fine fortune, and I am sorry to see her thus dazzled by this compound of trinkets and of cosmetics, who, deeply involved in his circumstances, will in a short time, squander a great part of her property. But Mr. Millefleurs is a complete *Merveilleux;* and that is quite enough for my volatile friend.

Looking after him for a half minute, she perceived a group of women in the very last Parisian fashions. "There," said she, "there is all that taffeta, feathers, flowers, and lace can do; and yet you see by their loud talking, and their *mauvais ton*, by their being unattended by a servant, and by the bit of straw adhering to the petticoat of one of them, that they have come all the way from Fleet Street or Ludgate Hill in a hackney coach, and are now trying to play the women of fashion. See the awkward would-be-beau, too, in a coat on for the first time, and boots which have never crossed a horse."

Mrs. Marvellous now drew up close to us.

"My dear Lady Mary," said she; "I am suffocated with dust, and am sickened with vulgarity; but, to be sure, we have every thing in London here, from the House of Peers to Waterloo house, and the inhabitants of the catch-penny cheap shops all over the town. I must tell you about the trial, and about lady Barbara's mortification, and about poor Mrs. O—'s being arrested, and the midnight flight to the continent of our poor Dandy ——.

who arrived in an open boat, our borough member ruined, his wife exposed, strong suspicions about the children, young Willoughby called out, thought slack, pretended that he could not get a second, Lavender upon the ground—all a hoax."

Here she lacerated the reputation of almost all her acquaintance, and I perceived to this part of her conversation the serving men attached to both carriages were most particularly attentive. When she drove off, I observed to Lady Mary, that "I thought people of quality were not sufficiently cautious of speaking before their servants, and that they owed to themselves and to polite society more care in this particular." She gave a slight toss with her head, and said, "Oh! they know nothing about amours and high life; they can't understand our conversation." I was, however, quite of a different opinion, in which I was afterwards still more confirmed.

Our Exquisite now came up to the carriage a second time, with some Concert tickets which he wished my fair friend to take; and he looked, as much as to say, "Thou art a happy dog, old gentleman!" A telegraphic signal passed, and he said to me, "I just met Sir Peter Panemar the Nabob, and he swears that there is the most beautiful Spanish woman that ever looked through a veil, this moment gone into the garden. It is said, by the by, that she is protected by a certain peer; but I believe her to be a rich diamond merchant's wife: the whole park is in a blaze about her." I am a great amateur, I confess. A lovely picture is worth contemplating; but my designs go no further. I suspected, however, that this was an adroit manœuvre to get rid of me for a time. I therefore requested permission to alight for the purpose of

looking into the garden." This was cheerfully agreed to; and Lady Mary promised to wait until I had feasted my eyes on the fascinating Incognita. The happy swain then offered to take my place until I returned; and this arrangement seemed to please all three. Our Exquisite entangled his spur in her Ladyship's flounces; but it did not discompose her in the least. I recommended *chevaux de frise* in future, at which she laughed; and the step was let down for me.

Arrived in the gardens, I sought *la belle senora* in vain; and I am not certain whether I was hoaxed or not, although our Exquisite most solemnly protested that the Nabob had seen her. I sat down for a moment on the low wall; and heard the scandal of the liveried tribe. "How does your coat fit you, Sir Jerry?" cried one footman to another: "You'll only have to try it on. I once lived with your old mistress, who was determined that I should not eat the bread of idleness; for I never got a moment's amusement whilst I was in her service. She sacks the card money; measures out the provisions like a nip-cheese purser of a man of war; notes down every thing in her d—d account book; and if you can make a guinea besides your wages, I'll allow you to eat me roasted: but you'll not be long there, though the old man is a good-natured fool enough, deaf and drunken, snuffy, but never out of temper." Much more was added; but this was quite enough for me. Another scoundrel insinuated something concerning a fellow servant of his and one of high rank, which almost induced me to cane him.

At my return to the carriage, I delicately hinted a part of what I had heard; but it had no effect: neither had the tearing of the lace flounce, nor the want of principle of the young four-in-hand buck:

all seemed to pass with her Ladyship as matters of course in high life. And yet she is virtuous, prudent and well principled; but she is far gone, as Mrs. Marvellous calls it, and I am sorry for it.

Five o'clock now called us to dress, and a third succession of company arrived, who all appeared to have dined, and on whose cheeks sat the flush of punch and other liquors. In these strong groups were children drawn by dogs, or by their papas, in little chairs; others in arms; fat landladies, tall strapping wives, and tame submissive husbands—the emblems of domestic drill and of petticoat subordination. Every insect of fashion flew off on fancy's wing at the appearance of *le tiers etat.*

And now commenced the pleasures and the labours of the toilette, which I leave my fair friend to indulge in, convinced at the same time *qu'elle aura des distractions.*

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. V.

ON THE RAGE FOR IMITATING FOREIGN MANNERS

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-mes, who stand so much on the new forms, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bons, their bons!

Romeo and Juliet.

WHAT can an Englishman gain by being mistaken for a foreigner? What can he propose to himself, at home, by showing off foreign conceit, foreign affectation, and foreign grimace? Why, he expects, thereby, to gain the reputation of a travelled, and consequently a highly informed man. The grounds however, of such a reputation are to be obtained without the gesticulations of mountebanks, without making our conversation an *olio* of all kinds of languages and quotations, and even without assuming a foreign accent, a foreign air, or, rather I should say, foreign airs.

A scholar, whose mind is filled with classic and scientific lore, is scouted in polished circles, if he frequently indulge in Greek or Latin quotations. You may say, it is because he is not understood by the majority of the company. Not at all: it is to be presumed that the majority do understand him; but it is because he is not understood by all. By the ladies, for instance; by the less classically educated among the gentlemen. For the very same reason is an interlarding of foreign living languages equally

offensive. Some of the circle may not understand you. One nobleman speaks French, but not Spanish; another understands Spanish, but not German; a lady speaks French and Italian, but neither understands Spanish, Portuguese, nor German; whilst the language which the impertinent coxcomb wishes to show off in, is precisely the one not understood; and not unfrequently, it is selected for that very purpose; the speaker having just sense enough to be conscious of the shallowness of his acquirements, even of those he is most anxious to display.

When foreign languages are spoken, or even scraps of them interpolated in English conversation, with the view of facilitating our intercourse with a foreigner, the object is amiable and praiseworthy; but when such conduct is adopted, merely for the purpose of assuming something above the circle in which we then move, or with the view of showing the company how much we know, it is truly unworthy of a gentleman; and it appears contemptible to a scholar and a man of taste, whether he understand the affected prattler or not. To communicate our ideas it is necessary to be understood; but to show off these strange and silly airs, the very reverse is desirable; and the non-intelligent has the best of the bargain, by losing some flimsey quotation, or some trite foreign trash, in the way of quaint saying or common-place remark. At the close of the continental war, nothing could be more ludicrous than our military foplings masqueraded into the dress, the language, and the deportment of foreigners; and, what was worse, they played these foreign parts with very second-rate abilities,—forgetting or omitting, disfiguring or mutilating the characters.

Thus had we, in our military Exquisites, bearded or beardless, returned from abroad, Spaniards with-

out gravity or religion; Italians with neither harmony, finesse, nor genius; Germans free alike from taciturnity or judgment; and French puppies divested of their playfulness and volatility. It was enough that these mock Germans had their pipes, and their want of polish; the Spaniards, their mustachios and cigars; the Italians, their sensuality; and as for the French, they were sufficiently distinguished, in the opinion of their representatives by their snuff boxes, their contortions, and their obtrusiveness.

What an importation for Great Britain! to be spit out, snuffed out, smoked out, and put out of countenance from morn till night; and to hear grunts, nasals and gutturals, out of time and place, in French and in German; or the more effeminate lispings, sighings and soothings of the Italian and Spanish languages!

Here we had an insipid cornet of horse, leering and ogling *con amore*, abusing his fair countrywomen, his climate and his language; and it was "Pazienza per forza, as we say in Italian," "Pian Piano, if you please," "my good thin, I really don't underthand you," or "Sin cumplimiento, as we say in Spain," "muy obligato Senor, as the Spaniard says." In another place we had a more elderly but not less affected *militaire* all German, all smoke, tobacco, spurs and waltz, who could find nothing in his own country worthy of notice.

Sometimes was to be seen a school boy of one campaign swelled into an Alexander the Great, who could talk of nothing but of military movements, and who was enfilading the company, turning your flank, outmarching you, advancing in echelon upon you, and doing every thing *en militaire*, except making a masterly and steady retreat, which would have been the wisest and most beneficial of all.

This dashing character would tire you to death with the shredword of continental languages, and with military manœuvres, from the advance of the army getting engaged, to the taking up of a new position, and their bivouacking all night; so that his hearers heartily wished him to remain in that situation, or *to join the reserve*, of which he seemed to stand much in need.

But not to the brave defenders of our country, however coxcombical, are these failings alone to be attributed: our nobility and men of fortune and fashion are equally culpable in this respect. An Irish Earl, now no more, returned from his continental tour perfectly unintelligible. He would ask you, in broken English, if he made himself understood by you; and he never framed a sentence that was not at least half French. A certain Marquis has the very air, accent, appearance and expression of an Italian; and he marshals his foreign servants before you, merely to show you how much he is above being an Englishman; some, and very illustrious personages too, are so *Germanized*, that you are in danger of forgetting that they drew their first breath in this country; and thus they loose some portion of the national attachment which, but for their disguise, would every where fall to their share.

Then we have women all *a la mode de Paris*—all broken sentences of French and English; all shrug, humpback, stooped shoulders, quick short step, and quadrille anticks. These ladies are quite proud of having breathed the air of Paris; and unless you can talk with them on the Thuilleries and the Champs Elisees, on the Parisian promenades, theatres, and performers,—if you have not every moment Mademoiselle Mars, Messieurs Talma,

Vestris, Gardel and Beaupre, Mesdames Clotilde and Chenigny, the singers Lays, Derinis Lavigne, Madame Amand, and all the corps du Theatre Francais, the corps d'Opera, and the corps de Ballet, they turn their backs on you, and treat you as a rustic—as a superannuated being, or an ultra-tramontane.

A few weeks trip over the water quite metamorphoses our youth of both sexes, giving them a most usurped and unjust superiority, and unfitting them for home and British society. These individuals also herd together, form waltz and quadrille parties, and imagine that they have a right to be leaders of fashion and models of taste; whilst their dress is ungraceful, their manners extravagant, their language imperfect, their morals often impaired, their talents generally confined, and their conduct always ridiculous.

One would imagine that the English language would be quite rich and various enough to express our thoughts, without interlarding it with any other forms of speech; yet our Insipids and Exquisites, our unintelligible belles and pert half-educated misses cannot explain themselves without "the foreign aid of ornament;" therefore they inform us that, in spite of such and such an occurrence, they preserved their *sang froid;* that they treated the affair with the utmost *nonchalence;* that it was *une affaire du cœur*, or, *une affaire de gout.* If asked how they will act, they will *faire leur possible*, or, *faire l'impossible* (which by the by they wish to do) with a million of other hacknied French phrases, that do not express the object alluded to one jot better than plain English would do.

Add to these things the *ah bahs!* the *tout au contraires*, the *point du touts*, and a few more phrases

of this kind, with the starts and the shrugs, the elevation of shoulders, the shaking of heads, the writhings, the convulsions, and the puppet-show tricks of features, and you will have the whole language and manœuvre of the pseudo-learned and accomplished ones who have introduced foreign manners into our native soil.

The mistakes, too, which they make, are additional proofs of a want of judgment. Why does the Frenchman add such stage-effect to his words? Because he doubts that the simple matter of fact will be credited by you, or because his impatience and volatility bring into action all his resources at the same moment; or because, voluptuous and intriguing, Madame brings language, eyes, gestures, and limbs into play, as if she were bringing all her artillery to bear upon the enemy at once; or, finally, because both wish to deceive you, to divide your attention, and find this powerful diversion quite necessary.

In hot countries, speech is often abridged, and action becomes its auxiliary: and for this reason a Neapolitan, for instance, is a complete player at pantomime. The foreigner adds telegraphic and pantomimic signs to imperfect and almost unintelligible language: and yet John Bull, who must be understood by a countryman, thinks the imitation of this, smart, well-bred, and fashionable. Italian and other foreign performers writhe and contort their figures, in order to give effect to their fine cadences ad libitum; and therefore a boarding-school miss cannot sing a common English ballad, without drooping over the keys of her piano, bowing and waving about, giving her eyes a die-away expression, and practising a thousand little affected fooleries.

It is objected to the English, that they have a want of action and of expression in conversation,—a want of play of countenance, and of elegance of attitude; but this I deny. If you go into the higher circles, the fact does not exist. Where do you find persons of family, and of high polish, address you with *their back* turned to you, with *their arms* folded across, or their hands in their pockets? Where is the inquirer in genteel life, who asks the question without an inclination of the head? or, (if a lady in particular) without a gracious and graceful smile? Does a gentleman speak to you with averted eye, stern countenance, or surly gloom? Do we not assume respect when addressing the higher dignitaries of the state? And is there any well educated man who does not adapt his countenance and demeanour to his company, and to the subject and situation of the time, without finding any dislocation of muscles, any convulsion of limbs, any broad stare of the eye, or violent disguise of the countenance, at all necessary?

Dignity and composure, with a look of mind and an air of reflection, best befit our national character. The fairer sex has a natural softness, serenity, and gentleness of expression and deportment. When we depart from these, we lose by the exchange, and we accept of the counterfeit in return for the sterling material. But whilst these are national characteristics, there is no need for the male to appear all coldness, stoicism, and apathy, nor for the female to have that look of a dreaming sheep, *un mouton qui reve*, which our impertinent neighbour has bestowed upon her. In our language also, if a dispassionate judge do but visit our higher circles, he will find it chaste, classical, expressive, and correct: so much so, that a person must possess no

patriotism, who finds it requisite to borrow, either in gesture or in diction, from any other country; and, if he do wish to improve the former, it can alone be effected by consulting, not the French and Italian living models, but the Greek and Roman immortal ones, which still live in the statues of antiquity.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the intolerable affectation (it is too mild a term) of a certain Exquisite, who is the most conceited piece of English manufacture, distinguished and varnished over with plaster of Paris, and other materials, that I ever knew. He asserts, that not one Englishman in a thousand knows how to take a pinch of snuff like a gentleman! and that it takes twelve months to learn this art! yet he has contrived to acquire this useful and ornamental accomplishment in about one-twelfth of the time! He may think himself an object of universal admiration, on account of the polish he has gained by his travels, but I can assure him he is only one of contemptuous pity to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. VI.

ON GUARD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Tutto il merito suo, tutto l'onore
Fan gli aurati color. *Pignotti.*

——————————for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman.
Shakspeare.

HOPFMAN,* wake me at six o'clock to-morrow morning, or I shall never be in time for guard, (pronounced affectedly *gard l*)—and I say, (in a slow conceited tone) but let me have the last boots which Hoby made me—not the——Wellingtons, nor the dress boots, nor any of the six pair in the closet, nor the iron heeled ones, but the last ones with copper heels;—and I say be sure to use the blacking made after Lord R——'s receipt, which comes to so much money, that which has marasquina in it, and oil of lavender, and about twenty other things, and has such a superior polish; and I say, fetch home my regimental jacket from Scott;—and I say, see that it is well padded on the breast, which gives a martial air, and well stuffed on the shoulders, so as to give my *natural* look of strength;—and I say, lay out the pantaloons which were made by the German soldier under the patronage of the Prince Vanstinkerstein,—not those made by the leather-breeches-maker, nor any whatever made by any three English tailors: and I say, put two handkerchiefs in my regimental jacket,

*Hopfman, a German valet de chambre.

one of cambric and one of my Barcelonas;—and I say, perfume them well, and let me have my gold snuff-box with the sleeping beauty on it, which the Italian took me in for so;—not the gold embossed one, nor the gold engine-turned, nor the gold antivue box, nor the silver gilt, nor the one which I bought at the Palais Royal;—and I say, order my tilbury to take me down to the *gard*, for I shall otherwise get my boots dusty, and might be run against by some coal-porter or sweep, and have my French scarlet cloth soiled, besides one looks heated and flustered after a long walk from Harley-street to the Parade, instead of coming cool into the field;—and I say, I'll wear the twenty-guinea gold chain round my neck with my quizzing-glass; and you must bring down my silk nightgown and my Turkish embroidered slippers, in order to astonish the weak minds of *mes camarades;* and I must have my backgammon board *pour passer le tems*, and my poodle dog to play with: and you may take a coach and bring my violencello with you, and my writing-desk, that I may write billet-doux in order to soften the hardships of war; and I say, I must have the cedar box of cigars, my gold cigar tube, my German bag, some scented tobacco, and my *ecume de mer* pipe; 'twill pass an hour and it looks so soldier-like to smoke on *gard;*—and I say, I must have a cambric *chemise* with the colar highly starched for dressing time—one of those that look like winkers, and you may bring the other regimental jacket—either the one made by Scott, so nicely pigeon-tailed, or that made by Weston; and I must have my musical snuff-box for dinner. you will put Princes mixture in it, and high dried in the other; and you will bring my light morocco boots for dinner, with soles as thin as a wafer;—and

I say, I shall begin to dress at five or half after, for it is too warm to hurry oneself; and I must have my hair brushes, and my razors (for which he had very little use,) and damask napkins and rose-water for my eyes, and all my soaps, and some white wax for my nails, and all my paraphernalia set in gold, with my crest on each article, in my best dressing case;—and I say,——(Servant) "Meinheer?" Nothing; you may go away now; but be sure to awaken me at six. What a bore *gard* is!"

Thus ended the colloquy betwixt a young cousin of mine and his servant; and although he called being on *gard* "a bore," yet he was delighted with this debut, and quite captivated with "all the pomp and circumstance of war." Thus mounted he his first guard, and gave me the following account of the manner in which he spent his time.

"I walked up and down St. James' Street and Pall Mall forty-four times; sent my servant home for my stop-watch, and made a calculation of the time it took to go from Hoby's corner to the St. James's; looked in at Parslow's, and lost some money at billiards; my hand shook like h—ll; but I drank some Curacoa, and took three ices afterwards to cool myself; spoke to two-and-twenty pretty women, bowed to fifty carriages, by which I got a stiff neck; hung on to Lady Mary's carriage facing White's for just twenty minutes, and was envied by the whole street; played a tune on the violencello, and amused myself a whole hour by my repeater, in teaching my poodle to do his exercise with a cane and to smoke a pipe, thus fitting him for a military life; read the racing calendar, and a table of odds at betting; looked into the Horse-Guards and found a rascal dunning my friend Bellamour; kicked the fellow down stairs, and took a hit at backgammon;

treated my brother officers on *gard* with some liqueurs; dined, got half-and-half, looked in at some gambling shops, came off minus ten guineas—lucky enough! for at one time I was out a hundred; met Lord Somerfield and Dick Dandy in the hands of the watchmen; drew my sword like a man, and put the raggamuffins to flight; saw the sun rise in St. James's Park,—beautiful, by Jove! wrote a dozen billet-doux, and made as many appointments, not half of which I shall keep; bivouacked (very like bivouacking!) for an hour on three chairs; smoked a pipe which did not agree with me; was relieved, (by the guard be it understood;) came home and slept until dinner time."

It will be unnecessary to comment on the useful life of my young cousin, nor on the active nature of his service. He is, however, very young, very good hearted, but unfortunately for him, very vain and very handsome. I have often done every thing in my power to break him of being such a puppy; but it is all in vain. He holds the last generation very cheap indeed, and laughs at the old school, and at myself as much as at any of them.

I endeavoured to point out to him how idle such a division of time was, and that even on guard a man might do something useful and ornamental; that he might read improving books in and out of his profession, draw, play on his instrument, and learn languages: and that tactics, histories of campaigns, and mathematics, would be most exemplary lessons for these occasions. But my *exquisite* cousin seemed to think that "all that" was impossible in London, and far beneath a *Gardsman*; adding that the *Gards* behaved as well in the field as any men, that it was time enough to study when a man was going on actual service, and that he wa

as well pleased with his first *gard* as if he had returned home covered with glory.

He considered himself as now completely launched into high life, and as having received the last stamp of fashion by being an officer in the Guards. He assured me, that he was considered as a very hopeful recruit—as a very prime fellow, by his brother officers; they said that he had nothing of the fresh man—of the greenhorn about him, and that he was as much *the thing* as if he had been a red-coat of a twelvemonth. He, furthermore, informed me that his liqueurs were very much admired,—that he had been offered a poney for his German pipe, which cost him sixty guineas from the famous Mr. Hudson, and was a splendid article,—that he had fifty guineas bid for his musical snuff-box,—that he had given a dozen receipts for his superior blacking,—that his taste was generally admired,—that poodle was considered as very little inferior to *le Chien Munito*,—and that he had received a score of invitations and was to be proposed as a member of all the best clubs in town. The plain English of all this is, that my poor cousin is newly enlisted under Fashion's banner, is a recruit of pleasure,—an aspirant of sensuality,—that he is about to become the dupe of gamblers, and the imitator of the great,—that his moderate fortune is marked down for a finish,—and that he is on the high road to ruin. The peace is an unlucky circumstance for him, since actual service and going abroad, years and experience, would be the only cure for his fashion-fever—the only check to his extravagance, for he pays no regard to the lectures of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. VII.

TIME AND WEDLOCK.

Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus. *Plautus.*

Sed, dum abest, quod avemus, id exuperare videtur cætera; post aliud quum contigit, illud avemus. *Lucretius.*

Such is the common process of marriage. A youth or maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. They marry; and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness had before concealed: they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty. *Dr. Johnson.*

> Love is a smoke raised with a fume of sighs,
> Being purged, a fire sparkles in lovers' eyes;
> Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears:
> What is it else?—A madness most discreet,
> A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
>
> *Romeo and Juliet.*

Sauntering up May-Fair, I perceived a name on a door which reminded me of an acquaintance whom I had not seen for five years. At that period he was at Weymouth, where a very lovely girl (I shall call her Caroline) also was, with her family, for the purpose of sea-bathing. Venus, when she rose from the wave (I must choose a metaphor suited to the scene) could not shine brighter in youth and beauty's pride than she.

My friend, who now lives in May-Fair, was deeply enamoured of her, and committed more extravagancies in the way of courtship than ever I had heard of before. He would pass half the night under her window, serenade her, write verses on her, sit alone at a ball unless he danced with her: he

would fire with rage when any male accosted her; and I actually saw tears in his eyes on her standing up to dance with a handsome young naval officer. He must have written, I suppose, about a ream of paper in *billets doux;* and he fought two duels on her account.

Caroline was not much less romantic, and impassioned than himself. She used to pass whole days in his society, walking and rambling together; she wore his picture concealed; had every thing marked with his hair; wrote to him daily, although they met twice in that day; and rendered herself conspicuous as his *amante* to the whole town. His father, who had a very large fortune, was averse to his marrying a poor baronet's daughter who made one of five children; and the opposition on this occasion added strength to their flame. Restraint and prohibition form the fuel of love, and greatly increase the combustion. I was made the mutual confident of the youth and of the lovely maid, and was entrusted as a mediator between the two families.

My friend assured his father that he would commit suicide if he was not allowed to marry the girl of his heart; and Caroline made a vow of perpetual celibacy if she were not to have the youth of her choice,—adding, that "the thread of life could not be very long, since her heart must break without him."

The affrighted parents consented to the match, and the happy couple were united in Hymen's bonds. They started in a chaise and four for Devonshire, there to pass the honey-moon. On their road they wrote me a joint letter, in which they called me "their more than father, their best of friends, the author of their felicity, and one for whom they never could do half enough."

At this juncture the bride was sixteen and the bridegroom about two and twenty. Since then the father of the latter has paid the debt of nature, and left his son in possession of a very fine fortune, the only thing necessary to the young couple's unequalled felicity.

How they lost sight of me, their more than father, I am at a loss to account for; but I believe that they spent nearly a twelvemonth imparadised in each other's soft society in Devonshire, and were three years on the continent. I had heard that fortune had blessed them with a family; and I anticipated a most interesting and happy meeting.

The servant who opened the door had lived with his master for ten years, and immediately recognized me. "My master and mistress will be delighted to see you, Sir," exclaimed he, on beholding me, and flew up stairs, his eyes beaming with joy to announce me.

I found the enamoured pair seated on each side of a Pembroke table; the lady was drawing a pattern for an embroidered flounce, and the husband had his elbow on the newspaper and was perusing a number of accounts.

Five years had given maturity and fullness of beauty to Caroline; nor had that period made any material alteration in her spouse, who was, and is, a handsome man. But the cast of features of each was wholly altered. Hers used to be by turns the sportive, the lively, the frolicksome, the arch, the tender, and the impassioned: it was now the wholly and solely pensive and interesting. Once it inspired desire and admiration; now it called forth sympathy and regret. His were the features of devotion, of enthusiasm, of furious and uncontrolled love: now they were the outlines of asperity, discontent,

satiety and disgust. What a change! What could all this mean!

At her knee stood a child of three years old, playing with some flowers; and at a looking glass was another in a nurse's arms, archly admiring itself in the mirror, and slapping its reflection with its chubby little hand.

"Of all people in the world, our old friend ——," exclaimed the husband, in an *adagio* tone of more gentle surprise than lively exultation. "How do you do?" said Caroline, rising hastily, and shaking me by the hand; whilst her eye was momentarily lit up, her colour came and went, and her lip quivered as if struggling with some inward feeling: "I am very glad to see you," continued she; but the joy was a moderate movement.

"Here you see me," resumed the husband, "quite an old married man, with the cares of the world, and a parcel of brats about me; I have two besides these Articles." "Articles!" said I; "most lovely creatures," kissing the head of the one nearest the table; I think I never saw two finer children." "*He* does not think so," observed Caroline, laying such a stress on the word *he* as signified he alone ungrateful! "No," replied he; "if my friend knew how noisy, how perverse, and how troublesome they were, he would be of my opinion." "The more like a certain person," retorted Caroline.

Here the youngest of the children broke an expensive mirror with a key. "D——n the child," angrily exclaimed the husband; "she is always doing some mischief. Take her out, nurse." At this unlucky moment a sudden whirl about of the little boy Henry, attracted by the fracture of the looking glass, caused him to knock over the inkstand, and

to dye, the papers, the table, and a white cambric pocket-handkerchief. "Take this little devil out too;" roared he out to the servant. "And me with him," interrupted Caroline. "What a monster you are to curse your children! A wonder it is that you do not throw us all out of the window!!!"

Here she burst into tears; and turning to me, said, "I beg your pardon for thus receiving you after so many years separation; but it is not my fault. You once knew me happy: now I am the reverse. Some men do not deserve to have fine children, but"—her speech failed here, and she left the room.

I could not help reproaching her husband with my eyes, and saying; in a sterner tone than I am wont to use, "Sir, I am sorry for all this." He perfectly understood me; and looking confused and chagrined, replied, "Faith and so am I, my good friend; I am sorry that I d——d the child; the idea was furthest from my heart; believe me" (assuming a milder strain, and laying his hand on my arm) "that I love my children; aye" (the tone was doubtful) "and my wife too; but they are so troublesome, and she is so extravagant and fond of pleasure, that it almost turns my brain. Look at all these bills." "And you," observed I, in a half kind, half angry tone, "are so hasty that you drive Caroline from your presence, and from your confidence, to seek for amusement elsewhere: pleasures are expensive; and thus do love, time, confidence, and money melt away together. But," (changing the subject) "how long have you been in town? where is your wife's family?" with many other trivial inquiries unnecessary to mention.

I then took occasion to praise Caroline's work, and to observe, a second time, what lovely children his were. "The work," said he, "is well enough,

but she thinks of nothing else. Her dress-makers, her milliners, and her lace merchants ruin me. When a man" (continued he in a preaching tone) "marries beauty only, he weds a shadow instead of a substance, and"—I was out of patience with him: so I looked at my watch and departed; observing, that I hoped that he would, by kindness, remove the harsh impressions which must now be on his lady's mind, and that when next we met, all would be harmony and happiness.

I saw through the whole business. The possession of an assemblage of charms had been the only object of this Orlando furioso in love; novelty was passed, and his natural bad temper had resumed its sway. His wife was weak, and easily captivated by dress and *paraphernalia;* and she had no kind mentor, no indulgent partner, to disengage her from pleasure's chain and to win her over to a matron-like life. If any thing had been wanting to dissuade me from matrimony, this scene would have done it.

No. VIII.

THE FATIGUE OF PLEASURE.

Strenua nos exercet inertia. *Horat.*

Whom call we gay? that honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name. *Cowper.*

I was at Lady Modish's rout the other night.—Just as I was leaving the principal drawing-room I met Mr. Bellamont. "I shall be glad when it is over," said he; "but do just let me pass you; I merely want to make my bow to her ladyship, that she and the whole town may know that I have been here. I shall see myself in the long list in the morning papers to-morrow, provided I just make my appearance, for I shall not stay two minutes. I am jaded to death. It is now two in the morning; and this is the fourth squeeze which I have been at. But pray where is her ladyship?" I pointed her out to him. He looked as pale as a ghost; and seemed so tired, that he could scarcely walk up the great staircase.

Her ladyship was near the embrasure of a door; just planted so that each person might pass her. She made the same curtesy, the same smile, and nearly the same speech to every one, namely, "——— you look so well that I don't ask you how you do; but an't you late? will you go into the card-room, or take a peep at the waltzers?" This I heard about forty times. She was extremely heated; and, after standing four hours, was ready to drop with fatigue. The very exercise of fanning herself became a labour to her, and lost its

designed effect. She continued receiving company from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning. I inquired after her the next day, and found that she was confined to her bed.

I myself went home in a fever; for I got jammed in betwixt two rows of honourables and right honourables; and in the morning I found myself nearly deaf from the buz of the company, and the continuous thundering sound of the knocker at the door. The announcing and repeating servants too were hoarse, and, at last, were scarcely audible, from calling the names of so many votaries of fashion and movers in high life. Many of the ladies fainted away from the heat of the rooms; and Lord Corpulent told me, that his sides were black and blue from the elbows of the company, and that he never got further than the second apartment the whole night.

Many visitors did not even see Lady ——, whose size is none of the greatest; and the sole object of most of the party was, to have it to say that they had been there, and to appear in the columns of the fashionable journals. It was in the newspapers, more than in her ladyship's splendid house, that her numerous quality friends wished to be seen. And yet this is pleasure! To go from one house to another after midnight! to be ready to faint with the heat of one party, and be squeezed to a jelly in another! here to have a sight of the prince, and there to make your bow, and to repeat one single common-place sentence to her ladyship or to her grace! to have the triumph of answering in the affirmative, if asked if you have been to such a fashionable belle's "At Home," and to be put down with all the world, who, you are told by a lisping miss or chattering countess, was at such or

such a one's splendid party! but, above all, to get into the newspaper, and thereby to get into fashion!

But for the fashionable papers, which appear at the breakfast-tables of the great, we should not know that many people existed. Their whole fame, their whole celebrity, and their whole being is there. Not unfrequently do they contain the life of a man of fashion and his biography:—Chronicled in the daily press as a frequenter of all fashionable parties;—set down as presented at court,—put in print for having a horse run at Newmarket, or at the Derby,—gazetted as married,—stuck in the miscellaneous columns for having a new carriage, or for having given some preposterous sum for a horse more celebrated than the purchaser,—annually accounted for in his arrivals and in his departures from town (which, by the by, has its inconvenience)—puffed in some way, directly or indirectly, by himself or by hired writers, as a good shot, as having destroyed so many head of game, as travelling with a titled man, or some such very useful and interesting circumstance,—blazoned at the top of a *crim. con.* trial, and made notorious for ruining a woman and for betraying a friend,—next mentioned as going abroad (a blind to creditors,)—and, lastly, being put in small letter amongst law cases, as having been whitewashed in the Bench! Yet such is the love of pleasure and of fashion, that no fatigue, no expense, no ruin, no exposure is spared to gain the object of this vain and empty ambition.

The last *print* is the death. But that publicity flatters not the person named. A thought of this last appearance in black and white, might greatly damp the ardour of a novice in fashion's short race; yet these same votaries of pleasure read over that

article too with well-bred calmness. "Lady Mary, who do you think's dead?" "Don't know." "Lord Foppington." "Ha! why he was only fifty." "No; but a hard goer." This is the sympathy of fashion's airy circle; and the reader of the paper passes apathetically on to, "Dear me, who'd have thought it? we were eight hundred of us at the marchioness's last night;" or, "Oh! I knew it would come to that, Mrs. Lively is divorced;" or, "the peer is wounded in a duel for an affair of gallantry;" or to some other equally amusing and equally moral subject.——All this is pleasure!!! but it is pleasure that begins to pall upon

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. IX.

FASHION IN DRESS.

Da voi s'orna, e si cangia, in tanti guise,
Che quando novamente io rivedo,
Che sia quel ch' era avanti appena credo. *Pignotti.*

New customs,
Though they be never so ridculous,
Nay let them be unmanly, yet are followed. *Henry VIII.*

I OFTEN remarked, that my rattle-brained cousin in the guards had a new coat monthly, and some novelty in the way of a waistcoat weekly; that he dressed three times per day, and was never twice seen dressed in the same manner. The variety of his great-coats, driving coat, tunique, military great-coat, night cloak, tartan, pelisse, et cætera, was equally surprising. It puzzled me to think, how human imagination could produce this Proteus-like change of shape and appearance, and I was at a loss to know who actually were the leaders of fashion.

Referring to himself, I could get no satifactory reply. He merely observed that he often set the fashion himself (which I doubted, and I was right in my doubts,) and that moreover whenever he saw a stylish fellow, a dandy, a noble, or a man of fancy in dress, he followed his fashion, particularly if it were expensive and eccentric, so that it would not suit the vulgar herd, the lawyer's clerks breed, the knights of the bags, the squires of the counter, or the half-price theatre crew, and all mechanics and Sunday bloods, (such were his words.)

I was not satisfied with this; and I should probably have been defeated in my researches, had I not observed the shop of a certain celebrated tailor to be always full of customers looking at new clothes, which appeared to be different every time that I saw them; whilst very respectable, well-dressed men, with a good wardrobe, seemed to vary their fashions scarcely oftener than once a year, or at the change of the season from hot to cold. I imparted this remark to Mr. Bonton, an old fop, who let me into the secret.

"There is," said he, "a combination of the tailoring trade against the nobility and the fashionables of the country. The object of this junto is to create new temptations to expense for the elegants of town, at least weekly; and to make themselves masters of their habits, which this board of green cloth in council assembled takes special care shall be expensive habits. They frequently play very mischievous tricks with their customers by making them ridiculous; but then each customer so hoaxed misleads another, and no one knows who is at the head of these *affaires de toilette*.

"Thus this committee sometimes sew up the corpulent customer in a sack, until, betwixt his stays and his tight garb, he is in danger of rupturing a blood-vessel, and is under great difficulty of respiration, puffing and blowing like a grampus, and being ready to burst asunder the bonds imposed upon him by his tailor, who first imprisons his body in this garb of slavery, and afterwards probably lodges it in the Fleet or in the King's Bench, where relative measures are taken by the prisoner, and Snip is thrown over, thus overreaching himself. I remember seeing a most illustrious personage in one of these tight shells; and his cor-

pulence protruding in all directions, and his skirts flying off so as to make a very strange *expose'* of a prominent part of his figure.

"These fellows occasionally make the whole town pigeon-breasted or martin-tailed. At one time a man's frock becomes his little great coat, and is as loose as perhaps the general habits in high life: at another he is cur-tailed to a jacket; or elongated in imitation of the tailor's bill. One day all is starch; and the next day we are all 'men in buck-ram' (bougran, properly.) A distinguished exquisite is padded all over to-day; and all the other foplings are, on the morrow, mere walking pin-cushions. A fat prince, or a fat dandy, requires confinement in his limbs; and all his subjects are immediately restrained within the same limits.—The tailors who recommend these absurdities never avow them as their invention, but always add, that his royal highness, his grace, his lordship, have all given them extensive orders for the very same thing; and old and young are new-modelled and metamorphosed accordingly.

"Thus one day, the back is to be as broad as an Irish chairman's, and the shoulders to be bolstered up to imitate a hod-man; and the next, the shoulders are to be flat, and a man is to be pinched in and laced up until he resemble an earwig; or he is to be so totally masqueraded by Snip, that betwixt the long skirts of his great coat, for embroidery, tassels, olivet buttons, pigeon breast and pale face, you may mistake a decent young man for a very indecent young woman,

"All these are master Snip's manœuvres, who continues to make his bill equally long, whether the spencer or the bang-up box-coat be in vogue; whether he live (by clipping) on the skirts of the

town, or whether he wrap up his customers in the greatest amplitude of cloth and linen. But it may be well briefly to state how this is done; for there are two modes of practising these tricks of trade.

"The first method is, by persuading some great man (from the prince to the private gentleman, if a supposed leader of the fashion) that such a dress becomes him exceedingly; that he looks most captivatingly, either lost in a dozzen of capes, or with his neck emerging from a flat collar; that his chest is so broad and so fine (N. B. the tradesman is thinking of his strong chest) that the coat buttoned right across it will show it to the greatest possible advantage; or that a single-breasted hunting frock gives him a most irresistible appearance of youth, of elegance, and of activity. Instantly are all forms and shapes clad in this becoming coat, which cannot become all, and, perchance, becomes none; but it becomes the fashion,, and that is enough; for thus it suits the purposes of the vender.

"The second plan is to make a fancy suit of clothes, in confederacy with the rest of the fashionable tradesmen, and to expose it, 'nor bashful, nor obtrusive'—not for sale in a shop window, but just finished on the counter. The lover of novelty beholds it, and it draws and impels him, just as the red rag acts upon the flock of geese. If he pass it by at one place, his lounging arm-companion perhaps takes him in at another, where they are probably both taken in. Then this same model is seen at every expensive tailor's in town; and therefore it must be fashion.

"'Dear me,' drawls out an extravagant Insipid, 'I thought that long waists were in fashion.' 'So they were last week,' replies a flippant Snip, 'but we can't make them too short now,' (a strong em-

phasis on the *now*.) Then he names the noble man for whom the one on the counter is made, and a dozen lords and *merveilleux* who have just ordered the same pattern and swallowed the same bait. The Insipid instantly declares, that he never made so unaccountable an oversight as not to observe that it was the fashion; says that he must go to an assembly to-night, where he cannot possibly be seen without such a coat; and conjures Snip to send him one in the evening. He then actually appears in it to the astonishment of all who see him—the very first who has been induced to wear such an article! His example however is followed; and Snip's purpose is served.

"It would be endless to numerate how frequently and how suddenly these changes of fashion are rung upon the credulous. Certain however it is, that the tailor is the fashion-maker for the men, whilst the dress makers and milliners practice the same arts upon the ladies.

"There is, however, another trick of trade. It is, to force new clothes upon fashionably-dressed men, because, by multiplying such models, the copies are multiplied of course. Moreover, when the extravagant cannot pay, he must play the tailor's game, by making other dupes pay it, who take the new fashion in imitation of the declining Exquisite."

Thus ended my friend; and I was quite satisfied of the truth of his remarks. I was now determined, more than ever, to adhere to my formal, grave, and convenient mode of dress; but I cannot help acknowledging and lamenting, that we are more regarded by our coats than by our character, and that if a man be not in the last fashion, he must content himself with holding the last place in the beau monde.—It is not less melancholy than true,

that the late Colonel M——, when expiring from his wound received in a duel, regretted that he had spoken so arrogantly to his antagonist (the cause of the quarrel,) and assured the valiant knight his second, that he did not take his antagonist for a gentleman until it was too late, merely on account of his having on a "coat of the fashion of the last year."

No. X.

THE NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgre tous leurs soins,
Ne different entre eux, que du plus et du moins.

Boileau.

"Well, Stephen," said I to an old acquaintance, "how are you to-day?" "Considering existing circumstances," replied he, "I am pretty well." "What circumstances?" said I. "Oh!" answered he, "nothing but the pressure of business, a general correspondence, letters innumerable to answer, precedents to examine, friends to oblige, and so forth." "Very odd!" thought I! "a merchant's son—a stupid one too—plenty of money—as lazy as a sloth! what can all this mean!"

I sat down and glanced my eye over the paper, whilst he stood leaning on the left haunch, the right foot advanced, his head a little inclined towards me, his right hand clenching a two-penny-post letter, rounded like some of the bad statues in our squares, his left hand thrust into the pocket of his pantaloons, and his whole figure displaying a studied attitude! He now looked in the glass, dropped the letter, as if he was presenting it to some one, stood upright, thrust the right hand into his breast, and faced me like an over-grown image, or a full length in a niche.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" said I. "Order, order," replied Stephen, looking at himself in the glass. "A little touched!" quoth I to myself. I remember hearing that his grandfather,

the broom-man died in St. Luke's, that he left his son Roger a large fortune, that Roger became a sleeping partner in a mercantile concern, and left the profits to this Stephen, who seems to be a room-dreamer.

I took up the paper once more. Stephen, the while looked at a parcel of papers and smiled. Then assuming another studied attitude, he faced his mirror again, and paid me the compliment of listening whilst I read a few paragraphs aloud; but I soon found he did so, only to give himself an opportunity of practising the outward signs of parliamentary approbation or disapprobation. When he disliked the subject, he coughed and scraped his feet; when he liked it, he cried "Hear, hear." "Upon my word," said I, "you seem to be so occupied and so out of reason, that I wish you good morning." I hastily withdrew; the young man remaining fixed before his looking glass. "Chair, chair," I heard as I went down stairs.

Meeting an old servant of his, I said to him "I fear your master is not well, He seems in a kind of hurry that is not consistent with sound reason. He was a very silent dull boy when he was at the Charter-House, and he now does nothing but talk, and that very incoherently also." "Law bless ye!" replied honest John, "he is only a little overjoyed and proud. He came home last night from Cornwall; and he has done nothing ever since, but place the chairs like so many folk, walk in and out of the room, practise how to take a seat with a particular grace, rise up and sit down again, screap us feet, and cough, change us hattitoods afore the glass, cry aye and noah! order, hear, hear." "Very bad symptoms indeed!" observed I.

"That's not all," said John. "He takes up a sheet o' peaper, and fills it with nought but us neame; and then he rung for I, and when I came into the room, he made me sit down in a high chair, and standing up afore me with a quire o' peaper rolled up in his hand, he muttered some gibberage, called the blank peaper a rode bill, and then bid me go about my business. Now I knew that I paid all the bills last week. Taking pity on him as I shut the door, I opens it again and looks back saying, 'master when will you have dinner?' 'When the plebous question is disposed of,' said he—'at the the division—when the house is up.'" "Aye, its all up with him," said I.

"Well, so thought I," cried John, laughing immoderately. "I thought as how master was turned out a right fool at last: but it's noah such a thing; he's only made a parliament man of. As been down and bought a burrough and every mother's son in't; and us come home as pleased as the pigs (a very suitable simile.) The packet afore him were franks; and he has rit us name fifty toimes to practize (the word syllabled and the *tize* as long as my arm.) He has also spoiled a quire o' peaper in writing to humself, with a large M. P. at the end of us name.

"I mentioned master's madness to Lord Liquorpond's soullion; and he towld me for my comfort never to mind: it was only a boyish frolic. "Bless you," says the soullion, and he, sir, reads the debates every day; let'en have his way; its only the glory of the thing—the impulse o' the moment, when he comes to the house he'll be as mute as a mack'rel." "I wish he were there now," said I.

Here ended John's account; and as I was going out of the door, I heard Silly Stephen call John. "John, John!" said he, "run after the gentleman

and ask if he will have a frank? I have only received one letter from my constituents, containing a publican's bill: it shall be laid on the table. No; on second consideration it shall be thrown out. Therefore, John, you see that I have lots of franks to give and to receive, and if you want to write to your friends, you may call upon me. They may direct too to you, under cover—mind under cover to Stephen ————, Esq. M. P. You know that I am now returned." "Mercy defend us! What a resemblance there is betwixt St. Stephen's Chapel and St. Luke's Hospital!" thought

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XI.

WANT OF MIND.

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. *Pope.*

I HAPPENED to be on a visit to a certain duke, where I met with an old maid of sixty. The weather was very rainy, and the company at the castle were thus disposed of. In spite of the inclemency of the season, his Grace and the young men of the party went to encounter the inconveniences and the dangers of the chace. The Duchess, who is a pattern of piety, ordered her umbrella and garden-chair, and went her round of charity, to pay her pensioners, to examine the scholars at her school, to inspect a little manufactory of her institution, and, finally, to visit the sick. I had the offer of a horse, a gun, or a fishing rod; but the library being a most valuable one, I preferred profiting by the opportunity which it afforded of turning over some rare works.

The aged spinster was invited to accompany her grace in her morning round; but she observed that she abhorred hospitals and schools—in the former there might be infection, in the latter, what was to be seen but a parcel of stupid brats. A pretty amusement indeed to be stunned with A. B. ab! and B. A. ba! besides, she hated to see scenes of distress. They made her low spirited. She was therefore told that she might either spend her mor-

niag in the library, or in the music room, if the young ladies' practice would be any amusement to her. These two propositions she likewise rejected; for she never read, and she disliked music. Whilst I was in the library, I heard her go up and down stairs a dozen times; and as often open the front door to see if it had cleared up. She then came into the library, and looked at a port-folio of caricatures; and eyeing me angrily, said, "What a bookworm you are! I should think that a game of piquet would be just as amusing as looking at those plates." I did not take the hint. She then yawned immoderately, went out and slammed the door.

She next amused herself for five minutes in catching flies at the window, sighed profoundly, and went up to her room. There she lay on the bed for an hour, and then rose again. The rain increased, and she grew nervous in the extreme. She sent a footman to the village in the neighborhood for a number of novels, although she did not like reading; but she was driven to despair. It so happened, however, that she had skimmed all these book, before, and she threw them down in a rage. She now played with the monkey, and grew hysterical. She took some ether, next some brandy. She then rung the bell, sent for me, and when I came into the room, I found her in a flood of tears. She told me that the depression of her spirits was excessive, and that she felt as if her heart would break. I now proposed in pity to her a game at piquet; but she was too ill to avail herself of my tardy politeness. A neighbouring apothecary was sent for, who gave her some medicine for nervous attacks. By this time the family returned, the paroxism passed, the Madeira at dinner revived her, and cards amused her during the evening.

I was anxious to find out whether she had any distress on her mind, whether her constitution was so injured as to make her an object of pity, whether any family calamity affected her, or whether her circumstances were impaired. I was informed, on the contrary, that she had seven hundred per annum, and lived almost all the year round on her friends; that she had no one to support but her own maid; that she never gave in charity, and that she was selfish in the extreme, took regular exercise, and enjoyed good health, except when low spirits seized her. She passed a great portion of her time at cards, and was never seen to take up a needle or a book, but occasionally made her maid read a novel to her, or rather skim it. She was very fond of public places, and could not endure retirement. So great was her ignorance, that she asked me if Iceland was not in America, and enquired if the Pacific Ocean bore the same name in time of war.

This want of mind, or rather this want of mental cultivation, is pitiable even in youth; in old age it is contemptible. If any thing can render grey hairs dishonourable, it is ignorance or vice: the one creates disgust, the other inspires hatred. To see an old female doll be-patched and be-plastered with paint, with false teeth, false hair, and penciled eyebrows, is a sorry sight. Nor is the aged libertine with flaxen wig and charcoal eyebrows, laced and imprisoned in a cravat, in order to puff out the furrows on his cheek, a less contemptible object. When the former can converse on nothing but scandal or fashion, and when the latter knows nothing beyond a trick or two at cards, or the Court Calendar by heart, but is ignorant of all science and literature, he is too silly even for the society of children. When again his conversation is immoral and

obscene, he is below the notice of any but the lowest of his species, and should herd with the base, the ignorant, and the depraved, alone.

Ere I close this essay, I cannot help observing, that his grace and the party returned wet through, and very much disappointed at the hunt being spoiled.

Their whole conversation turned upon the brute creation, horses, dogs, deer and foxes. They drank plentifully, and went late to bed. The duke was then upwards of sixty. One of the party boasted that, at seventy-two, he was as keen a sportsman as ever, and never missed a hunting day;—that in the summer he passed six hours on horseback, and as many at the table, and slept the clock round, as he termed it; that is to say, he slept away one half of his life, rode and drank away the other. This accounted for the turn which conversation took. Indeed, what rational ideas could be looked for from a man who was asleep or drunk three-fourths of his time, and on horseback the other quarter part? The duke, doubtless accommodated his discourse to this aged sportsman. For my part, I regretted the great loss of time, and that so little intellect should reign at so hospitable a feast, as to render it quite irksome to the

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XII.

SUDDEN CHANGES.

The wheel of life is turning quickly round,
And in one place is very seldom found:
The mid'wife wheels us in, and death he wheels us out,
Good lack-a-day! how we are wheeled about.

Old Ballad.

And nothing is but what is not. *Shakspeare.*

"WHAT a host of blunders I have been committing this morning!" said my rattle of a cousin, the Guardsman. "Confound me if I ever make another morning call, or ever venture to talk upon any other topic but horse-racing or drinking, as long as I live. I have no doubt but that I shall be disinherited by my aunt, Lady Agnes: that the General will never speak to me again, and that the money-lending agent will never advance me another shilling. The devil is in the town! Such sudden changes, religious, political, and moral. It is like an unsteady climate, for which one has to alter one's dress half a dozen times a day: a man requires a diary of his acquaintance's actions, to regulate his features and conversation by. Who on earth would have expected my old aunt to have turned methodist; the general to be a government man; or the old rascal Cent-per-cent to be a moralist? Why, my aunt was the gayest of the gay in her youth, and has sat up all night playing at brag and drinking noyeau like a dragon for the last twenty years. The General used to put you to sleep with his philippics against the administration, bribery, corruption, vio-

lation of the privileges of the people, borough-mongers, the influence of the aristocracy, and court favour. And as for old Cocker, (as I used to call him), he was the hardest going old villain I ever knew, and cost me many a headache when I wanted a loan from him. Now, forsooth, he is all honey and morality."

"What a reprobate you are," said I to this scapegrace. "Not at all, Sir: but hear my story." And here it may be remarked, that notwithstanding the disparity of years and the difference of habit betwixt this giddy youth and myself, yet as he has nothing to hope and nothing to fear from me, and as I loved him in his childhood, he tells me all his adventures and all his scrapes.

"I had heard," recommenced he, "that my aunt was very ill, and I thought perhaps that she was about to quit; so I thought it was as politic to pay her a visit, and to do the pretty, by shewing her a little attention for a short time. 'How are you, aunt?' said I as I entered her apartment; 'You don't look so ill (this was not true; she looked very ill, which I thought rather promising to me): pray what is your complaint?' 'It is what my physicians call dispesia,' replied she,—'a debility of the stomach, which is scarcely able to perform its office; I have not eaten an ounce of solid food' (she said nothing about drink) 'for this last fortnight: but this,' continued she, laying her hand on a folio bible, 'this is my food.' 'Rather new diet, aunt!' answered I: 'no wonder that you cannot digest it all at once: why you don't think you can swallow that?' 'What do you mean?' answered she, who could not stomach my remark. 'Why have the Bethel and Ebenezer people, the Jumpers or the Methodists got hold of you?' 'Peace, reprobate,' cried she,

'I am under conviction.' Of what crime, thought I to myself! but I saw it was in vain to proceed. She gave me a very severe lecture on leading an exemplary life, and quoted Scripture at every sentence, accompanied by a turning up of her eyes, which so alarmed me that I was glad to get clear of her.

"From my aunt's I proceeded to the General's, where, as I had a favour to ask, I pretended, (as usual) to be of his opinion in politics, by way of giving him an opportunity to grumble, and by that means to gain my point. I began by abusing ministry, and by saying that we were ruined; but I soon found that as my aunt, who was under conviction, had received a new light, so the General, who was about to get into the House, had embraced a new political creed. He had, it seems, had an offer of a seat, on condition that he should bind himself to a certain line of conduct, and he had readily agreed to these terms from the vanity of being a Parliament man. My diatribe was therefore most inopportune. He contented himself with observing, that men had a right to change their opinions upon *conviction*, and that as he felt his former opinions were erroneous, he was not ashamed of saying that he had altered them. He added, that he was sorry to see me so intemperate in my politics, and concluded by observing, that it was the duty of every military man to strengthen the hands of government, and that when he did not do so, he thought that his sovereign ought to dispense with his services. This was truly alarming to one who had just embarked in a favourite profession: so I explained away in the best manner I could, and withdrew, regretting my unsuccessful hypocrisy.

"The want of cash now drove me to the agent and money-scrivener, with whom I have often been obliged to mispend an hour in excessive drinking, in order to bring him into lending me at usurious interest. I found him (instead of being in a suit of mourning and his bald head powdered, half tipsy, and a pen behind his ear) reclined on a sofa, in a new olive coloured tunique, a flaxen wig, white trowsers, and a white hat, under which his purpureal countenance, studded with topaz blotches had a very curious effect. He was, moreover, perfectly sober 'Well, old Cocker,' said I, 'how are you to-day? have you had your drop? and how's Peg?' (his housekeeper.) 'Sir,' replied the old villain, 'you make very free; I have left off drinking in a morning; and as for Mrs. Tripartite, Margaret that was, I must have her treated with the respect due to my spouse.' I remembered having treated her very often before; but I saw that the game was up here also, for the old usurer had been married that morning. I contented myself by asking for an hundred pounds by way of bill at two months, for which I offered ten guineas premium; but I was refused. I therefore blew up the hoary humbug *a la Congreve*. I told him he was an old hypocrite and an usurer: that I had too often demeaned myself by my condescensions towards him; that I regretted that I had been so often his dupe; that in future I should keep company better suited to my age and to my rank in life; and that Peg and he might go to the devil their own way.

"Defeated thus at all points, I am come to you for a loan of the sum in question, which as a soldier and a gentleman I will return you in two months. I shall not offend you by talking of interest: but my gratitude may be some compensation

for obliging me, and for laying out your money for this short time. I shall make no premises, but I will try and be steadier; for I know I am going a little too hard. And now you have heard my whole story."

I am neither rich nor poor; but I live well, am independent, model my own conduct by prudence, and have leisure to watch the conduct of others.

There appeared so much candour in this youth's story, that I lent him the money; and—he paid me honorably. There are many instances of these fops in the dressing room being heroes abroad; and not unfrequently rakes of twenty turn to something very good in ten years after.

No. XIII.

THE WATERLOO PANORAMA.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named. *Shakspeare.*

Their infantry, embattled square and close,
March firmly on, to fill the middle space,
Covered by their advancing cavalry:
By heaven, 'tis beauteous horror. *Dryden.*

----------The day
Battle's magnificent stern array,
The thunder-clouds close o'er, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own way shall cover heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent. *Byron.*

"I have just returned with my uncle, the General, from the Panorama of Waterloo," said Lady Mary. "He described the action so well, that I really could see the Cuirassiers charge three distinct times, could in return hear the Scottish Royals and immortal Greys shout 'Scotland forever.' I could see them hew in pieces the steel-clad warriors of France, could see Napoleon's countenance change at the operations of 'ces terribles chevaux gris,' and could behold its expression of consternation, as when leaning over the horse of his peasant guide, and discerning the columns of Prussians advancing like a cloud in the horizon, he exclaimed, 'tout est perdu!'

"So charmed was my uncle, that I actually began to fear that we should have to pass the night on the field of battle, or to bivouac somewhere in the neighbourhood. So much however do I re-

spect my elders, and above all, the brave defenders of my country, that I did not presume to interrupt him in his progress over the gory field, but striking my repeater as if by accident, he perceived that it was six o'clock, and that we were not dressed for dinner. He therefore made some general observations and we withdrew. But I shall say no more on the subject. I advise you to go and see it: it is well worth your while; and I trust that the scene will have interest for a Briton a century hence, when we and when our's are no more. Our heroes have gathered their laurels in vain, unless the dews of immortality falling from on high preserve them; the brave but sleep, the coward perishes and is forgotten." Here a glow of heroism lit up her countenance, and she appeared to me something more than woman.

I now prepared to follow her advice; and I went directly to the Panorama. The room was crowded with company, and the representation was just what she had described. Luckily for me, I fell in with an officer of the intrepid Scotch Greys, who gave me much information on the subject: that corps covered itself with glory; and of course, no one was better able to describe the battle, than one who had so much contributed to its renown.

When the officer had concluded his observations, I retired to a corner in order to observe the company. In all assemblages of people, a spectator may learn much. The following is a roughly sketched outline of what struck me most.

There were groups of all classes, and feelings of as many descriptions:—The man and woman of quality, proud to distinguish on the canvass some hero who added lustre to their name,—the female of sensibility, who heaved the deep sigh for some

relative or bosom friend left on the bed of glory, —the military spectator, who had been an actor in the scene, and who, pride beaming in his countenance, yet wrapt in silence, looked on the representation of that awful and eventful reality,—or the garrulous but worthy veteran; who saw his own deeds of arms live again in the pictured story, and who, bereft of an arm, or of a leg, and leaning on a friend, indulged in the gratifying account of what his country owed him, whilst,

> "Thrice he routed all his foes,
> "And thrice he slew the slain."

There also was the exquisite militaire, youthful and blooming, affected and vain, lounging with an an air of *sans souci*, a tooth-pick or a violet in his mouth, a quizzing-glass either suspended round his neck or fixed in the socket of his eye, seeming to disdain taking an interest in the thing, yet lisping out, "Upon my *thoul*, it's d——d like, d——d like indeed,—*yeth*, that's just the place where we *loth tho* many men,—it's quite *ridiculouth* how *like* it *ith*." What a contrast! so much valour, yet so much feminine conceit, starch and perfume, whalebone and pasteboard! It is however not less true, that these fops, who take so much care of their pretty persons out of the field, take no care of them in it.

Here were idlers looking at the action merely as a picture; and there were vacant countenances staring at nothing but the company;—in one place a fat citizen came in merely to rest himself; and in another, a pretty brunette of the second class, whose only business was to meet my Lord. In a third corner I could see a happy couple enjoying

the short space previous to a permanent union, and who came here for fashion's sake, or to be alone in the world, and thus to escape the attention of a smaller circle; for there exists a certain retirement or solitude in crowds, known only to the few. This couple took as much interest in the battle of Waterloo as in the fire of London.

At the entrance were some jealous painters looking out for defects in the piece; and in the doorway was a covey of beauties surrounded by fashionables, who seemed scarcely to know why they came there, and enjoying nothing but their own conversation. "What a squeeze at the Dowager's last night?" drawls out a male coquette.—"Monstrous pleasant party at Lord Foppington's!" lisps another epicene-looking thing; "if," continued it, "the fat Countess had less rage for waltzing, and the old Dandy would give up sailing through the quadrille;" "or," (observed a British lady clad in every thing from France, and covered with folds of drapery, circles of ribbons and tucks, tier over tier of flounces, and quillings of lace and puffings of all sorts, in the directly opposite extreme to the flimsy garments in which the ladies appeared a few years since, as if they were sewed up in a tight bag; not to forget her waist, which ended where it once begun, and the hump betwixt her shoulders, so thick with wadding that it must be nearly bomb-proof)—"Or if," exclaimed she, "the Dutchess's proud daughter, who seemed to doze through the figure of the dance, and too look upon all possible partners as beneath her, had been absent."

"Not so with Lady Evremont," exclaimed a disdainful woman of quality, (whose short upturned nose, step *a la Francaise*, rapid delivery in discourse, and fiery eye, bespoke heat of temper and

swelling of pride)—"not so with her ladyship! she thought herself the very loadstone of attraction, and considered dancing as a loss of time. I am sure if I were her husband—" "You would," interrupted an elderly Exquisite of sickly composure, but of satirical dissatisfied aspect—"you would do just what her husband does, namely, not care sixpence about her, but leave her to herself." This produced a general laugh, but in the moderate key of fashionable mirth; for the whole circle was composed of her enemies. Why? Because she is beautiful.

"What brought you here, Sir George?" sighed out a languid looking widow of fashion. "The attraction of your beauty." "Stuff!" exclaimed the widow in a more animated tone, biting her lips (not spitefully, but playfully) and twinkling her eyes.—"And you Major?" "A shower of rain," replied the Hibernian. "Oh! then I have nothing to do with your coming." "Nothing, except (recovered Pat) that whilst it rains without, you reign within, in every heart and in every mind." "None of your nonsense!" cried the widow, putting her hand on his lips. "I hate flattery—blarney I believe you call it." "Just what you please; truth is truth still, in English, Irish, or even Dutch," concluded he. The lady appeared delighted, but turning round to a boarding-school cousin, endeavoured to hide her satisfaction by saying, "I do hate so many compliments." I extricated myself from this buz of high life, giving and receiving acknowledgments from those of my acquaintance who formed a part of the circle; and on my exit, I perceived some wry faces and some discontented looks at the door. These were French people come over here, all with a view of gain, in some shape or other, but who sick-

ened at any thing which lowered France, *avec ses armees victorieuses*, which so long gave laws to the greater part of Europe, but could never dictate them to us. As much was said by the French about their Legion d'Honeur and Napoleon's Invincibles, as ever ancient history has trumpeted concerning the sacred battalion commanded by Pelopidas, but I did not stay long to listen to them.

I left the Panorama more of a Briton than ever: I had, on many occasions, considered myself as a cosmopolite; but upon this one, I confessed myself to be wholly an Englishman; and I was proud of the title. Divers ideas of my country's glory rushed on my brain at the same instant: and as I was sauntering along the *pave* of London, so eulogized by Voltaire as an emblem of our constitution, and formed equally for the little and for the great, I caught myself in a reverie, and was actually muttering

> "Soldiers stand firm," exclaimed the chief,
> "England shall tell the fight."

From this brown study I was awakened by the ringing of a bell, and the cry of "*Dust ho!*" It was a good lesson of humility, and brought me to a sense of my own nothingness; but it was a very unwelcome one to me in the heroics in which it found me, and ill suited the temper of my mind at that moment. "Ah! well," said I to myself, "Dust ho! We must all be dust at last; yes, we must all come to that."—The fellow rang his bell again:—it seemed to have a more solemn sound; it put me in low spirits; and I could almost have wished him at Waterloo himself, for charming away the "visions of glory" which had begun to take possession of the imagination of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XIV.

THE FEMALE CHARIOTEER.

Sunt, quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat: metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis. *Horat.*

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong. *Young.*

After waiting an hour at the Mount, for an old officer returned from India, whom I had not seen for many years, I was proceeding across Bond-Street, full of my disappointment, and looking back to the days of our childhood, our when first intimacy commenced. Filled with these melancholy pleasing thoughts, I was almost stunned by the cry of "Hoy!" I turned round, and perceived a groom advancing towards me on horseback, and a curricle coming on me at the rate of nine miles per hour.—The female charioteer pulled up with difficulty; and, in doing so, quite altered the lines of a very comely countenance, for all was tugging and muscular exertion.

I was now just out of the line of danger, and the vehicle was abreast of me, when the other groom touching his hat, and the lady recognizing me and smiling, I perceived that it was Lady Dashalong, one of my best friends, who had nearly run over me. She apologized, was quite shocked, but could not conceive how I could be so absent; and lastly, laid the blame on her horses, observing, that

they had so little work of late, that they were almost too much for her. A few civilities passed between us, with the usual barometrical and thermometrical observations of an Englishman, which are his great auxiliaries in conversation, and we parted.

During our short colloquy, one of her beautiful horses became what she called fidgetty, for which she promised to pay him off in the Park. The other, at starting, shewed symptoms of great friskiness, for which she gave him a few dexterous cuts, distorting, in no small degree her features at the same time, as much as to say, "Will you? I'll be your master (not mistress; there is no such term in coachmanship, yet;) I'll teach you better manners; I'll bring you to a sense of your duty," or something to that purpose.

I turned about to view her as she went along.—She had a small round riding-hat on; she sat in a most coachmanlike manner, handled her whip in a very masterly style, and had altogether something quite gentlemanlike in her appearance. She was going at a bold and brisk trot; and, as she passed her numerous acquaintance, she was so intent upon the good management of her reins, and her eyes so fixed upon her high mettled cattle, that she could only give them a familiar, knowing, sideway nod of her head, very similar to what I have seen stage coachmen, hackneymen, and fashionable ruffians, their copies, give a brother whip, passing on the road, or when they almost graze another's wheel, or cut out a carriage, and turn round with a nod which means, "there's for you, what a flat you must be."

This led me to some reflections on charioteers in general. And first, to acquire any talent, it is necessary to learn it. How is the knowledge of driving obtained by the fairer sex?

If a lady take the reins from her husband, her brother, or her lover, it is a strong emblem of assuming the mastery. If she have no courage, no muscular strength, and no attention to the domination and guidance of her steeds, she becomes no driver, no whip, and runs the daily risk of breaking the neck of herself and her friends. If she do excel in this study, she becomes immediately masculine and severe: she punishes, when occasion requires, the animals which come under her lash; assumes an ungraceful attitude; heats her complexion by exertion; loses her softness by virtue of her office; runs the risk of hardening her hands; and may perchance harden her heart; at all events, she gains unfeminine habits, and such as are not easily got rid of.

If she learn of the family coachman, it must be allowed that it is not likely that he should give her any peculiar grace, nor teach her any thing polite. The pleasure of his company, whilst superintending her lesson, cannot much improve her mind; and the freedom of these teachers of coachmanship must be so offensive to her, that only a total loss of feeling, gradually worn away by the pride of excelling as a whip, can render them bearable to her.

When the accomplishment of driving is learned, what does it tend to? A waste of time; a masculine enjoyment; and loss of (I will not say moral, but) feminine character; of that sweet, soft, and overpowering submission to, and dependence on man, which, whilst it claims our protection, and awakens our dearest sympathies, our tenderest interests, enchants, attaches, and subdues us. I have known ladies so affected by an inordinate love for charioteering, that it has completely altered them, insomuch that they have at last become more at home

in the stable than in the drawing-room. The very lady in question is so different when dressed for dinner, that her driving dress is a complete masquerade disguise, which I should never wish to see her in, and which certainly is not calculated to captivate a lover nor to gain a husband, unless the latter be a slave who gives the whip-hand to his lady.

I now began to recollect the female whips of my acquaintance; and I found that I never could esteem one of them. A certain titled lady, who shall be nameless, since she is no more, used to excel in driving four milk-white horses in hand. Her face was a perfect enamel, something like China, from the paint which she used; and to see the thong of her whip fly about the leaders—to behold her gather up her reins and square her elbows, was the delight of the ostlers and hackney coachmen about town, who, nevertheless, spoke very lightly of her at the same time. I confess that she became a complete object of disgust to myself, and to most thinking men of my acquaintance. She used frequently to drive out a male relation, which made the picture still more preposterous in my eyes; whilst the very praise of the lower classes alluded to, sunk her in my estimation.

And why do coachmen and pugilists, grooms and jockies, praise the superior ranks of society for excelling in driving, in boxing, in horse-racing, or in riding like a postboy? Because it reduces the highest to the level of the lowest—because (to adopt their own expression, so often made use of by the bargemen on the Thames towards a certain Duke) he's not proud: he is just like one of us: he can tug at his oar; smoke and drink beer "like a man;" aye, and take his own part. That such qua-

lities may, upon an emergency, prove useful, I admit; but his Grace, as well as all female charioteers, must excuse me from considering them as any way ornamental.

To return to my female driving friends. A certain fair daughter of green Erin used formerly to drive me out in her curricle: she is a perfect whip; and has, from conversing so much on the subject, and from seeing so much stable company, assumed a tone, an attitude, and a language, most foreign to her sex. Driving, one day, in the Circular Road, near Dublin, her horses pulled very hard, and would have blistered common fingers; but, protected by stiff York tan gloves, and hardened by the management of the whip, she stood up and punished them, crying, I'll take the shine out of you before I have done with you;" then "keeping them up to their work," as she called it, and fanning furiously along, she exultingly exclaimed, all in a heat and flurry herself, "There, and be ——" (I looked thunderstruck) "be hanged to you," concluded she, smiling at me, and resuming her sang froid.

A commoner's lady was my third driving acquaintance: she was very bold; given to the joys of the table; got lightly spoken of as to reputation; and, after all, overturned herself and broke her arm. My inquiries into the character of the other celebrated female whips, have not obtained any information which could change my opinion as to the advantages of a lady's becoming a good whip. It militates against the softness, the delicacy, the beauty, and attractions of the sex. I would ask any amateur, the greatest possible admirer of lovely woman, whether her complexion being heated, her lips dry, and her features covered with dust;

as she returns from a horse race, or from a morning drive, are circumstances of improvement to her in any way?

I doubt if our forefather Adam could have been captivated with Eve, had she appeared to him, either in a dream or in coarse reality, with a masculine expression of countenance, and with a four-horse whip in her hand; nor was it ever intended, that "those limbs, formed for the gentler offices of love," should be displayed behind prancing coach horses, with an unwieldy whip in one hand and a gross mass of leather in the other. The very diamond itself is unseemly when clad in its rough coat of earth; 'tis the high polish which it receives that displays its hidden lustre, and which, reflecting its real worth, makes it so brilliant and so eminently valuable.

Thus it is with woman; every thing which tends to divest her of the asperity and ruggedness of the inferior part of our sex, augments her attractions: every thing which can assimilate her to the harshness of man, despoils her of her richest ornaments, and lowers her in our estimation. I remember once passing a lady in the King's Road, one of whose outriders had dismounted and was adjusting something about the reins, whilst the other was holding his horse behind. The lady and the groom, who appeared to be her instructor in the art of coachmanship, had much conversation respecting the cattle. The latter said, "Give him his hiding, my Lady, and don't spare him." To which she elegantly replied, "D—n the little horse." This gave the finishing confirmation to my former opinion.

I know that it will be objected to me, that these vulgarities are not general in high bred coachwo-

men, and that they are not necessary; but to this I beg leave to answer, that their very existence is odious; and that if, on the one hand, these vices are not absolutely a part of coachmanship, on the other, coachmanship, or charioteering, is not at all necessary to a woman's accomplishments, nor even to her amusement.

No. XV.

A STRANGER.

— Egregii mortalem, alti silenti!
Virg.

I once took up my quarters at Hampton Court, not attracted either by King Charles's beauties, nor by the more modern English beauties, who stand in portraiture to amuse the eye of royalty; but from my liking a dry walk in Bushy Park, from the habit of being in the vicinity of a palace, and, above all, from the convenience of being but a short distance from the metropolis.

Making my daily walk, I observed a tall handsome old man, in a fashionable military great coat, a black silk handkerchief round his neck, fine and transcendantly snowy linen, highly polished boots; and having an air of hauteur, a princely gait, a something challenging, yet not uncourtly in his eye, a polite deportment, and the ease of the first circles. He was, evidently, a military man, but not on duty at the palace. Yet he came from the interior of it more than once; so that I, for a while, considered him as some nobleman, who visited the royal tenant of the Studhouse,—perhaps a foreigner of distinction. His ease, however, which was purely English, and of the very highest polish, bespoke him to be a travelled Briton. The poorer order of people looked up to him; the female children dropped their courtesy to him; the boys gazed in admiration on him, and paid him their tribute of humility: while the grown people gave him the wall, and seemed to salute him more from impulse than

from reflection, interest, or calculation. The higher ranks eyed him obliquely, and observed gently to each other, "That's an old man of fashion. I wonder who he is!—some high personage, perhaps, incog.!" Politeness forbade the broader stare, the returning eye, or the frequent looking back.

I myself felt respect for his person, and deference mingled with interest, and with increasing curiosity, each time that we met. I particularly noticed that he returned all these marks of homage with eminent condescension, and with a grace which appeared to be the effect of symmetry of person, external accomplishment, gratitude and warmth of heart, gently (almost imperceptibly) heated by conscious pride,—such pride as softens whilst it heats —such as mars not humanity, whilst it exalts us above the crowd. There was too, a jealous look at times, which puzzled me. Was it fear? No; the brow of the veteran gave the broad lie to such an an insinuation. Was it the effect of concealment? His constant midday walk seemed to counteract that suspicion. Was his conscience galled and guilty? His full blue eye, mild when it beamed in courtesy or in acknowledgement of notice, bespoke a soul superior to all baseness.

I was determined to get acquainted with him; and I accordingly addressed him one day at the promenade. Inquiring the hour, he informed me, accompanied by a drawing-room bow, "that it had just struck one," but did not produce a watch. The next day I sat down beside him on a bench, and fell into general conversation with him. This I repeated daily for a week, when I was encouraged to invite him to dinner, alledging that my solitude, and the improvement which I received from his conversation (for he spoke several languages, and had tra-

velled much), would make his accepting this abrupt request, unpreceded by my dropping my card at his house, a favour of the first value. Then putting my card into his hand, I told him, "that I should always be flattered to see him according to that address."

He assured me in the most urbane language, with a depression of eye-lid which met my very soul, "that he was penetrated with gratitude at so unexpected and at so unmerited a mark of distinction and kindness; and that he the more gratefully acknowledged the favour, as he could feel and appreciate the sympathy from which it flowed." Then looking half severe and haughty, as if struggling with a mingled and opposing feeling, he added, "we are both of us *solitaires;* but retirement and solitude suit best my present habits, nor could I allow myself to share your hospitable repast, nor to indulge in your society without a reciprocal invitation on my part, which, at present, is impossible." Thus saying, he withdrew precipitately as if overcome by his feelings, and in this last sentence his voice failed; the word impossible stuck in the organ of utterance; it had half the decision of a sentence passed, yet half expired in a sigh; all the emphasis too was placed on the *impossibility*, not on the period, *at present*; the latter might have contained hope—the former assumed the shape of despair—it meant—never.

And now he was out of my sight, bowing and waving his hand. My eyes followed him until I felt them pain me. His tall, manly, yet somewhat tragical figure, magnified in my struggling tear; its tremulous motion gave a fleeting, wavering air to the diminishing object; I looked fixedly upon him,—ashamed, yet indulging a deep sensation of melan-

choly; the briny drop fell from my eyelid; and my friend, of a few days, faded from my sight.

And here, gentle reader,—soul of sensibility, or giddy tenant of fashion's airy temple,—heart swelled with triumphant prosperity, or sinking bosom of experienced woe,—purple-robed proud one, or sober child of adversity,—pardon an old man's weakness, and as I take off my glasses to wipe from them the dew which now dims my view, reflect, for a moment, on the uncertainty of all human events, and then—let us proceed together.

To shed tears on account of an elderly person, almost wholly unknown, and whose mysterious appearance alone created interest and curiosity, may, at first sight, appear weak, but the sequel proved, that I had reason to grieve that there are secret and imperceptible springs on which our very agonies and ecstacies are hung, and that the chord vibrates the most awfully and impressively when touched by an imperceptible hand; as the wild sounds of the Æolian harp thrill us the more as the increasing or dying wind steals unperceived upon them, and as we are unprepared for the form and force with which it may flow over our passions,—how it may distract or harmonize our minds, how it may accord with our sympathies, may soothe our sufferings, or may subdue our pride. Whenever the soul is thus assailed, it is indeed—the Divinity which "stirs within us,"—it is the hidden hand which points out an hereafter, the secret instructor who practically shows us that we are not mere matter, and that neither the majestic lion nor the humble steer can feel this, nor aught which looks up to heaven with hope, with sympathy, and with fear.

I lost sight of the stranger for three days; but I was resolved, by describing him, to learn who and

what he was. In this last research I was baffled. But I discovered his miserable lodging. He had left it the last day on which we met. The landlady observed, "that he had paid her; but that he came without luggage, and had quitted her in the same manner. He had just one change of linen wrapped in a cambric pocket-handkerchief; he also came and departed on foot; she never saw him take a regular meal; but more than once observed him eating biscuits in the Park; she had missed a gold ring which he wore, which she conjectured he had sold; she was sure that he was distressed for money; he used to write a number of letters to great people and to ministers, but she never saw an answer come in return: he paid beforehand; and she never knew his name. Moreover she thought that he had met with a repulse at the palace; where he was gone she could not tell,—but she was sure that he was too pious to make away with himself."

From that moment to this I have never seen nor heard of him.—"And art thou fled for ever, interesting old man?" said I, "Must I, on whom ease and affluence are bestowed, never share my fortune with thee? Must I be refused the only unmixed pleasure here below, namely, the gladdening of the dejected heart, and the leading of the oppressed spirit to triumph over its enemies? cruel fate! And oh! ye rich ones of the land! ye whose appetite is your only idol,—whose intemperance is your only pursuit, if ye meet with such a man; spare the full goblet and the gorgeous banquet, and pour, from an unknown hand, the overflowings of your tables into his purse; break not entirely the bruised spirit, by coarse and lying excuses for not succouring your brother, and dare not to offend the dignity of virtu-

ous poverty by paltry and inefficient offerings, which, whilst they may satisfy the narrow mind from which they proceed; reflect the donor's baseness, and add a pang to the many which the poor man has to bear. Let your generosity be equivalent to your means, and your affectionate humility in giving be in proportion to the elevation of the distressed; for poverty, when adorned by virtue, is only obscured; it quits not its eminence here; it increases its elevation hereafter.

How often, as I am eating my filberts and taking my glass of wine, with my invalid dog at my feet and my gold snuff-box on my table, do I sigh, and wish that the latter could be melted and conveyed to the poor gentleman; that I could take him to my heart, and clench his hand firmly in mine; that we converse as formerly together, and that the generous tide which then increased the circulation in me, could swell his languid pulse, and give an irradiating glow to his interesting and gentlemanlike countenance!

XVI.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

------- Immania monstra
Preferimus ------- *Virgil.*

It has always appeared to me, that the stronger passions, such as avarice, ambition, and revenge, appear with double deformity in the softer sex. They disfigure the beauty of woman, and completely change her nature. Gaming, which is a compound of idleness and of cupidity, has precisely the same tendency, and hurries the fairest work of nature into the greatest excesses.

There is, however, a minor species of play which is not so dangerous, and which can be blamed only for the loss of time which it occasions. It is one of the taxes on a man in society to be compelled to sit down, for such a space of time, at a card-table, at routs, and at other evening parties. I feel a *je ne sais quoi* of misery and disgust, the moment the fair lady of the house presents me the pack of cards to draw one; and I view myself destined to be fixed to my chair for at least one rubber, or perhaps more. Then farewell conversation; farewell my greatest amusement—observation; farewell mirth, and all variety!

A young Exquisite may just make his appearance for a few minutes, make his bow to the lady of the house, cast a glance round, in order to be able to count all the beauty and fashion in the room, and then withdraw, throw himself into his chariot or vis-a-vis, and repeat the same brief visit at two or

three other parties in the course of the night. A dancer may escape the card tax. But a man of serious habits, and of middle age, must pay the forfeit of money and of time.

It is astonishing how many hours this occupation engrosses in high life. Lady Lansquenette assured me, that she played three rubbers of whist regularly every evening, unless she set down to some game of chance. In the former case she devoted nearly three hours per diem to cards; in the latter, the whole evening. In wet weather she played in the morning; and at Castle Costly, she always spent two or three hours before dinner at cards, when the state of the atmosphere, or the roads prevented her going out. Averaging her play hours at four or five per day, they compose one third of her time, since her ladyship devotes twelve hours to rest. Now, abstracting four more for her toilette, which is not less than it takes, there are but four hours remaining for any rational employment, out of which breakfast and dinner time are to be deducted.

I met with her the other night at Lady Racket's; and she immediately hooked me in for a rubber. I had scarcely got clear of this engagement, and of five guineas at the same time, having lost five points, when I was entreated to sit down to cassino in company with Mrs. Marvellous, Sir Herbert Maxton, and Lady Longtick. I the more readily, however, complied with the request of my right honorable hostess, as at cassino the attention is not so entirely taken up; less importance is attached to the game; and a little light and desultory conversation may be allowed; whilst at whist you see grave faces sitting in judgment over your play, and observe as much interest and anxiety, as much silence and attention, as a speech of Demosthenes would have claimed from his auditors.

"Come," said Lady Racket to me, "you must make one at cassino; (then lowering he voice) you will have the charms of Lady Longtick to contemplate; and Mrs. Marvellous will amuse you with some very astonishing stories in the intervals of the deal." "Your Ladyship's commands are so many laws to me," said I, resignedly taking my place at the table. "The Hermit!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvellous, in a half whisper to Sir Herbert. They both elevated their eyebrows—as much as to say, "here's a fellow who will observe us closely." I made my best bow, and took my seat.

We drew cards; and I fell to the lot of Mrs. Marvellous. "You must not scold me if I play ill," said she. "Not for the world," answered I; "I never scolded a lady in my life." "I wish I could say as much of Sir Herbert," said she; "indeed it was nothing short of cruelty, your crossness to Lady Maxton yesterday; you actually brought tears into her eyes," "Nonsense," exclaimed the baronet; "you know I wanted not to play at all; but the Nabob could not make up his party without us, and I hate above all to play with my wife; married couples never ought to play together," "Unless," interrupted Lady Longtick, "they understand one another as well as our friends in Portland Place." "And then," replied the Baronet," "it is not very pleasant to play against them." (A general smile.)

"It is your deal, Mrs. Marvellous." "Two and three are five." "The heart is your's, Lady Longtick, and little cas falls to me." "Have you heard of the royal marriages?" "Three tricks by Jupiter"—"The naval Duke." "Your knave, my Lady."—"I am quite out of luck." "How many aces, Sir Herbert?" "One, and that's quite enough." "Bravo, Mrs Marvellous," said I, "you

are always fortunate; 'tis my trick." (Mrs. Marvellous) "Have you heard that Lady Barbara Blankton has," (interrupted by the Baronet) "Cut Madam." "Yes, Sir Herbert, she has cut, and left her lovely children,"—"Your Ladyship's game,"—"to the mercy of the world. How shocking for her three daughters!" "A double game, Mrs. Marvellous." "She certainly had the most indulgent husband in the world." "The base wretch, I have no patience with her." "A hard rub." "Yet I could always see through her conduct." "Had you said through her drapery," replied Sir Herbert, "I should have been satisfied that you were right, for she was a walking transparency. But here comes her cousin the General." "The game is up."

Released from my party, I walked round the room, and cast an eye on the different tables. I stopped, for a moment, behind my friend Lord Levity's chair, and contemplated the countenances at an unlimited loo. "I pass," said Lady Lavish, in a tone of broken-heartedness which told me that she had lost. Every feature was changed, the warm smile which gives such attractien to her countenance had disappeared: dejection filled her eyes; and despair sat on every feature. Mrs. Beverly was also a great loser; not less than eighty guineas did she pay for her night's pastime. She put on a sort of placid look, a well-bred indifference, a forced smile; but nature, true to its feelings, betrayed the secret of her mind, and gave the outlines of revenge and disappointment to her countenance. "You are out of luck," observed I. "A trifle," answered she, with an assumption of tranquillity, which imposed upon nobody.

The three ladies——(the eldest only eighteen) were all anxiety. The youthful lustre of their com-

plexions was marred by a flush of intemperate feeling and eagerness to win. Their eyes were attentively riveted to the cards; and from time to time they communicated with each other by glances of satisfaction, doubt, or discontent. Whilst these three graces were thus metamorphosed by their attention to their bad or good fortune, Colonel Crab sneered as he was pocketing his gains, and Lady Mary Moody expressed the intoxication of success. This she strove to stifle; but it flushed on her cheek, spoke on her half open lip, and sparkled in her eyes. How little do these fair creatures, thought I, know how their looks betray them! So much are they a prey to the passion of gaming that not even these magnificent Venetian mirrors can bring a useful reflection to cure them of this vice.

I now moved towards the door, and got into a crowd of beaux and belles, and into a confusion of tongues. The broken sentences which came to my ear from different quarters, were ridiculous enough. Lady Racket was discoursing about a new novel; Sir Wetherby Jostle was holding forth on horse-racing; a new member was affecting the ministerial tone, and laying down the law to a deaf dowager who had the best of it, for she was paying attention to an antiquated Exquisite the whole time. Mrs. Marvellous told me that Lady T—— was ruined, and that she owed her butler a thousand guineas. "Lady Longtick has made a good thing of it to-night," whispered Lady R——'s maiden aunt to a young guardsman, "her dress-maker will now have a chance of being paid."

"A complete hoax! the majority was certain," broke upon my ear from another quarter.—"A love-match upon my honour," observed an Insipid,

lolling upon the arm of a couch.—"A maiden speech," observed a member of parliament to a gouty bishop. "Not an honour in the world," echoed from a neighbouring card-table, whilst Count Mainville was talking politics, and Sir Harry was saying the most gallant things imaginable to the Lincolnshire heiress.

Lady Lovemore passed by at this moment convulsed with rage, but bridling her temper as well as she could. She had not only lost at cards, but perceived a happy rival in the affections of the Colonel, to whom she was paying the warmest assiduities, and her rival had smiled contemptuous pity upon her. Lady Racket seemed to enjoy the defeat of Lady Lovemore. "I fear your Ladyship is not well," said she to her in an assumed tone of pity and kindness. "A sick head-ache distracts me," answered Lady Lovemore, and flounced away quite unattended; which circumstance was observed, with different remarks and comments from half-a-dozen quarters at once. How little charity one female has for another at any time! thought I; and at cards indeed, the quality is annihilated altogether.

I now perceived Sir Herbert, who had been looking over his wife's play, and must have been giving her some unwelcome hints. "Did I play ill in trumping?" sweetly and softly she inquired, in a silvery tone. "Not at all," replied he, sharply: "if you wished to lose you could not play better." She gently raised up her shoulders, and heaving a sigh, said, "my dear I am sorry for it." "It's always the same," exclaimed he; and broke unkindly away from her. What a pity that a few hearts and clubs, villainously painted upon the surface of a card, should occasion such contending passions, should show such dissensions, and imbitter the

hours of so many rational beings,—that a card played out of place or without judgment should mar the domestic felicity of an otherwise happy couple; and that Lady Maxton should persevere in playing, without any abatement of ill-fortune abroad, or of ill-humour and reproach at home!

I now perceived a number of the *beau monde* going to their carriages, and upon striking my repeater, found that it was four o'clock. Thus were four hours consumed when I retired to rest; but the countenances at the loo table, were before my eyes in my dream, and I longed to be able to give a little advice to the fair creatures, whose figures thus, even in sleep, haunted

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XVII.

WILD OATS.

J'ai sans dout reçu du Ciel un genie assez beau pour toutes les fabriques de ces gentillesses d'esprit, de ces gallanteries ingenieuses a qui le vulgaire ignorant donne le nom de Fourberies; et je puis dire sans vanite, qu'on n'a gueres vu d'homme qui fut plus habile ouvriere de ressorts et d'intrigues. *Moliere.*

"Is old Ten-per-Cent. up?" said a wild young dog, a distant relation of mine, to the house-maid of my banker, as she was scrubbing the parlour stove. 'No, Mr. Thomas,' replied Dolly; 'but I expect him down every minute.' "Then," said Scapegrace, "if he come before I have had time to change my clothes, tell him that I am gone out to Lord ——'s to inform him that he has overdrawn us, and to hint that it is our time of balancing all our accounts; and, my dear Doll."—'Oh, you gay deceiver!' "I say, my dear Doll, you took your wages yesterday; do lend me a pound to appease my washerwoman with." It was lent.

My nephew, Thomas, is the third son of a clergyman's widow, in very poor circumstances; and I thought that I had done a charitable act in getting him the situation of a banker's clerk.

He now pulled off his Bond Street coat, divested himself of his dress shoes, his diamond broach, his massy gold rings, ribband and quizzing glass set in gold, hid his enamelled snuff-box, took off his gold chain and dozen seals to his watch, locked up his opera hat and cockade, (he not belonging to any corps) and put on a full suit of black, rather the worse for wear, clapped the pen behind his ear,

and went down to the counting-house. His looks he could not so easily lay aside, for he was heated and fatigued with waltzing all night at the Crown and Anchor.

"You look as if you had not been in bed," exclaimed old Turnpenny, on entering the room. 'Why, Sir,' replied the young reprobate, 'I have not slept a wink all night: I have been thinking how much we shall lose by the house of Vanderfunkenbuttle and Co. and counting the many bad debts which we have. I think it would be meet (here he heaved a sigh) to arrest the young wine-merchant. I think that he is going on a little too fast: he keeps a tilbury and a lady (here he heaved a deeper sigh,) and he owes us two hundred, I have reason for doubting the stability of the new country bank; and I tremble for our discounting any more of the Welch Baronet's kites.'

"Good, Thomas," said his master, "you are a conscientious youth; and I will take you into the firm at Lay-day." 'I hope sir,' replied Tom, 'you know that I am as anxious for your interest as if it were my own.' "Right, Tom; every clerk should be so; besides, one hundred per annum is a handsome allowance; but in future, when you are my partner, you will have a sixth of all my profits." Tom was overcome with gratitude.

"I cannot," resumed the old gentleman, "trust those rascals, my other clerks, who will spend you a five pound note on a Sunday." (Thomas gave a groan.) 'Aye sir, and ten pounds—hack horse, tavern dinner—treat a lady to an ice, and a little-go besides.' "Shocking!" cried the old man. "Fare thee well, Thomas; take out a writ against the wine-merchant; stop the Baronet's credit; wind up the concerns with the country bank; and write circulars

to all who owe us money; lend the life-guard officer that money at ten per cent; and take a walk into the city to find how all our customers stand with regard to credit." 'It shall be done,' replied Mr. Thomas.

Now this embryo partner, this steady young man upon one hundred per annum, keeps a tilbury at the west end of the town; a groom also; goes every night half-price to the play; looks in at No. 66, St. James's Street, occasionally, and owes his tailor three hundred pounds. This is done by representing himself as on the eve of being a partner in the firm; by giving out to another creditor that he is going to marry Miss Muckworm, with a large fortune; by doing a bill occasionally in private, and unknown to the firm; by making love to his washerwoman; by hinting at matrimony to Doll, each time that he borrows a pound of her, or that she sits up to let him in at three, four, or five in the morning; by giving intelligence to young men when the old banker means to arrest them; by taking a douceur from them when they keep out of the way; by treating his tradesmen with old Turnpenny's wine, he keeping the key of the cellar; and by laying the deficit on a rat which he hunted through the bottles, or on a brick which fell down, but which he really picks out of the arch and throws upon the empty ones.

These and a number more ingenious tricks have kept him from detection; but "there is a tide in the affairs of man;" and it is much to be apprehended that the storm will burst upon him ere the partnership be entered into:—for his duns are beginning to be very clamorous, and the coachman is jealous of the clerk, and the washerwoman is jealous of Doll; the groom has found out Thomas's

real name, and where he lives, though he passed himself off for a Waterloo hero, and pretended to reside a little way in the country with his lady. The arrears of the groom's wages militate against his secrecy, and the livery stable keeper has threatened to sell the horse for his keep. The business is near a close. He will be a partner or prisoner ere it be long. May his confraternity take the hint thus afforded them by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XVIII.

THE ROMANCE.

Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair,
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!

Young.

I HAD frequently remarked two very lovely sisters quit their carriage in Hyde Park to enter Kensington Gardens, there to remain four hours, during which their carriage was kept waiting, and then to return in apparent low spirits. What seemed most extraordinary to me was, that from the moment they entered the gardens until that of their reaching their carriage, they were no where to be seen; for I sometimes sauntered for an hour there, but never met them in any direction whatever.

One day I was determined to watch them more closely, and I perceived them dash into the thickest shade of the trees, and there hide themselves. I sat down in one of the alcoves, and read my journal of the day before, my newspaper, and some letters which I had received by the post. I continued for about an hour more in one of my reveries, making in all about two hours, when, skirting in the wood in my way to return by the shortest cut across the gardens, I perceived them through the light quivering shade of umbrageous branches, seated on the ground and bathed in tears.

A thousand apprehensions rushed across my mind, and I was resolved to accost them, to inquire the cause of their distress, and to offer my aid, under whatever circumstances they might be. They were

so absorbed in grief, that they did not perceive me until I was close to them, when one of them gave a loud shriek, which alarmed me in my turn, and immediately both flew off like startled deer, leaving a cambric pocket handkerchief and an open book behind them.

Never did Daphne fly more precipitately nor more panic-struck from Apollo, than these sister beauties did from me; but I was no Apollo, no love-sick nor moon-struck lover, no winged messenger of love, neither inclined nor able to give chase to youth and beauty. I regretted my temerity, and picked up the trophies, which now became mine, on the field (not of fight, but)of flight. In vain did I motion them to return, or to allow me to restore them their forfeited property. In vain did the powder, flying from my hair bespeak me to be an elderly gentleman; in vain did I wave the white handkerchief in signal of peace, as a motive for their return. They never turned their heads to the right or to the left; but in a few seconds shewed me how weak and how tardy is age when attempting the pursuit of youth.

This of itself served as a wholesome lesson, for it was a practical one, which taught me, more forcibly than ever, that old men should not run after young women. The attempt is always a lame one, and attended with failure or disgrace.

My reason now brought me up, and I called myself an old fool for thus intimidating these defenceless females, and for being the cause of their losing the source of their amusement and instruction, as well as a small portion of their property. My next reflection was, that wherever I met these ladies they might mistake me for a brutal intruder, and that the purity of my motives for disturbing them

would never be known to them; nay more, it might be doubted, or even entirely misconstrued. The mark on the handkerchief might perhaps lead to a discovery of their name or of their abode, or both might be written on the first leaf of the book! Yet even were it so, should I not further offend by sending the articles home? Perhaps I might involve them in some unpleasant affair, bring on them some parental severity, or expose them to unfavourable reflections.

Ridiculous as it may appear I was in a most painful dilemma. "Women," said I, "are always perplexing and getting men into scrapes. Nay, even an old bachelor, a *soi-disant* hermit cannot escape their witchcraft. What had I to do with watching beauties of their age, or any beauties at all? I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that I had not fallen into possession of this pocket-handkerchief and book; and yet if I leave them here, they may lead to some exposure of which I am not now aware. Would that there were no women in the world, torments to man!! Perche," repeated I to myself, (remembering my first reading of Orlando Furioso, and meditating on the effect which it produced on my young mind.)

"Perche fatto no ha l'alma natura
"Che senza to potesse nascer l'huomo,
"Come s'inesta per umana cura
"L'un sopra l'altro il pero, il sorbo e'l pomo?"

The answer which suggested itself immediately to my mind, was

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
"For this same reason—man is not a fly."

Satisfied with this, I was content to belong to the intellectual animal world, with all its frailties and infirmities, and begged woman's pardon for the rash sentence I had just uttered. I now proceeded to examine the handkerchief and the book. The former gave no other means of tracing it to its owner, than a romantic name marked in fine glossy black hair, with a heart under it. The name was Seraphina! The book belonged to a circulating library in the neighborhood of Portland Place. It was a romance the most romantic, a most tragical tragedy, an account of love and of adventure, of constancy and of sufferings, of imprisoned Lady and adventurous Knight, and finally, of insanity and of death!

According to this story, the Knight Aldebert is at last drowned in crossing a frightful river, in a tempest of thunder and lightning, in company with his faithful Squire Fidele, in the enterprise of rescuing Gertrude from a lonely dungeon, where her inexorable father, the Baron Fitzallan, has shut her up previous to his forcing her to take the veil, and all this because she will not give her hand to Don Pedro Emmanuel Felix de Alvarez, a Grand Espagnol of the first class. The faithful Knight fixes his signet ring to his cloak, which floating on shore, or rather against the battlements of the tower, is picked up by Gertrude, who instantly runs mad, whilst the Baron stabs himself for rage and despair.

All this, however, is after such escapes from shipwreck and from starvation, such captures and re-captures, such dwelling on an (until then) uninhabited island, such dangers by land and sea, and such trials of love and of constancy as never were invented before, and much less ever occurred. The leaf which contained the deep catastrophe was bedewed with tears; and a number of amatory re-

marks and allusions were pencilled on the margin in a female hand. On one leaf was the following sentiment:

"Happy are they who die for love,
"United they must be above."

Not admiring either the poetry or the sentiment of these lines, nor seeing the ratio puare they must be united above, I could easily perceive the dangerous tendency of romance, and the effect which it had produced on these heated imaginations.

I however despaired of ever being able to discover these heroines; when it struck me, that by returning the book to the library, some light might be thrown on the subject. I did so accordingly, and, without any trouble, the officious shopman immediately divulged the name, by saying, "My master's duty to Miss Whimper, and we are sorry we cannot find any thing deep enough for her perusal at present; but there is a novel on the stocks, translated from the German, entitled, 'The Self-immolated Victim, or Vilhelm the tender-hearted Robber,' will just suit the young ladies; and the moment it comes from the press, it shall be sent to Duchess Street, Portland Place."

I had now the name and the address of my fair friends, and it was easy to inquire into further particulars. The result of these inquiries was, that Mrs. Whimper (the mother) was a widow, given up to parties and pleasure; to cards and late hours; and that her family, of which these two young ladies were the eldest, and which included four more children, was either in the nursery or at school. The circumstance militated against the matrimonial promotion of a comely mother. In order, however to give her an air of youth, and to prevent competi-

tion, Mary and Elizabeth were kept until fourteen in the nursery, and until the present moment, in the utmost seclusion; the former being seventeen and the latter not quite eighteen.

Plain dress, distance from company, and rigid severity, excluded them from society; but a circulating library, accommodating servants, loneliness, warmth of constitution, and an abandonment to themselves, had allowed these tender plants, like unpruned trees, to shoot out into the wildest directions, to put forth the most undirected, uncontrolled luxuriance of growth, to waste their exuberance of ideas in the richest (if I may be allowed the expression) infertility of extension, to lose themselves amidst the weeds of fiction, fastening upon the specious flowers of description and the flashes of impassioned feeling, which make the great charm of works of fancy. So wedded were they now to romance, that the one assumed the name of Seraphina, and the other took that of Blanche; they passed whole nights by the wasting taper, over the romantic pages of love and of chivalry; and they fled precipitately, like "stricken deer," to their feverish couch, at the thundering knock of mamma, returned from an "at home," a masquerade or a quadrille ball, from all of which these overgrown children were proscribed.

Mamma always lay until three P. M. but the Misses were ordered regularly to take their airing at one. Loaded with novels and with romance, they sallied forth and sought the darkness of the grove, in order to live an imaginary existence. They were confined for the rest of the day to their apartments; where open windows, the Æolian harp, sighed songs, mouthed declamation, two veiled figures placed at a balcony, and a Spanish guitar, attracted

attention, misled calculation, announced the wandering of the heart and of the mind, and—it will be well if that be all. A defect of education, maternal neglect, a pleasurable mother, and a circulating library, go a great way towards female ruin, for

" The vine luxurious, if neglected lies
" Prone on the earth, and unsupported dies.—
" So dawning reason in a youthful mind
" Remains inactive, dormant, and confin'd,
" Till education calls its virtues forth,
" Extends its prospects and makes known its worth,
" Corrects, improves, inspires the human soul,
" Completes the man, and finishes the whole."

My warmest solicitude is excited for these youthful wanderers in error. Their lady mother will have much to reproach herself with, if any domestic calamity should occur in her family.

No. XIX.

A CONVERSAZIONE.

Il me tarde de voir, notre Assemblee ouverte,
Et de nous signaler par quelque decouverte.
Nous approfondirons, ainsi que la Physique,
Grammaire, Historie, Vers, Morale, et Politique.
Les Femmes Scavantes. ---- Moliere.

I MET Mrs. Montagu Marionville at a fashionable bookseller's the other day. She was expatiating on Lady Laura Learnedlore's exquisite conversazione, as she was pleased to term it. On perceiving me, she gave me her hand, and was good enough to say, that she very much regretted my not being there. I thanked her, and requested to know what were the chief attractions of the evening,—who was there,—and whether it was the company, the conversation, or both, which formed that night's peculiar charms? "Both," exclaimed she, delighted. "There was a great union of talent, novelty and vast information. Besides all the old set, there were Sir Alexander Alkali, one of our first gentlemen chymists; Varnish the painter, just returned from Rome; Sir Robert Euphony, a most profound Greek scholar, who exhibited the first possible example of memory, by repeating three hundred lines from Sophocles without missing a word:—it is true I did not understand it, nor did Lady Ruin and her knot of blues, but I am convinced by the ——*bominas* and the *ominas*, that it must be very sublime.

"Then we had Mr. Architrave, who described the shaft of a broken column to us with such energy, that it seemed to rise stately to our view, and I

actually thought myself either in Greece or Herculaneum.

"We had moreover Mr Dactylus the poet (the bard, I ought to say,) and Chatterini the Improvisatore, who made an elegant little impromptu on Lady Hardcastle's lap-dog. Mr. Dactylus is a delightful man!—quite the Roman: his hair was cut exactly like the statue of Brutus, and a thin cambric cravat, so loose as to fall on his shoulders, gave us an opportunity of seeing a fine muscular neck, similar to that of the Gladiator. He is certainly a little touched in his upper story; but that gives all the more energy and fancy to his lines. What fine flights of imagination are in his Ode addressed to the Moon! and then again, what descriptive alliteration in the line, where he addresses her as

"Mild meditation's melancholy maid!"

"Doctor Dabble was likewise of our party; he has invented a new and speedy cure for the globus hystericus. And there was also Miss Fanny Fermor, the greatest botanist in England. She recited some beautiful lines on the Polyandria monogynia, and shewed us the finest rhododendron I ever beheld!

"Lord Gothic, too, came in about midnight: he is a disciple of Gall's. His Lordship enlightened us much: he demonstrated the organ of theography very clearly on the head of a child; and assured me, that I ought to have been a builder, for he never saw the organ of constructiveness so determined as on my cranium. That of destructiveness was as distinct on the German Marshal Baron Vonklinkencattendundertromp. But he got rather into a scrape, by wishing to shew the organ of inventiveness on Lady Laura; for she wears a wig, there-

fore of course it was impossible for her to allow his Lordship to touch on that head.

"We inspected some beautiful alto and basso relievos, many intaglios, cameos, medals, and coins. We looked over a choice portfolio, and saw some curious specimens of geology. Lady Laura has purchased a superb Etruscan vase, and has had a present made to her of some more mosaic. The Doctor shewed us his new snuff-box of lava elegantly set; and the Italian brought a curious picture for sale.

"The hours in short passed so swiftly away, that it was two o'clock before I could look round me; I then ordered my chair, took a wafer and a glass of lemonade, and retired to bed. The celebrated actor Monologue handed me to my chair, and promised to introduce me to that most delightful of all creatures Mr. Flaxman, also to a Mr. ——, I forget his name, who is writing a new system of Physiognomy, and a treatise on the Clouds, where there are strata and tumuli, mountains, paths, and I don't know what besides; so that by and by we shall be as much at home in the clouds as we are now in the stars. Oh! science, thou divine gift! how I do love learning and learned men! This was indeed an evening of *virtu*—a conversazione worthy of being remembered and recorded—the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

She was running on, when one of the shopmen produced a very splendid book open. "Oh! ye powers!" exclaimed she, ready to drop with admiration, "what a margin!!!" I looked at the book, and saw a very few lines finely printed in the middle of each page, with the broadest margin I ever beheld. Mrs. Marionville was resolved to purchase it, be the price what it might; and this diver-

sion drew her attention off from me, and ridded me from hearing any thing more about the conversazione.

On my way home, I reflected how many ways there were of conjuring a man's money out of his pocket in a gentlemanlike and apparently sensible way—without squandering it on vice, cards, dice, dogs, horses and trinkets. But the following list presents as many roads to ruin as would, (taken together) pay the national debt: paintings—architecture and a taste for building—coins—medals—antiquities—chemistry—encouraging of foreigners and the arts, and buying rare and expensive books. To this may be added, a rage for purchasing chronometers: but that is a passion chiefly consigned to a very high personage, and if he learn from it the value of time, it may be considered a very profitable pursuit.

In book buying, it is curious enough that the book and not the author furnishes the attraction, so that Pope was quite correct in saying, "In books, not authors, curious is my lord." A book printed on vellum, or with gilt letters, or illuminated (as it is called by those who are only enlightened by such illuminations,) or a book of ancient date, be its contents ever so stupid and uninteresting, is all the charm necessary; for such works are bought, not to be read, but to be looked at. As for me, I have always held, that "The proper study of mankind is man," but in order to see him as he really is, I have studied his actions more than his professions, and it is the result of many years observation that enables me to present my readers with the lucubrations, such as they are, of their friend,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XX.

JUST RETURNED FROM COLLEGE.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools;
If honest Nature made you *fools*,
What sais your Grammars?
You'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin hammers.
A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They *gang* in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak.

Burns.

Being informed that my old friend, Dr. Drudge's son, had come to town, I called, the other day, to visit him. I valued the father much: he was an honest, industrious, and successful man; and I wished to show every civility in my power to his son.

The Doctor had, by much labour and long practice, amassed a large fortune, which he left to his only son, to whom he was so partial that he spared no expense to educate him in the first style. General knowledge was that the Doctor was anxious to give his child, who, on his part, seconded his wishes by a thirst for improvement. This however, was accompanied by a volatility and an eccentricity wholly unexampled. It is often the case that the son of a learned man, or of a great public character, is a dunce; just as the common consequence in life is, that the successor of a miser is a prodigal: but, in the present instance, it is otherwise; for the Doctor's son is still more ambitious of shining as a man of science and of letters, than his father's most anxious wishes could desire.

About a year ago, the young man was deprived of his worthy father; and it is a week since he concluded his academic studies, having taken a bachelor's degree and quitted College. Very different from those young men of rank and fashion, who leave Oxford and Cambridge, perfect only in horse-racing, sporting, drinking, and gaming, Mr. Drudge has read, in the last four years, more books than any other man of his age that I am acquainted with. He has had a gleaning of almost every science, but with such rapidity, that it has produced a confusion of matter and of languages in his head, similar to what we read of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. To this he adds great self-confidence and a fine flow of spirits, which render him a very strange character.

His ambition is to be a member of parliament, an orator, an author, the discoverer of some new theory, and, finally, to be quoted as one of the learned men of the age. His requisites and probable success I shall leave to the reader to foretel; and shall merely paint a scene betwixt himself and me, which will give a more accurate idea of what he is, than a volume of description, argument, and deductions therefrom, could afford.

I called at his lodgings and found him at home, seated in his robe de chambre, a Spanish grammar on one side of him, and the cranium of a dog on the other. Squares, compasses, and mathematical instruments, retorts and phials, books and papers, were all around him; and a description of Persia was in his hand. Two foreigners were employed in the corners of the room; one working in plaster of Paris, the other at a desk.

He rose to receive me with a cheerfulness unlike the expression of a bookworm, and, making

me a half prostration, with a smile he cried, "Salam, Salam, most worthy Sir; friend of my Sire; I delight in seeing you; you are welcome beyond my descriptive powers; *Se seda Signor——Asseyez-vous, s'il vous plait*—sit down by the little boy who gratefully remembers being on your knee—*dans l'aurore de la vie.* How do you do? how is the nervous system? No hypochondriasis? No dyspepsia? All well in the pulmonary regions? the viscera? the muscular economy? Aye, I'll swear to it. The vital system as entire as a youth's of twenty! and the intellectual one mature and sane—*mens sana in corpore sano.* The mind is (I perceive) "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull." But tell me—*Quid agis?* What are your present pursuits?—Moral or experimental Philosophy, Zoology, Mineralogy, Conchology or Geology, Metaphysics, Philology, Anatomy, Ethics, Natural History, or the Belles Lettres? I have heard of you. I know that you are a *savant*, a man of *virtu*, one of the *cognoscenti*, of the *Dillettanti*, a man of science, and a leader of *bon gout.*"

He overpowered me, but I put in a few words. "Well," said he abruptly, "we have a fine prospect of affairs, political and general. Pretty work this election; great efforts at an oligarchy—at a democracy, or a mobocracy, if you please. They would give us a republic *non libre*, as Montesquieu calls it. You see what our liberty comes to. It is that *libertas* which *in vetium excidit.* Aye, the Life Guards will settle that! But it is truly shocking: amputations and fractures, lacerations and dislocations, are the effects of the poll; in consequence of those emulations and strifes, those contentions and passions "which war in our own members," ——hem! It is every where the same. Vide the

revolutions of France, of Holland, of the Colonies. *Odi profanum vulgus.* These demagogue orators poison the public mind, intoxicate weak brains with their frothy oratory, themselves being the worst of private characters; and then leave the *popolaccio* to a sense of their own wretchedness. Thus it is that

"Belle parole e certi fatti
"Ingannano savj e matti."

"Apropos, but for these elections the town would be a desert. At the court end of the town it is a *memento mori*, a *rus in urbe*. The grass is actually in the streets; and the sight of a nobleman's carriage is a treat." Then turning to the implements around him, "You see," said he, "my amusements and occupations; Chemistry, Anatomy, Geology (holding up a specimen of basalt,) and History. That *multum in parvo* little fellow is taking my bust (pointing to a deformed Italian). The other is my Spanish master, who is writing my exercise. "*Su servidor; viva ustea muchos annos* (to the language master, bowing him out.) This cranium was that of a dog, the most intellectual (if I dare use the phrase) of his species. The animal was a Roman, and I am examining the cerebellum. [His servant enters with a letter.] That fellow I keep because I made an experiment on him. He was as deaf as the Tarpeian rock; and I cured him by electricity, after trying magnetism, the metallic tractors, and the devil and all. *Vous me permettrez, mon ami*—you will allow me to peruse this billet—it is an invitation to the Institute, and a promise to take me to an experiment of the Voltaic pile.—A fine thing, no doubt! I know the principle, as one ought to know the principle of every thing; from the five per cents. up to the solar and lunar

systems. Talking of the sun, the Prince carries it with a high hand; every measure goes through—the Indemnity Act and all the rest. By and by, these demi-gods of ministers will issue their orders—"Such is our will." It will be "*Theon d'etelelieto boulæ.*" What will become of old Magna Charta at last I know not. It will be *Carta pecora*, or *Carte blanche*, I believe. By the by, how they are stultified in France! No nerve! a general paralysis!"

Here I stopped him, for fear that he should have gone all over the continent, and have hurried me with him; and I asked him what were his plans for his future modes of life? "As follow, worthy Sir," resumed the youth. It is my intention, first, to make a tour of the continent of Europe and of the Greek Isles; to become a member of a number of foreign universities, and to have as many A. M.'s, F. R. S.'s, a double S. S. and initials of science, as will fill the title-page of a book, tacked to my name. I mean to write my tour, and to have it printed on fine wove, hot-pressed, royal octavo paper, with a flattering engraving of Self, in an antique costume. I shall get a needy foreigner to make drawings for it; and I shall dedicate it to some leading man. I'll praise the Edinburgh Reviewers up to the skies—"*resque ad sidera.*" I'll have two mottos, one in Greek and one in Hebrew, to the book; and, on my return from the continent, I'll give dinners to all the celebrated booksellers in town. I'll purchase up one hundred copies of the work; and have the second and third editions issued out simultaneously with the first. Thus ushered into celebrity, my next ambition will be to get into parliament, and to make a thundering maiden speech; then, with M. P. attached to all the other distinctions of a man of alphabetical as well as of learned distinction, I may

publish any thing, and shall be sure of becoming a popular author. Lastly, I propose retiring to my *Tusculum*, where I must discover some theory, and publish it, by which means I shall be called by the name of my theory, and thus be rendered immortal. All this accomplished, I shall retire to the country, there "*ducere solicitæ jocunda oblivia vitæ*," and end the scene in the arms of the Muses."

Here concluded the projects of my ambitious friend, young Drudge. The reader may consider the picture as overcharged; but I assure him that it is faithful. In the course of a long life, many singular objects have passed before my eyes, and I have, amongst the number, met with more than one of this cast. We have fanatics of all kinds; religious, political, poetical, physical, and metaphysical. We have fanatics in love, in painting, and in all the Fine Arts. Every body must have seen "*Il Fanatico per la Musica;* and not a bad play might be written on "*Il Fanatico per la Scienza;* such is the worthy friend above described of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XXI.

FASHIONABLE ADVICE.

Empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,
Bred only, and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence; to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
Milton.

"My dear Julia," said Lady —— to her youngest daughter, as I was paying my morning visit to the latter, "I was quite horrified, last night to see you out of the Argyle Rooms, hanging on young Walsingham's arm. You put both your hands through it, clasped together, and leaned forward, and looked in his face, as if he was your whole dependence and delight, with an air of regard and confidence which quite petrified me. I assure you it was observed by Lady Glibspeech, and by the three Misses Mortimer, who kept their eyes upon you whilst they whispered to each other, 'A match, I suppose!'" "Dear me, Mamma," said the artless Julia, "I did not err intentionally, I'm sure; I only leaned upon his arm because I was fatigued, and because he very kindly offered it."

"There are many hints which I wish to give you, child," continued her Ladyship. "In taking a man's arm, you should do it neither bashfully nor confidently; neither disdainfully nor kindly. You should never lean upon him, in any sense of the word; but receive either his arm for the promenade, or his hand for the dance as a mere matter of course.

"When you smile, too, in return for a bow, or other salutation or acknowledgement, you smile with all your heart! your eyes wide open, and beaming regard. Now, nothing is more vulgar.—Your smile should be half grave, half sportive: enough of the former to show becoming pride; and of the latter to set off and embellish your countenance.

"When you laugh, you laugh as if you really were delighted, which is plebeian in the extreme. A woman of quality's laugh is in a very doubtful, minor key, as if half ashamed of herself at being moved to mirth by the exertions of any one.

"In surprise, again, you expand your large blue eyes, and look like a picture." (Julia is beautiful in this expression of countenance,) "although I have told you, a hundred times, that none but rustics appeared amazed; nothing being quite novel to people of fashion." (A fine compound of deceit she will make of her, cried I, to myself.)

"Then, you have a trick of standing near the fire, which catches your face and arms, and makes you look as ruddy as a milkmaid, and ruining your complexion for the night." (This was impossible to be done to her Ladyship's artificial lilies and roses.)

"When you are asked if you are engaged to dance, you cry no, with the simplicity of a peasant, and look, as much as to say, 'I'll dance with you with a great deal of pleasure,'—instead of hanging down your head, then looking up in a pretty attitude, expressive of doubt and consideration, so as to give added interest to your hand, which the cavalier is uncertain of obtaining; and showing, at the same time, how much you are in request. Nay, when you have accepted a dancing partner, you should not rise full of spirits and satisfaction, to join

No. XXII.

FORTUNE HUNTERS.

——He that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns [redacted]ove and money too. *Butler.*

Life has been called by some a dream,—by others a drama, ("since all the world's a stage,")—and by others a game. In the former point of view we are all somnambulists, surrounded with uncertainty and darkness, feeling our way through the world, our minds obnubilated by phantoms, blinded by interest, lulled into security by a delusive reverie, attracted by unsubstantial pleasures, and only awake to wisdom and to reason when it is too late. In the two latter views of the subject we are mere actors in a piece where we cannot chuse our own parts, or speculators on a game of which we know not the nature of the stake.

As I do not like the gloomy side of things, I shall consider men in this last point of view; namely, in in pursuit of some game, with interest or amusement for their main object, classifying the sportsmen in life under the heads of pleasure hunters, quality hunters, (or as it is called at Oxford, where the gold tuft is the badge of nobility, tuft hunters) place and pension hunters, and, lastly, fortune or wife hunters; more properly the former, as the latter is only considered as an accompaniment, and often a very inharmonious one to it.

The mere pleasure hunter, who follows the ignis-fatuus of enjoyment, that is to say, "the something unpossest," is scarcely worth a thought. Brief

is his summer's day in the garden of life; fickle his taste; many the sweets which he fain would cull; but the premature cold breeze of winter, the clouded sun, or sudden approach of evening, cloyed pleasures and sated appetite, produce surfeit disappointment, and disgust; sickness and sorrow follow, and the insect is no more; his day is done.

The quality or fashion hunter is a mere reptile. He crawls after other insects, or feebly mounts to follow the titled butterfly. His reign is as brief and more contemptible than the former. Not unfrequently, like the silly and obtrusive gnat, he plays round the blaze of power, until he burns his wings and becomes a spectacle for life; or until he consumes his existence entirely and is destroyed by the dazzling glare of ambition.

Not to dwell on the other varieties, we will come to the fortune hunter, who has a long and more active course before him; though not less contemptible, and more culpable than the former. He has a substantial object in view, and is ever awake to his own interest, ever alive to his sordid views. He runs not giddily, but creeps warily and like a sportsman on his prey. Intent frequently on destruction, he is steady, cool, artful, patient, and designing. No beauty melts his refrigerated bosom, no female enchantments divert his reasoning powers from their favorite employment of calculation. Pleasure and passion he commands; and undazzled by fashion or by glittering appearance, he looks to the intrinsic, however encumbered with earthly deformity, however degraded in baseness, rusted, mildewed or disguised. The woman of fortune, if old or infamous, if deformed or disgusting, if base-born or ill-bred, has always attractions for him; whilst simple beauty, in its modest bed, withers by the way-side, or is spurned by the adventurer's foot, in his road to Fortune's temple.

I cannot, myself, conceive a more base or a more degraded character than this: yet thousands we have, in town and at our fashionable watering-places, who are gazetted fortune hunters, and are known to be "hanging out for wives;" dancing, flattering, fawning, attending on and deceiving one heiress after another, until some one fall a prey to them.

Mr. Flutter, after having dissipated his own fortune, has been at this trade for four-and-twenty years; and has, in the last ten, had what he deems the good fortune to bury two rich wives, without heir or incumbrance. He is now trying for a third, though rather aged and wholly unattractive, not having the generosity to bestow a fortune on unprovided female merit, nor manliness enough to marry for love. But the worst of all is, that Mr. Flutter, and all such wretches, in their course through life, angle for the affections of beauty and of innocence; and when by inquiry the fortune of the party is not commensurate with their avarice and ambition, they leave the love-sick girl to regret, to wretchedness, and to the pointed finger of scorn: for when a heart is betrayed, although virtue be unimpaired, yet will scandal point out its owner as a deserted damsel, one with whom a match was broken off, a forsaken maid; whilst the fortune hunter is trying all in his power to create the same interest in another heart, his own, callous alike to sympathy or remorse.

The following anecdote of Mr. Flutter, will give a pretty striking example of this tribe. Having buried his first wife, in whose breed the Ethiopian cast was very discernible, he went on a voyage of discovery (as the gold mineralogists often do) to the north. He ascertained that an heiress, who shall

now be nameless, dwelt on the border, and that she possessed lands, a castle, and money in the stocks. He immediately cast his net, and it fell, as he imagined, on the bird, a sprightly and engaging young person.

With this lady he danced, he walked; to her he sighed and wept; he read love sonnets, and made love verses; he was unwearied in his attentions, and had fixed the day for popping the question to her, with the precaution however, of being still better informed as to the castle, the acres, and the bank stock. In the course of his extravagant courtship, he extolled her figure to the skies, assured her that a blonde was the goddess of his idolatry, and that an eye like her's (a full humid blue) was an empire in itself. Riding out with her previous to the day of the intended grand attack, after admiring her accomplishments and even her horse, he informed her that he had seen her castle, and that he thought it worthy of such a mistress; a most noble, romantic, and desirable spot; that he should be delighted to be her shepherd in those groves, and contented to pass his existence in retirement with her whom he adored.

The young lady had good sense enough immediately to perceive his drift, and bursting out into a fit of laughter, informed him that the castle, the woods, and the fortune, whose beauties and excellencies had so attracted him, and with which he was so deeply in love, belonged to her cousin (of the same name,) and that she herself did not possess an acre in the world. Mr. Flutter was struck dumb; he hesitated; he stuttered; he said that he was taken suddenly unwell: but that he would call again. He however galloped off, and never again beheld the beautiful Maria. The following month he was mar-

ried to the cousin, a plain deformed young woman, with little black Jewish eyes, who, although warned by her cousin Maria, yet fell into the snare, and survived her happy union only three years.

It would be for the good of womankind, at least, if these goldfinch fanciers were marked men in society, so that they might be avoided by females, and treated with contempt by men. Mr. Flutter is, however, very much thought of at Bath, where he is considered to have many winning ways; and he gives it out that he espoused his dingy wife on account of her having manifested an attachment to him, which excited his pity; and that he fell in love with the owner of the castle on account of the strength of her mind—of her walls, he probably meant. "Let no such man be trusted."

No. XXIII.

A MORNING DRIVE IN A NOBLEMAN'S CURRICLE.

- - - - - - - Ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness. - - - - - - - - -

Cowper.

I HAD sauntered down Pall Mall, one day, as far as Carlton House, when I was overtaken by Lord Random, who informed me, that he wanted to speak to me, and requested me to come into his curricle. "Come," said he, "the day is too hot for walking; I have nothing to do; I will set you down where you please; and you might as well bear me company, as indulge your own cogitations thus solitarily." I thanked him, and accepted his proposal. His business was to talk about Lady Mary's intended match: or rather, he had no business at all, but was alone. He wanted company; and the opportunity was favourable to pick out of me all that I knew respecting Lady Mary. In this he failed: but I was now his curricle companion, and destined to pass the morning with him; for I had nothing particular to do myself, and I anticipated at least a pleasant airing.

We first drove to Friburg's where my Lord tried (which is vulgarly called *tasted*) a variety of snuffs. He looked also at a dozen kinds of cigars and of tobacco, and purchased a little of each article. All this time a crowd was round the curricle, listening to his lordship's loud talk. This occupied about

twenty minutes. From Friburg's we wheeled round, and drove through Pall Mall and St James's Street, as if we had been going upon life and death.

At the corner of Bennet Street, my Lord pulled up, and conversed with an acquaintance for a few minutes. A few yards further, he stopped at Hoby's the boot maker's, and abused the foreman for disappointing him in not sending home some pairs of boot's. Here again he talked loud, and collected a host of beggars and idlers about us. Thence we proceeded the short distance of Dover Street, nodding and nodded at by a numerous acquaintance.

We alighted at Morton the gunsmith's. Here his Lordship looked at threescore rifles, double and single barrelled guns and pistols; inspected some powder and shot; talked of his immense dexterity as a marksman; mentioned many of his sporting feats; praised himself very largely; bought nothing, and remounted his curricle. In all this shooting piece I was mum, taking no part or interest in the concern. He now drove furiously to Scott the tailor's, in Pall Mall, where he alighted; but as we had been one hour at Morton's, and I was tired of a conversation in which I was neuter, I preferred remaining in the curricle; thinking, at the same time, that this would tend to shorten his stay. I was deceived: he remained there an hour also; and so fidgetty and unmanageable were his high-mettled cattle, that I was forced to drive them up and down for fifty minutes, expecting to be relieved every moment, and not daring to go out of sight of the tailor's door.

His Lordship apologized, and we drove briskly up towards Oxford Street, making three momentary halts, to shake hands with Bond Street loungers. A Veterinary Surgeon's in Oxford Street was our next destination. Here my Lord had a sick horse;

and he begged me to look at it, and give my opinion. I pleaded ignorance; but he would have me out, and indeed I preferred this to driving up and down, as in Pall-Mall. We alighted, and proceeded to visit the sick horse, which seemed to claim a much greater share of his Lordship's attention than I had done. Seated on the manger, the Peer held forth concerning horse-flesh, the distempers to which these animals are subject, and their general anatomy; and here my Lord seemed to be quite at home. I had now the felicity of listening to various remarks, on the part of the Peer and the Farrier, respecting farcy, glanders, spavin, worms, sand-cracks, and other dirty diseases. We sat there until we all smelt of the stable like ostlers, and until the Peer, pulling out his musical watch, found that it was six o'clock.

It was a little past two when we met in Pall-Mall, and we had therefore been near four hours making these uninteresting calls. "I thought of going to the Park," said he, "but it is now too late; and I must go home to dress: where shall I set you down?" I told him any where he pleased; for I longed to be released from this bondage and loss of time. He set me down at the bottom of Old Bond Street, shook hands with me, and took the direction of Berkley Square.

I leave my reader to judge what benefit I derived from his Lordship's society, what amusement I could reap from such an airing, or rather a dusting, up and down the streets in a hot day. But there are many noblemen who thus shackle their acquaintance, and who are vain, presumptuous, and unjust enough to imagine that a Commoner is sufficiently paid for his loss of time, by being their companion a whole long morning in a coroneted carri-

age, with a couple of servants behind it. These lovers of dependants, of hangers-on, and of shades, always contrive to catch hold of some complaisant person to keep them company, and to listen to their self-praise, or to their bad jokes, in order to beguile their own time at the expense of the sufferers. These Lordlings will take you to Tattersal's, to their stables, to Long Acre, and to all their tradesmen's in order to purchase dogs, horses, a carriage, or to look at every thing and buy nothing; or finally, to show off their stud, their landau, barouche, or vis-a-vis, and to impress you with an adequate idea of their own importance, and of the felicity which you possess in being the friend and companion of a Peer.

The only conversation which took place in four hours, on our brief road (if conversation it can be called, where one man speaks all and the other only listens,) was his Lordship's account of himself and his detail of the preceding day. It was brought forward to prove the excellence of his constitution, and how he tired it by hard living; and it was nearly as follows:

He rose at three; took a short drive; went into Long Acre, to see his new travelling carriage, bought a brace of spaniels of a dog-breaker, and visited his sick horse; he dined at eight; got plenty of wine; made a party to Vauxhall at midnight; spent twenty pounds in bad Champagne; returned about four in the morning; and enjoyed his own reflections with a German pipe until half past five, when he retired to rest.

What a rational existence! what a useful member of society! But thus is the time of many of our nobility and fashionables consumed; equally unbeneficial to themselves, and useless to the community

at large. To be the shade of a great man must be the most galling slavery, and would ill suit the independence of my nature; for although I acknowledge that we depend on others for the pleasures of society, yet the kind of dependence which attaches one man to another, merely on account of his rank or of his fortune, is degrading to a free-born man. Few, however, are there of our nobility, who have not some arm-companion, some walking-stick, some shade who follows them every where, and over whom they exercise their "little brief authority"—that tyranny which one narrow mind practises upon others. These little triumphs of vanity are not only unworthy of true nobility, but also unworthy of man.

If the attending of fanciful ladies on a shopping excursion be annoying, ten times more so is a mornings attendance on great men as above described. This one morning's lesson served me ever after; for I took special care never to be so taken in again: nor do I ever remember to have allowed any man, be his rank what it would, to make a tool of me, although the fairer sex have occasionally drawn me into shoppings, morning calls, and once to a portrait painters's, of which visit my readers shall have an account in the next lucubration of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XXIV.

SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

Painter. It is pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good.
Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
Shakspeare.—Timon of Athens.

"Do now be a good creature, and accompany me to my painter's," were Lady Jane Mandeville's words, stopping her carriage on perceiving me at the Cocoa-Tree door. "There is nothing so stupid as sitting for one's picture," continued she, "and I know you are a good soul, and will amuse me with your society, during the trying hour of being studied by the painter. Upon my word, I wonder how many a handsome timid girl can stand the trial: it is quite awful: besides, one is so apt to get into low spirits, it is so excessively tiresome. So step into the carriage, and I shall be forever obliged to you. I have given two sittings; yet I perceive something wanting to the likeness which I am at a loss to describe, and which your superior judgment will point out."

The last compliment acted on me as a bribe; yet I saw that it was her ladyship's intention to make a convenience of me. My age, however, and my habits favoured the thing: I was weak enough to be pleased with a remark so much in my favour, and to comply. We arrived at the painter's, and were shewn into a room where the easel and half-finished portrait stood. Lady Jane looked it through,

examined, looked again, shook her head and appeared dissatisfied. "That," said she, "is not me; it wants something; what is it?" 'It wants life,' replied I, 'it wants the variety of expression of your countenance, which changes frequently, and thus cheats the artist of the likeness which he, for a moment, had in his power; another expression, agreeable and engaging, presents itself to his view, and he is compelled to quit the last play of features, which, if continued, would have been perfect. Thus, for instance, you smiled; he caught that smile, but it died upon your lips, and in your eyes, just as he was impressing it on the canvass. He looks up; he finds you pensive and grave—another countenance! "Pray, my lady, smile again." You cannot; the next attempt is unnatural; it is not a smile; the artist is puzzled; he looks at you again and again; the charm of the last smile is broken; you make a dozen unsuccessful attempts, in order to satisfy the painter; you grow impatient; the placidity of your brow is ruffled; the artist lays down his brush; he too is out of temper, but he must not show it; he pauses, he reflects, he begs you to sit unconcerned; "Sorry to give you so much trouble;" what can he do?—He paints from recollection, and fails. Now had an approved and an approving, a loved and loving swain been before you, and had he said, "Lovely Lady Jane, smile as you did this moment, for it was the most wily winning smile I ever beheld," you would have immediate smiled all heart, and the painter would have 'seized the happy moment.'

"You are a wicked man, a practised flatterer, a gay deceiver," exclaimed her Ladyship, hitting me amicably with her parasol; "but do tell me what the picture wants. It is stiff; it is grave; it looks

like a woman of thirty; in short, it is not me; and I have half a mind not to take it." I saw immediately its defects in her eyes: it was not handsome enough —not ten years younger than herself—in a word, not sufficiently flattering; but I could not tell her so. 'It wants,' resumed I, 'as I said before, your play of features; it cannot, like you say the most amiable things in the world, nor do the most friendly ones; it has not your wit, your conversation, your knowledge of the world, and your obliging disposition—such things exist not in canvass; and it is not the painter's fault. Perhaps,' continued I, 'it has a little too much colour.' "Not a bit, (for she was pleased with its improved complexion;) but (concluded she,) it is too old." 'Perhaps it may be.' She was deeply dissatisfied.

We now heard very loud talking in the next room. She recognized Mrs. Blossom's voice. "Let us listen," said she. "It is that vain creature, Mrs. Blossom! I am sure if Mr. Varnish takes a faithful likeness of her, it will be a fright, and it will be the first faithful thing about her." "How severe," said I. "Oh! I hate her," answered her Ladyship; "but hush!" Upon listening attentively, we discovered that she was come to get her daughter Laura's portrait taken. The poor artist was to be pitied. Nothing could satisfy her. It had been far more candid to have said—I must have a Venus, instead of my daughter; you must make this woman an angel in picture: the colours must breathe—they must be the *spirante colore* of the Italian artist; yet it must be my daughter, in spite of nature and of art.—"I will have Laura painted at her harp," said Mrs. Blossom. "She must be clad in white—light drapery of exquisite design—her neck and her arms bare—a lily of the valley in her bosom—her

raven locks fancifully arranged—one shed over her forehead—a favourite ringlet straying o'er her ivory neck."—'You paint so beautifully yourself, Madam,' observed the artist, 'that I shall execute nothing half so well; but the young Lady will make a most interesting (laying a false emphasis on resting) picture, and I will do my best to please you; your idea is excellent, and I shall follow it with the utmost care.' "Yes," resumed Mrs. Blossom, "I am allowed to have a very fine taste for painting," (for painting herself she had.)

"But stop, not so quick," exclaimed Mrs. Blossom, "another thought has come into my mind. I will have her painted at full length—a light drapery hanging over one shoulder—the other quite bare—her hair *a la victime* behind, and fastened upon the top of the head—one lock over the left shoulder, long, full, and natural, and finely contrasted with the whiteness of her bosom—her head half turned (this was enough to turn it altogether)—her eyes drooping—a book in one hand—the other arm reclining on an elegantly executed pillar." 'Very good indeed!' cried the painter. 'The young lady's fine silken eyelashes and full eyes will have an excellent effect in this pensive attitude.'

"Not at all," interrupted the partial and fanciful mother,—"now I have a better thought: she shall be painted as Diana—a beautiful greyhound of ours at her feet, which will be a double advantage, as it will bring in a favourite—then we will have her drapery looped up in front, it will display her well-proportioned finely-turned instep to advantage—her bow suspended from her shoulders—the head-dress exactly like that of the goddess in question." 'Admirable!' exclaimed Mr. Varnish. "Or if she were drawn as Hebe, or"

Here we had no longer patience, and we left our listening station. "Fool!" exclaimed Lady Jane; and ringing the bell, ordered the footman to remind his master that Lady Jane Mandeville was waiting, and that she was pressed for time. The artist entered, all confusion and excuses, and told us that he had been detained for an hour by a lady, who at last went away undetermined as to how her daughter was to be drawn.

Lady Jane, who had so blamed and ridiculed Mrs. Blossom for her conceit and fantasticalness, now began herself to play the difficult. She found a thousand faults with the picture, and was quite angry with me for not finding a thousand more. "The eye wants light," observed she. 'I will give it a little,' answered the painter. "And the bosom should be fuller." He made it so, although it was nearer the truth at first. "It is too old," said she, next. He touched it. The likeness, or rather the portrait, was more flattering. (Lady Jane) "That's better; now I'll have the head-dress altered; it shall be like those of the Greek models." (Artist) 'Your Ladyship shall be obeyed.' "And that nose again is frightful. I am sure that I have not that pert turned-up thing which you have given me." The painter looked all confounded: his eyes said, 'Pray what nose would your Ladyship please to have?' but he could not express himself. He pondered, and at last painted a very handsome nose quite unlike the original; for Lady Jane is pleasing, without the least pretensions to regularity of features, or to what may be termed beauty, and she has precisely the nose she objected to so much.

By this time the picture was grown very unlike indeed. "That's better," said she, with a nod and a smile. "Come, my friend," continued she, ad-

dressing herself to me, "tell me some of your excellent anecdotes, in order to put me in good humour with myself," 'And with me also,' modestly added the painter. 'There, my Lady, that smile will do inimitably.' She turned her head and was uneasy; she looked all impatience; it was lost. 'You do not sit so well as you did yesterday—not so pleasantly, nor in such good spirits,' observed the artist. "Oh! I remember—yes, I had that rattle, George Myrtle, of the Guards with me; he kept talking nonsense to me the whole time of my sitting; do excuse me for this morning, and I'll come again to-morrow, and bring him with me." Mr. Varnish dropped his brush, and bowed disappointment. 'Just as your Ladyship pleases.'

We all rose together: and as he was conducting us to the door, we met Mrs. Versatile and Lady Bellamy. "Do, my love," said the former to Lady Jane, "return with me to the painting room, and see if you can find out my portrait; it is not quite finished, although I have sat ten times."—'Yes,' interrupted the artist, 'for ten minutes each time.' "But," continued she, "if the likeness be striking, you will know it immediately." We entered the room; and, by an approving smile and a glance of Mrs. Versatile's, we discovered a most beautiful picture to be hers, not by the likeness, but by her self-satisfaction at being so flattered. We both agreed that it was uncommonly like. Lady Bellamy grew pale with envy; and Lady Jane observed, hastily, "Mr. Varnish has not taken half as much pains with my picture as with yours." He modestly answered, 'Madam, it is not yet finished;' whilst Mrs. Versatile smiled disdain, as much as to say, "Poor silly thing! do you ever expect to look half so well as I do?"

Mrs. Versatile then addressed herself to the artist. "Mr. Varnish, I really do (laying a stress on the last word) beg your pardon for being so troublesome to you, but you must excuse me to-day; I was up all night at a quadrille ball, and I shall fall asleep, or do nothing but yawn, if I sit down. (Turning to the looking glass,) I protest I look quite like a fright, I will not (the *not* sounded very positive and emphatically) sit to day." He bowed submission; and it came out afterwards that she had disappointed him five times running. Once she had been engaged to a dejeune; once she had a sick-headache; the third time she disapproved of her dress, which was to be changed; next she looked too pale after riding; and lastly, she was fluttered and put out of temper, and could not, as she called it, "bear herself because she looked so unbecomingly."

To all these changes of temper and disappointments are artists exposed. Her Grace is so disordered by the high wind that she is not fit to be seen; —Lady So-and-so has had no rest and her eyes look quite red;—Miss Lovemore is so fidgety that she cannot sit still: she is going to a waltz party, and will put off sitting until to-morrow. Lady Bellamy now put in her word; for she had a picture which did not half please her, and which was to be altered. "Mr. Varnish," said she, "my husband does not approve of my picture (the case with many husbands, thought I); he says that it is a stiff, prim, formal piece of stuff." The painter looked all patience. "It is not half so gay as I am (some truth in that); it is unlike about the eyes; it must be touched up again and improved; besides, my husband says that he must have me in an easy undress, instead of that crimson robe and feathers." 'Just as your husband pleases,' answered the tormented artist.

We now took our leave; and Lady Jane set me down at Hookham's, observing on the way that Mrs. Versatile's picture was not a bit like her, that Mr. Varnish had made a perfect beauty of her, and that she much regretted having her portrait painted by him, as she did not admire his likenesses at all.

On my way home I could not help ruminating on the painful task of the painter, and recollected that very few of the portraits which we saw in his showroom were strong likenesses of those for whom they were taken. The two great causes for this, however were, that almost every body wishes to be flattered, while some others have the conceit of being painted in dresses so utterly foreign to their situation in life, that their acquaintance can never possibly have seen them attired in that manner.

There was, for instance, Lord Heavyhead in the costume of a Roman Senator, which he is as like as he is to a windmill; the Rev. Mr. Preachhard, in a scarlet hunting-frock and black velvet cap, which he used to wear before his ordination, and a fox's brush instead of the bible in his hands; a Captain Fairweather in a suit of polished armour; a Mrs. Modish as a Magdalen; and the Dowager Lady Lumber as a sleeping Venus, with a rich silk drapery thrown over her. Now who on earth could expect to discover his friends under such disguises. Yet to all these whims and fantasies must the painter submit. His task to please must be difficult.

Of one thing I was convinced, namely, that to picture our acquaintances and friends, or even public characters, strict resemblance without flattery is necessary. The general expression of the countenance, the prevalent habit of the original, and the dress usually worn by her or by him, are equally requisite. Our wife or daughter should be a woman

and not a goddess; our friend or acquaintance should be a gentleman and not a hero of antiquity; good execution and correctness of similarity should complete the portrait; else we may have a very fine picture, yet like nobody whom we know,—a mere matter of fancy.

With these remarks, and with this conviction, I shall conclude, professing high esteem and pity for the meritorious artist thus exposed, and an irrevocable resolution never in future, by accompanying a fanciful lady to have her picture taken, to lose the morning of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XXV.

ANOTHER DISSERTATION ON PAINTING.

> Painting, dejected, views a vulgar band,
> From every haunt of dulness in the land,
> In heathen homage to her shrine repair,
> And immolate all living merit there.
>
> *M. A. Shee.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the ill-humour in which I parted with Lady Jane Mandeville, I could not help exclaiming to myself, as soon as I was left alone, What a happy art is painting! Like the invention of writing, it triumphs over distance, and even over death; it gives presence to the absent, and immortality to the deceased; it is the balm of friendship, and the happiest embodying of thought! With what delight may the friend or the lover contemplate the features of the face or of the mind that is dear to him, whilst gazing on a striking resemblance. There, words and colours breathe and burn; there, we converse with the far removed, and behold their very figure and expression. Happy, thrice happy Art!

That this art should possess its highest merit in all its integrity, it should, like the language of friendship, be faithful and true, not too highly wrought and fanciful: it should be wholly unmingled with flattery, which spoils the likeness, and renders language insincere and worthless.

Whilst reflecting on these things, my mind reverted to the subject of portraits and of miniatures, and I considered how people deceive themselves and others, by marring and disguising what ought to

be their second selves—the honest representatives of their looks and persons. 'Tis vanity which produces all this—a wish to be more than what we are; younger, handsomer, arrayed in a more costly style, representing some foreign character—in fine, a counterfeit instead of an honest copy. Artists are instructed, directly or indirectly, to this effect in numberless instances; and they meet with nothing but unkindness and defeat wherever a plain person is plainly delineated. Princes, who marry by proxy, are deceived most unjustly in this particular. For example: in the course of events, some princess on the continent is demanded in marriage; and her mind is inflamed with the idea of becoming the wife of a hero. A very handsome nobleman, in the gayest attire (which is not altogether politic) gives the proxy hand, and is the bearer of a miniature, surrounded with brilliants (a circumstance which always dazzles and misleads,) representing the future bridegroom ever younger and handsomer than he is, and which, being covered with stars and decorations, looks Majesty itself. Her Royal or Her Serene Highness (and it is well when the latter is not a misnomer,) if she be not captivated by the proxy, arrives on the tiptoe of expectation, and is introduced to her august consort with eagle-eyed anxiety. But what is her disappointment!—What her dejection and dismay! when she meets with a plain little man, like a journeyman mechanic, and discovers that every good feature in the picture has been a present of the painter's!

This system of flattering ruins every picture and every person, every court and every courtier; it defeats the intention of preserving a fac-simile, as it were, of what it is to represent. Yet not only in high life, but in the more middling ranks also, all

must have their portraits; and at the same time, all must have their proportion of comeliness, let Nature have treated them how she may. A strong instance of this kind occurred in the following example:

Mr. Lovegain, a very opulent trader, but a very plain man, was anxious to hand down his resemblance to posterity. He had just been elected an alderman; and Mrs. Lovegain was desirous that his full length, clad in his civic robes, should grace her dining parlour. The alderman's complexion was very sallow; yet was a suit of mourning chosen for his dress, because it looked grave, courtly, and above the vulgar herd. Independently of the plainest set of features which nature ever bestowed on one of her least favoured children, Mr. Lovegain had an expression of "scoundrelism," a something mean and bad, that it would be difficult to describe. His hair was harsh, and inclined to grey, but it was judged tasteful to give him a Brutus wig, probably on account of his magisterial capacity, and of his being a stern republican at heart. This completed the natural severity of his brow—the suspicious and half-closed eye, the lip of mockery, and the air of rancour and discontent of his countenance, misanthropical in the extreme, and seeming as if it was always denouncing some one, and saying, with a snarl, "There's something rotten in the state."

In spite of all these natural defects for a portrait, the alderman must be painted, and the artist was instructed by him to make a strong likeness. Mrs. Lovegain and his daughters, too, were urgent in their applications that much pains might be bestowed upon the picture; and Miss said, that if *Pa*'s picture was well finished, she would have her own drawn; nay, that she would try to prevail on *Pa*

to have a family piece executed, comprising Mrs and five children, and taking in a favourite mongrel dog, and the black servant following them.

The prospect of extensive gains induced Mr. Varnish to give the portrait most particular attention; and it was an almost speaking resemblance, insomuch that its stern aspect frightened all the children, and set every dog barking which came to the painter's house—whilst numbers, who knew the alderman, would exclaim, on the very first glance, at their entering the room, "Mr. Lovegain! the strongest resemblance in the world!" and that in despite of the disguise of the Brutus wig and of the civic robe, in which few had seen him.

Notwithstanding all this, Mrs. Lovegain was quite frantic with rage, that her husband should be painted thus. It was a shame; it was a caricature; it amounted to a libel; it was more like Shylock than an honest merchant;—she would not allow it to be paid for; it should never come within her doors; she would expose the artist: in short, in one of her paroxysms of rage, she was about to take up a brush and rub out the face. A bandy leg, too, lit up her anger most dreadfully; and she said, that although Mr. Lovegain had a little protuberance on his shinbone, and a small deviation from a right line in his limb, yet there was no need for putting it in the picture, and it was the height of impertinence thus to magnify his little defects.

Mr. Varnish promised to give him a new pair of very well-proportioned legs, and to bestow on his features a smile of humanity (a thing quite unknown to this money maker)—and suggested that the hair powdered would throw a light on the subject. All would not do; Miss Lovegain opened a torrent of abuse on the artist; and declared "She should hate

Pa, if he was like that picture," and that "he must begin it all over again." In this the alderman coincided, saying bluffly, that "He knew that he was no beauty, but he'd be hanged if he was half as ugly as that *ere*."

The humbled artist began all *de novo*, and gave the citizen a pair of as goodly legs as ever an Irish fortune-hunter sported at the rooms at Bath. He humanized the countenance as much as he could without losing sight of all resemblance. The Brutus wig, however, being insisted upon by the alderman's lady, it was adopted a second time, and the picture, although still that of a very ugly man, was highly finished in point of execution. The alderman looked surly, and shook his head at the conclusion of the last sitting, and observed, that "As for himself, he did not much care, but that he feared Mrs. Lovegain would not let the picture go to his house." The artist expostulated, and humbly represented that he had done two portraits for the price of one; that he had bestowed uncommon pains, attention, and time on them; and that they had been universally deemed striking likenesses. He mentioned a very long list of persons, amongst whom were some capital artists, who had pronounced them to be so, and offered to give the picture for nothing if Mr. Lovegain would bring any dispassionate judge with him, who should decide otherwise.

The experiment was tried, and succeeded to the satisfaction of all but Mrs. Lovegain and her daughter; the former of whom asked the painter, "If he thought she would ever have married such an ugly monster as that?" and the latter exclaimed that "She had no patience with Mr. Varnish's impertinence, and that she should be ashamed of her *Pa*, if he were the mean-looking wretch which that picture made him look."

Driven to despair, the poor artist thought of an expedient, and he told the irritated ladies that he would execute a third portrait, and claim nothing if they were dissatisfied with it. He thought of a stratagem which the sitter agreed to, in consequence of the loss of the artist's time. The figure of the second picture was cut out; but the background, in which stood the alderman's villa and the favourite dog, was preserved. Mr. Lovegain was put into the hollow space, and placed opposite a large mirror, in the other corner, the view of which was commanded the moment the folding doors of the apartment opened. Mrs. Lovegain and her daughter were invited up stairs, and the artist considered his victory over prejudice as certain.—What was his astonishment at Mrs. Lovegain's fury, when, on opening the door, she exclaimed, "Worse and worse! there is no bearing this," and throwing her parasol at the mirror, which she broke into numberless pieces, ran out of the room in hysterics. The alderman, however, paid the damage; and the artist's cause was avenged.

The idea of being painted that year was now given up. On the following one, however, a flattering artist at Tunbridge Wells, on a trading trip, hit off the alderman to the entire satisfaction of his whole family, giving him three inches in stature, plaining off the rotundity of his stomach, straightening his legs, and throwing such a good natured smile on his countenance, that he became quite an amiable character. His friends all allowed that the villa, and the dog in the back-ground, were strikingly like; but the figure in the fore-ground was recognized by no one except by his wife and his daughter. To give it, however, every possible advantage and distinction, a very magnificent frame

was purchased for it. The alderman's coat of arms, consisting of a sable ground, divided by a chevron, with a gold ball and two money-shovels on it; a hog for a crest (which might have been mistaken in the pictures,) and the motto "*Omnium*," surmounted the fine whole-length; and on a label at the bottom was inscribed, in letters of gold,

"JEREMIAH LOVEGAIN, ESQUIRE,"
OF MIDDLEDITCH HOUSE,
MIDDLESEX.
Alderman, et cetera, et cetera.

The picture was now reckoned complete, though it was such a daub that it was considered as a failure throughout the city: it has, however, answered one end, in affording a subject for the animadversions of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XXVI.

ON GIVING AND RECEIVING.

You gave with words of so sweet breath composed,
As made the thing more rich. - *Shakspeare.*

Ce qu'on nomme liberalite, n'est souvent que la vanite de donner, que nous aimons mieux que ce que nous donnons. *Rochefoucault.*

From the two circumstances of giving and receiving, the human character is more easily learned, than from almost any other act in life. You may read a person's heart in his countenance on such an occasion; nay more, you may discover from the very gesture—the turn of the arm, whether the donor be benevolent and delicate, gentle and well-bred, or whether he be ostentatious, haughty and brutal. In like manner you may perceive the gentleman or the fellow, the man of feeling or of interest, the sufferer or the impostor in the receiver.

The man of delicacy and of sensibility gives with a smile and a graceful countenance, bends gently forward, and drops or insinuates his donation into the receiver's hand, often presses that hand in token of kindness, or in order to conceal the amount of the gift, and, as whenever he can find an opportunity he puts it on a shelf, table, or drawer, retiring precipitately if it be the receiver's house; but he does this without noise, in order to avoid either ostentation or thanks. If this be at his own house, he dismisses the subject of the gift, and makes the obliged as much at home as himself. The well-bred man and the man of the world spares the feelings of the receiver, by conversing cheerfully on some subject

unconnected with the donation, by giving the present with the utmost gentleness, and without gesticulation, and by looking at parting as if he had received, instead of conferring a favour. The very handling of the money bespeaks the man of fashion, or the unmannered churl. The former has it always ready, never apparent, conceals it in the palm of his hand, or goes to fetch it from another room, and wraps it up in paper, or writes an order payable to bearer (not to so and so, with a view of trumpeting the transaction), folds it up and seals it, and delivers it with a rounded elbow, and a kind of obeisance, and a graceful presentation, adds, "I am happy in complying with your wishes; or, when you peruse this at home, I trust it will answer your purpose."

The ostentatious, haughty brute, who always, whether he subscribe to an institution, purchase a work of art, take tickets for a benefit, or relieve distress, does it from pride and the love of praise, makes as much of his donation as he possibly can, and keeps the expectant wretch in the agonies of uncertainty or wavering hope for some time, whilst he dives down into the profundity of his pocket, or, rummaging for a vulgar looking pocket-book, opens it like his bible (and for the same purpose) as wide as he can, to show the extent of the exertion, and to let every one see what he is doing; then, perhaps, tantalizes the needy artist, the embarrassed performer, or the hungry solicitor of aid, with the sight of a number of heavy notes, 100*l.* 50*l.* 20*l.* 10*l.* and, at last, scrutinizes a 1*l.* note, for fear it should be a 2*l.*, and gives it to the blushing, bowing, or trembling receiver. If it be a gift in money, he rings it on the table, or holds it out as he would to a pauper in the street. Sometimes he neutralizes

his sham-generosity with a gross remark, and generally destroys his act of service, by the more than equivalent of feeling, which his victim pays in return.

These *soi-disant* generous men are fond of having their names in print, in return for their money. They like to take receipts, expect to be thanked, and to be written to; and whether they grant or refuse the petitioned boon, the letter is made as public as possible. "Take this to my banker and he will pay you," is a common phrase of their's; or, "send for my steward or clerk: Mr. Scrub, give this gentleman ten pounds and take his receipt;" or, "pay my subscription to this person;" or, you'll give this man (a name which the purchaser don't deserve) fifty guineas for his picture;" or, "one guinea for his book,—I don't want it, but he says (a stress on the word) that he is in distresss;" or, "I see a good list of subscribers to it, though (with a laugh) I never read."

This inhumanity, founded on a narrow mind and stinted heart, this upstart plant of presumption, grafted on ignorance, is not alone confined to the lower classes, forced by low means and dirty materials into gaudiness and prosperity, as tulips are sprung from the drain and dunghill on the land. Even men of rank occasionally betray such a want of feeling as must lower them in the eyes of humble merit, and disgrace them in the presence of an observing by-stander. Such persons insult, when they profess to confer an obligation, and inflict an injury when they lyingly pretend to serve.

A certain Peer ordered his livery servant, when a petitioner called, to give the poor gentleman ten pounds! thus intrusting the gentleman's secret to a valet and a pimp (for he was both), and exposing an

honourable man to the contempt of the basest of the base. "Oh! it's you, Sir," said the liveried varlet: "my Lord can't be seen, but he ordered me to give you ten pounds: here it is, Sir." The gentleman very properly replied, "John, you will take the ten pounds to my Lord, and tell him, that I should receive them from no other hands but his own, could I prevail on myself to accept them at all, after this act of arrogance and baseness of mind." A few hints like those would benefit the great ones of the land.

With regard to those who receive, the gentleman does so with placidity and dignity. If he have sold a work of ingenuity or of science, he has only made a fair exchange. If he receive a favour or assistance, modesty and gravity mark his attitude and countenance. He never hastily pockets the amount, but keeps it in his hand until he retire, politely and quietly. A very distressed object sometimes receives with an increased blush or with a tear. When this is the case the donor is overpaid. A professional man generally smirks and smiles, bows, acts about, pockets the cash, which he examines almost before he has left you, and retires delighted. The impostor clenches his hand on its contents, and secures its possession as it were. He looks as if he had hoaxed you, overacts gravity and feeling, says too much in the way of thanks, and either retreats precipitately (his job being done), or glides like a thief out of your presence.

I know a great man whose table is always covered with open letters and petitions. He wishes to pass for a very good man; but the moment that I saw his table thus strewed with exposed secrets and betrayed distress, I lost my former good opinion of him; for a man blessed with any sensibi-

lity would have sooner attended to these applications, and then, after relieving the wretchedness, he would have burnt these painful records. How true is the French adage! "*C'est la facon de faire qui fait tout.*"

No. XXVII.

EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY IN HIGH LIFE.

> New fangled sentiment, the boasted grace
> Of those who never feel in the right place.
>
> *Cowper.*

"You see me," said Lady Susan Sensitive, "in very great affliction. I sent for you to accompany me to the blue-stocking party of our old friend, Mrs. Mirabel; but an unfortunate accident has quite unhinged me." I now perceived that she was in a great state of agitation, having tears in her eyes, and a little favourite mule bird placed in her bosom, breathing out its last; I expressed my sorrow for the situation of her favourite, and enquired how this unlucky event had occured? "That stupid wretch, Barnes," said she, "who has been in my father's family, and since his demise, in mine, altogether twenty years, has squeezed the poor little darling behind the door. You know how tame the dear creature was; how it used to hop about the room; perch on my bosom, and on my finger; take its food from no one but myself; in short, how wrapped up in it I was."

Here the little animal was convulsed, which caused Lady Susan's tears to flow profusely. "I hate to hurt any thing," continued she; "to my knowledge, I never deprived any thing of life in my existence; no, not a worm nor a fly. I was always of opinion, that the world was wide enough for us all; that what nature gave life to, man had no right to deprive of it. At one time, I lived upon bread, fruit and vegetables, but my health suffered by it,

and I regret the not being able to continue this diet. I often, too, feel low spirited at thinking how many ephemeri and animalculi we may trample on, and destroy, involuntarily, in the course of the day; for each of these, as Shakspeare beautifully describes,

> "In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
> "As when a giant dies."

"I have a nephew, whom I have never forgiven, because, when at school, he shewed me a paper covered with butterflies; the dear little insects were all transfixed with pins, and must have died ten deaths before they expired." Here the poor little bird stretched out its slender legs, and resigned the vital spark. Lady Susan turned towards me, and sunk upon my arm. She could not bear the sight. I rang the bell, got her own maid to remove the little favourite from her bosom, to wrap it up in a cambric pocket handkerchief, and to fetch a glass of water. When she revived, she became hysterical, and exclaimed, "Oh! the monster Barnes! Take away my darling, and have him stuffed: let him be put in a glass case, and fixed in my bedroom; remove his cage, for it breaks my heart to look at it," et cetera, et cetera—the mingled inconsistencies of regret, anger, remembrance, affection, and of refined and exquisite sensibility. I tried all in my power to comfort her; but in vain. I assured her that pity was most becoming, most enchanting, in a female. "Pity," said I,

> "—is heaven's and yours, nor can it find
> "A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."

At the same time I conjured her to be comforted, observing, that her favourite was out of pain:

"Don't repeat that," said she, hastily: "that is the remark of unfeelingness. I could wish the poor creature in life again, in my bosom, tended and petted as he formerly was. Out of pain, indeed! Yes, but don't I feel his loss?" "Certainly," answered I; "but you should not indulge such inordinate grief; your health is dear to many; and your friends and fellow-creatures claim too much of your sympathies, to allow so large a portion of it to be wasted on a departed bird. You were good to it during its life; you are good to every thing," continued I; "and, having thus done your duty by it, dry up your tears, and exercise those tender feelings which do honour to your heart, on other and on living beings, or beings which I must say are of higher magnitude; while, at the same time, I allow that humanity, benevolence, and pity, ought to be exercised towards all created beings."

All this produced not the smallest effect. She still wept, and wrung her hands. Night was wearing on; and she insisted upon my not disappointing the party; requesting me, at the same time to be the bearer of her regrets and of her excuses.—"Say," (concluded she) "that I am unwell, and you will say true; for I am quite overcome by this accident: but do not expose my weakness, else the company, and my own sex in particular, will turn me into ridicule, and will accuse me of affectation; it is not every one who can enter into these finer feelings. They will not give me credit for what I suffer; therefore, name not the circumstance. Fare you well; and call here to-morrow to tell me about your party. Pray don't let them abuse me; for I would not injure the veriest reptile in the world."

With this, we parted; and I resolved to call on her the next day. Her humanity charmed me; and

I thought of a thousand traits in her character, as I went along, which had exhibited it. I remember being at her cottage in Surrey, where I saw her, in the inclemency of the season, prepare asylums, and storehouses of provisions, for the tenants of the air; I have seen her feeding all the inhabitants of her aviary; I have witnessed her care of her dogs, her pet goat, a lamb brought up by hand. She never allowed her horses to be struck in the stable, nor unmercifully ridden; she turned out the old ones in her paddock for life. Her care of sick animals was unique. In short she appeared to me to be the very soul of sensibility; and I regretted that she never had to fulfil the interesting duties of a wife, or of a mother, to both of which she must have been an ornament and an honour.

I arrived at the blue-stocking party, and made her apology. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Mirabel: "I suppose her lapdog is troubled with the heartburn; or her cockatoo taken ill; or else that she has lost a canary bird; or that one of her pampered cats is seized with a paralysis." I said not a word. But the story of the mule bird was brought in about an hour after by Mrs. Marvel. "Wretched woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Mirabel "she had better assist the poor; give money to her starving nephew; treat her servants with more humanity; and curb her unmeasurable pride—than to play off these airs, and to divide her affections betwixt useless and offensive dogs, invalid cats, pensioned parrots, and over-fed, disgusting monkies." "Aye," said the Dowager Countess, "and go to church, give some good example, and shew a little more hospitality with her immense fortune, in lieu of squandering it in a perfect menagerie, and living amongst beasts and birds, instead of amongst men." 'Yes, indeed,'

interrupted Mr. Problem, 'I should be very much afraid of being a favourite of her Ladyship. Such confusion does she make betwixt the man and the money; betwixt the puppy and the beau; the rational and irrational being; that a man would run the risk of hearing her exclaim to the quadruped, "Bless his little heart," (a favourite expression of her Ladyship;) and to the intellectual being, (a smile,) "poor thing, what is the matter with it?" (a louder laugh.)

"As for me," said Mrs. Marvel, "I would much sooner be her magpie," (a titter, 'not unlike,' whispered more than one) "than her maid; the magpie would have by far the greater chance of being well used;—the poor maid might be sacrificed for a silver bodkin, although it would be high treason in her to hurt a feather of the bird's wing."—"There is not a prouder woman in the world," continued her Ladyship, "nor one who treats her servants with more rigour and austerity. She deducted five guineas from a poor scullion for breaking a large China dish: she never takes bad money in change, but lays the loss on her footmen, scores of whom she has discharged for treading upon a puppy, or for neglecting the dowager Poodle. Her cruelty, also; to her two cousins german, an officer's orphans, beggars all description; and her imperious treatment of a modest dependant, a relation too, almost broke her heart, and forced her to resign her place in the house, and to go as teacher to a boarding school."

I could scarcely credit a statement so at variance with appearances. "This must be envy," said I, to myself; and I was resolved to investigate the matter as closely as possible; for on the truth or falsehood of these assertions must depend my respect or

my contempt for her Ladyship. The result of my inquiries was, that all these facts were fully proved; that her excessive pride towards her dependants, her domestics, and all those whom she considered as her inferiors, equalled the lively description in Arioste, which represents the swellings of pride so admirably—

"Come calei che tutto il mondo asdegno,
"Et non le par ch'alcum sia de lei deguo;"

that she had taken an early dislike to a nephew, towards whom she had acted with the greatest unfeelingness; that her poor female relation was occupied in cleaning bird-cages, tending dogs, and reading to her, from morn till night, and was treated more like one of the brute creation herself, than as a fellow-creature and a relative; that the orphans alluded to were received by her Ladyship with the most repulsive *hauteur*, and the most unfeeling indifference; that she used to make a parade of visiting them in their obscure lodging, where one of them lay dangerously ill, and was often thrown into a tremor, or awakened from a feverish disordered sleep by the thunders of her Ladyship's footman at the door; that, in these visits, she seemed to seek rather to humiliate than to comfort them, and was incessantly reminding them of their poverty, and advising them to go either into service, or into some little, degrading trade—advice which was never accompanied by the pecuniary assistance that might have enabled them to follow it.

To common beggars, I was informed, she not only never afforded relief, but broke, towards them, one of the most sacred laws of humanity, which teaches us never to insult or to censure the wretch whom we cannot relieve. Poverty is misery enough

to those who endure it, without being exposed to the taunts or to the frowns of the opulent and great; whilst a word of commiseration may possess more true charity than the actual pecuniary gift of haughtiness and of pride. That she discharged the faithful old servant who involuntarily killed the bird, and left him to beggary, from mere revenge; and, lastly, that her appearance of charity was ostentation, and a love of being put in print; just as her humanity for the insect, or minor animal world, was a compound of habit, of weakness, and of affectation, exercised by pride over dependence, and theatrically displayed in order to gain admiration.

Disappointment, I understood, had made her adopt a single life, and she now elected her favourites from out of the brute creation. There are many Lady Susans, I am sorry to say. There exist females, who can weep over a bullfinch, yet who can withdraw the averted eye and turn the deaf ear from shivering wretchedness and roofless want;—women, so lost to humanity, as to dispense, with their own hands, pulled turkey, minced chicken, and boiled veal or lamb, to their lapdogs, whilst the crumbs which fall from their luxurious table, are withheld from their fellow creatures, and whilst hungry wretches are driven from their gate by slavish insolence in livery lace! It is impossible to know that such things are, and not to sigh over them—at least it is impossible to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XXVIII.

A VISIT TO MY FRIEND AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

"O rus, quando te aspiciam." *Hor.*

O knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of a rural life. *Thompson.*

I HAVE always preferred the "shady side of Pall Mall" to any other shady groves or bowers in the world. But though my attachment for a town life is such, that I have refused a thousand invitations to the country, yet after a whole winter of promising to visit Lord Riverbank at his retreat, twenty miles from London, I at last did violence to my inclination and went thither. I had heard a great deal of the magnificence of his house—of his improvements and his hospitality and I was now about to judge for myself as to all these particulars.

I accordingly threw myself into a post chaise, and arrived at Riverbank Park about two P. M. I enquired for my Lord, and was informed that he was busy, but would be with me immediately. Her Ladyship was employed in stag-hunting. I next asked for the young Lord and found that he was fishing:—Lady Ann, the eldest daughter?—she was out with the coachman, learning to drive:—Lady Elizabeth?—she was with her drill-master; that is to say, with a Sergeant of the Guards, who was putting her through her facings, and teaching her to march:—Lady Mary?—She was lying down. "Bless me," said I,

"the family are oddly employed! But I am sorry for Lady Mary's indisposition." 'She is not indisposed at all,' said the Butler, 'she is lying flat on the floor for an hour, by order of her Ladyship, by way of improving her shape.' "And Mademoiselle Martin, the governess?" added I,—'Is,' answered the Butler, 'waltzing with a young officer who is on a visit here, for amusement's sake,' "whilst Lady Mary is thus stretched on a board. Preposterous!" muttered I to myself.

The nursery was now let loose, and the infantine race crowed about me, hid under the skirts of my coat, and insisted on my playing at battledore and shuttlecock with them, which I reluctantly did. At length, after a lapse of an hour, my Lord made his appearance in a very slovenly undress, his hands quite dirty, and an unfinished needle-case between his finger and thumb. He had been turning in his workshop (his favourite amusement,) and apologised for his delay. His first anxiety was to shew me his shop, his tools, and his performances. He then stunned me with the noise of his wheel, and presented me with a pencase, which I could have bought, better done for sixpence. His next care was to take me over his improvements, which business lasted two hours, and fatigued me exceedingly. I had the honour to visit his piggery, to get knee deep in straw and manure in his farm yard, to catch cold after walking fast in his dairy, and to assist him in reclaiming a horse which broke through a fence. In our walk he praised himself a good deal, talked to me of the size of his cattle, and added something about a cross in his sheep, which escaped my attention at the time, and which is not worth the trying to remember.

We now came in to dress for dinner, and the family assembled together. Lord Greenthorn had caught three small fish, and had pricked his finger while baiting his hook. The Sergeant was heard in praise of Lady Ann, who performed as well, he said, as if she had been an old soldier. Coachee was interrogated respecting Lady Elizabeth, who, he assured my Lord, would in a short time make a very pretty whip. The governess' evidence was not so favourable to Lady Mary, who, she complained, would not be still a minute. This was very bad; but Lady Mary stated in her defence, that it was impossible whilst waltzing was going on. My Lord patted her on the head; and, turning to me, observed, "She's a fine wild girl, an't she?" to which I assented.

Dinner was now served up in a sumptuous style, but all was stiffness and formality. I was seated next to her Ladyship, whose conversation ran upon the pleasures and the dangers of the chase. She had been twice up to the saddle in water, had been once nearly knocked down by the bough of a tree, and had taken some very desperate leaps. My Lord talked to the Curate all dinner time, about farming, with all the ardour of a theorist and all the ignorance of a novice. Lady Ann and Lady Elizabeth quarrelled together most part of the time about the trimming of their dresses. Mademoiselle Martin appeared to be the great favourite of the young officer; and Lady Mary annoyed me by asking a thousand silly questions about what was doing in town,—what was the last fashion, if I could get her a new novel, and the like.

The circulation of the bottle, after dinner, was slow and confined. The parson drank two to one to his neighbour. The *militaire* tippled wine and

water, complaining of being feverish; and soon left us, that he might walk with the young ladies and their governess, who kept them running races, whilst she was flirting with the captain.

Lord Riverbank now proposed another stroll, but I declined it, on account of my morning's fatigue. I accordingly went up to the drawing-room, where I found her Ladyship sleeping on the sofa, overcome with her hard riding; and Miss M'Clintach, a Highland unmarried lady of about fifty, whose pardon I beg for not having named her at dinner. This Caledonian lady is the quintessence of old maidishness, yet affected in the extreme, and much inclined to be taken for twenty-five years of age. She is so formal however withal, that she would not sit next a man at table, for fear he should touch her by accident with his knee.

When the walking party returned, cards were proposed; but we could not make up a table. Miss M'Clintach said it did not do for young people to gamble, and (in a very broad accent) observed, that cards were the *deevle's bukes*. Waltzing was then mentioned; and two couples began, whilst the third sister played on the piano forte. There was a quarrel at starting, as to who was to have the captain for a partner. The eldest daughter, however, claimed the right of primogeniture, whilst the second sister danced with tears in her eyes for disappointment, and Mademoiselle looked as black as a thunder-cloud. I was set down to cards with the Parson, and lost every game at piquet. Lord Greenthorn established a game at forfeits for the younger children, and in this Miss M'Clintach joined, by way of appearing young and innocent. When, however, it became her turn to be saluted, she made a most desperate resistance, appealing to the higher

powers, and exclaiming very loudly, and in her broadest northern accent, "*A beg leave to state, that a set my fees against the measure entirely.*" A roar of laughter followed this remark; and the cause was given against the lady, who slapped the young Lord's face, and retired in a rage, amidst thundering applause, or rather thundering mirth at her expense.

Lord Riverbank, fatigued with turning, now fell asleep; and I taking the hint, slipped unperceived to my room, where I noted down all the transactions of the day. After breakfast the following morning, I took my leave, resolved never again to pass such a day in the country, unless brought there on some most urgent and pressing occasion. My Lord's estate is a fine one, his house is roomy and expensively fitted up; but comfort is no where to be found in his domains; and as for improvements, there is great room yet for many more, beginning with the family itself.

On my way home I could not help thinking that there was much truth in a remark of a Frenchman, who stated as his opinion, that we find in life fewer things positively and intentionally bad, than things out of place, *des choses deplacees.* This led me to consider the pursuits and pleasures of the Riverbank family, all innocent in themselves, but quite out of place, as if the family had changed sexes, sides, and conditions; and did every thing by a rule contrary to propriety.

Thus, had Lord Riverbank been stag-hunting and Lady Riverbank fishing,—had the young Lord been in the hands of his drill-serjeant, or driving out for the purpose of becoming an able charioteer,—had Lady Ann been dancing in place of her governess,—and had Lady Elizabeth and the recumbent Lady Mary, been employed at their music or at study,

whilst Mademoiselle might be ornamenting their dresses; it strikes me that the pursuits of the family would have been more analagous to the age, sex, rank, and understanding of its members. As for the turning, carpentry, and the cabinet-making, they might have been omitted altogether.

We indeed hear of a royal locksmith, and of one king making buttons and another being employed in the art of embroidering, (a courtly thing enough, when not performed by a needle;) yet cannot tailoring, or any other operative, mean handicraft trade ever be fitted for royalty, or even for manhood. The sceptre should never be exchanged for the hammer or the saw, nor the sword laid aside for the bodkin or scissors. To honest mechanics let such occupations be left, they are suited to their education and their habits; but the nobleman or gentleman who makes amusements of them, is surely encroaching on the sphere of another, to his own discredit.

His mind must be sadly confined, and his time must hang heavy indeed, who would plane and saw, and hammer and nail, whilst the book of nature and science is spread out before him,—whilst his library is open to his researches, the whole face of the earth to his improvement, and whilst his country may demand his services in the senate or in the field. I beg pardon of the mechanical class among the quality of my acquaintance, but I cannot help saying, that I would send a Lord cabinet-maker, turner or tailor, to keep company with a Lady shoemaker or farrier; for such there are, and not at all admired by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XXIX.

DELICATE DISTINCTIONS.

> Thro' tattered clothes small vices do appear,
> Robes and furred gowns hide all.—Plate sin with gold,
> And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
> Arm it in rags—a pigmy straw doth pierce it.
>
> *King Lear.*

"How sorry I was to see Lady ——'s name in print," said Lady Leonora Ogle, the other day. "I knew of her unfortunate attachment to the Colonel long ago. One can hardly blame her: she ought to have been married to him; but he was too poor. The attachment has lasted for ten years. How unlucky that it should have been exposed at last. She is much to be pitied." "And her lord," said I, "Oh! the nasty disagreeable creature."

Oh, ho! cried I to myself, scratching my forehead, I was right never to have married. This is a delicate distinction, indeed, only fitted for high life. An illicit intercourse is called, in the circles of haut ton, an unfortunate attachment! and, because the Lady has dishonoured her husband for years, 'tis a pity that she should be found out! She can hardly be blamed for marrying a man that she hates, because he is rich! nor for making him a cloak for her sins, because her lover is handsomer and poorer than he! and he is not to be pitied, because, irritated by well-grounded suspicion, he becomes a disagreeable creature! Very pretty, indeed!

A moment after, a very elegant young man entered the drawing-room. He played off all the airs

of an exquisite of the world, looked grave and interesting, sighed, complained of ennui, of his unlucky stars, and made his visit short. "I saw you in the King's Road, with you know who, yesterday," said she, at parting. "No! did you!" replied he, in a silvery tone. "I'm always seen by somebody. I am an unfortunate wretch. Adieu! *au revoir*."

"I do like that young man," exclaimed she with much interest. "Indeed every body likes him but his frump of a wife. I wonder how he could sell himself to a lump of warehouse vulgarity and of riches picked up in the dirt. The daughter of a packer to aspire to such a man as that! or to conceive for a moment that he could like her! He is desperately attached to Mrs. ——, and I fear there will be a discovery there before it be long. I have no patience with his jealous-pated spouse, she torments the poor fellow to death."

"And you pity him too," said I. "I do," concluded her ladyship, "from the bottom of my heart." Another nice distinction. A common man, who squandered his wife's means, lived with another woman, and treated her with scorn, would be reckoned a vagabond and a reprobate, and the honest woman of a wife's case would be commiserated; but here the wife is blamed for not submitting gracefully and genteely to adultery; and her presumption is excessive in expecting any thing else from so elegant a man.

Riding in the Park, I fell in with —— of the Guards. We took a turn or two, and met George Rackrent. "I am astonished," said I, "at seeing him about again. I understood that he was in prison, and that he had not a shilling left in the world out of his large fortune. What an imprudent man he has been!" "True," said the old Captain; "but I'm happy to tell you that he is now as fresh

as ever; he has quite made a recovery; he is brought round, and lives as comfortably as any man, and in pretty good style. He has taken the benefit, and has, moreover, been very lucky at play of late. I rather (with great emphasis and elongation on the *rather*, which he spoke in a low tone, and divided into two distinct syllables)—I rather think that he has been put up; but I assure you he is as good-natured and generous a fellow as ever lived; and, in spite of all his misfortunes, he has not lost a friend, nor does he owe a gaming debt in the world."

Here's discrimination for you! He throws away his own fortune in gambling, in horse-racing, and in all sorts of debauchery; he pays his gaming debts in preference, and to the exclusion of his banker, his wine-merchant, his tailor, his butcher, and a host of minor creditors, who may be ruined by such conduct on his part; he degrades himself by taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act; he sets up in great style, instead of making an effort to be honest; he learns to cheat at cards and at dice; and yet, because he prefers fleecing strangers to his friends, who very likely have little to lose, or may be as clever as himself, he is a good-natured generous fellow! nay, an honourable one, although it is rather thought that he lives by plunder! What would a tradesman be thought of who lived beyond his means and above his sphere; then cheated his creditors, and afterwards subsisted by fraudulent practices?

This delicate distinction is something like my cousin Tom's calling himself an old soldier, because he had learned to sell a horse for more than it was worth, to take advantage of a novice at billiards, to play a good rubber at whist, and because he received obligations of every one without returning any—such as sponging upon a greenhorn, sharing the travagance of a profligate, betting with the odds

in his favour, and hoaxing the ignorant in all gentlemanly ways. Quære, Whether this is not being not only very unlike a soldier, but very like a rogue?

Lastly, a servant woman came to Lady Leonora to be hired, on another morning when I was present. Her ladyship asked her why she left her last place? "Why, my Lady," said she, "to confess the truth, I was deceived by a young man who had promised to marry me." "Then," said her Ladyship, sternly, "you will not suit me, for I cannot encourage vice." I expostulated with her Ladyship, and assured her, that the girl's misfortune was just as natural as her other friends *faux pas*, and that I should have expected her Ladyship's pity on this occasion to be as charitible and as extensive as on the former. But her Ladyship made a very nice distinction betwixt the orders of society, with the view of convincing me that there was all the world between the cases.

Thus vice in the vulgar herd is error in people of quality; an adulterous intercourse in low life is an unfortunate partiality in high life; extravagance in people of humble birth is mere want of order in people of fashion; dishonesty in common people is mere thoughtlessness in their betters; and robbing with dice in your hand, instead of with a pistol on the highway, provided it be done in the higher circles, is only a little manœuvreing—for which (with change of person, place. and instrument) a wretched fellow-creature might be put up on a high post, or put down in a dreary prison. When one hears these nice distinctions, one cannot help thinking of the song in the Beggar's Opera.

"Since laws were made for every degree,
"To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
"I wonder we hav'nt better company
"Upon Tyburn tree."

No. XXX.

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

- - - - For this one day
Do go, dear Rain! do go away. *Coleridge.*

Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things!
But smoke and dust, and noise and crowds delight;
And to be press'd to death transports me quite:
Where silvery rivulets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennel's absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Young.

I GAVE an account to the dowager Lady Eaglemont of my country excursion to Riverbank Park. She sympathized very sincerely with me, and added that, for her part, she would rather live in London all the year round, than pass one month at her son's castle. Fashion, however, makes it necessary to quit town at a certain period, merely to say that you have been in the country. "Now," continued she, "in the hottest day in summer, when town is most empty, and when you meet not an acquaintance in a whole morning, still are the shops open—one can go shopping, can call at a circulating library, get the last satirical novel, take an ice at a confectioner's, talk scandal at a dress-maker's, hear the *on dits* that are going about, drop in at the minor theatres, and sit at one's window on a Sunday quizzing the beaux and belles emerging from the counter and the show-room.

"In the country there are no such pastimes. A

watering-place, indeed is very well for a month, because it is not like the country; one can gamble all day, go to balls and assemblies at night, frequent the circulating libraries, and gossip as much as in town. But a visit to what is called your country-seat, your family estates, is to me being a prisoner on parole in fine weather, and a close prisoner in bad weather. A rainy day, for instance! what a trial of patience! what a penance for one of my habits! In a jail there may be variety,—the prisoners must have many and marvellous adventures to relate; but at the family mansion, all is clock-work sameness, healthy stupidity, and the gloomiest of all gloomy retirement.

"I neither ride nor fish; and as for a walk, unless upon the flag-stones, I never think of it. Country drives are equally odious. To be dragged along without shops or loungers to look at, I deem detestable; and then to arrive at a village, and to set all the curs and mongrels barking at me; to disturb a donkey on a bed of manure, and to set a parcel of cocks and hens to flight, whilst broad grins and open eyes meet me at every cottage door; affords me not the least entertainment.

"Nutting parties, too—what a bore! getting your face scratched with brambles, and your bonnet knocked off by the branch of a tree. To boil your kettle like a gypsy, under a hedge, I hold degrading; and dining in woods, in tents, and in the open air, has this horrible difference from the worst entertainment in a house, that you have the misery of being bit by insects, your complexion spoiled, and your dishes filled with animalculi.

"Then the society in the country is the most monotonous in the world. You are entertained by the parson, perhaps, who preserves the same so-

porific and nasal note with which he treats his parishioners from the pulpit; or by the village apothecary, who puts you in low spirits by detailing how sickly the season is, how many patients he has to attend, and the miraculous cures which he has performed; or who delights you with a four hours discourse of unintellibilities about oxygen and hydrogen, muriates and nitrates and carbonates!

"My poor brother, who you know is retired from the army, perfectly agrees with me in his hatred of the country, and suffers just as much as I do in it. But to return to a rainy day. I remember, last July, it set in for rain in such good earnest, that we had only five dry days in the month. I know it to my sorrow, for I counted them all, as I did the moments, until I got off to Brighton, and thence (tired enough of the seaside) to Bath.

"One day, in particular, it rained incessantly. My son and the apothecary played billiards all day; and the women must needs be industrious and go to work. My poor brother was confined with the gout, and I could get no one to make up a rubber of whist with me. I counted from my window the slates of the stables, being in number seven hundred and fourteen; I measured the room sixteen times, and numbered the medallions on the carpet; I read every advertisement in the papers, and stood three quarters of an hour, by the clock, watching a goose upon the lawn, which, as idle and unhappy as myself had no other amusement than extending one leg and standing on the other, which brought to my remembrance Vestris, in the grand ballets at the Opera, and had the good effect of drawing from me a smile, a tribute to "the pleasures of memory."

"It was an awful day! I thought that there never would be an end of it. How relieved I was when

six o'clock struck, and the dinner bell rung! After dinner I played cards till I scarcely knew a heart from a club. My brother told me that one rainy day, he measured ten miles in the library,* played with the bell-rope for two hours, and, after dinner, played four and twenty games at billiards. I do protest that I never will pass more than one week at a time again at a family mansion as long as I live, and that will be purely out of complaisance, and to keep up old family customs."

Thus ended her Ladyship's description of the country.

I, too, remember a comical day, or rather a most idle one, passed at Richmond with a friend. It rained torrents; and our horses were twice ordered, and twice sent from the door. Every one of a party invited to dinner sent apologies; and the billiard-table was under repair. My friend was no reader; and he had lost so much at whist and at piquet, at Bath, that he had made a vow not to touch a card for a twelvemonth. We therefore looked over a portfolio of caricatures for three hours, and played at long and short for shillings, until I lost ten pounds. Then we varied our game for odd and even, and dined and played at back-gammon until midnight, when I left him to smoke his German pipe. He fell fast asleep at this lively amusement, and was awakened by his valet-de-chambre at four o'clock in the morning.

I blush when I recollect how I spent that day; but there are many, if they would take a review of their past life, who will find innumerable hours consumed in the same way, not to mention the *passe tempo* of many an elegant dragoon detached at coun-

*Instead of looking at a book.

try quarters, who, in his *tædium vitæ*, strolls with a companion to the first bridge, and spits over it for half-crowns or guineas; or plays at pitch and toss by the road-side, until the hour of dinner arrives; when he either drowns recollection and life in the purple tide of wine; or, if he be a selfish insipid, who wishes to preserve his health and good looks, sips his pint of claret or madeira, lounges his evening away, in misleading the mind of the prettiest milliner or mantua-maker in the village, and then returns home to admire himself in the looking-glass, to boast to his comrade of his success, or to laugh at the poor innocent easy girl's credulity.

If such be the effects of idleness in the country! surely it is better to be a

HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XXXI.

RAMSGATE AND MARGATE.

. . . . . an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land,
A motley mixture! . . . . . .

Pope.

MARGATE is to Ramsgate what the East end of the town is to the West. I had often heard the superiority given to the latter; but I was only fully convinced thereof, when, for the first time in my life, I went over in company with Mr. Oldcastle, a has-been battered beau, from the latter place to the former. You might indeed distinguish the steam-boat company from the higher order, as easily as one can discriminate between fog and sun-shine, obnubilation and light. The Tower Wharf or Billingsgate seems to stick to these marine travellers from their departure to their arrival; and they are as unlike the polite frequenters of watering-places, as the linen-draper's arming my Lady out of her coach is dissimilar to the attentions of a man of fashion; or as the bow of the paid tradesman or retreating dun (the last oftenest practised in the West,) is opposite to the gay and amiable acknowledgement of good breeding, the graceful bending of condescension, or the respectful tribute of *bienseance.*

What amused me most was, our falling in with young Doublecharge, my lawyer's clerk, who, equipped with a hired dennet, and accommodated with three week's leave of absence, shook off the

gravity and composure of the office, and attempted to *make the amiable*, as my Irish cousin literally translates *faire l'amiable*. Law and Physic, trade and commerce, are sadly at variance with fashionable levity and elegant volatility; yet they will sometimes try their unsuccessful hand at an imitation of them.

"You know every body, Mr. Doublecharge," said I to him, on meeting at the hotel door; "Pray be our *cicerone*, our nomenclator, and let us know who we have got here." Mr. Doublecharge seemed delighted with the task, and off we set together. Oldcastle eyed him with disdain; but I was very glad of his company. His master had done a good deal of business for me, and I once thought well of him, though I have since changed my mind, and the same will probably happen to most of my readers, who are long acquainted with law-persons and with law-charges.

Our guide now undertook to discharge his task. He told us that he always made himself agreeable, go where he would; that he was not proud, soon acquainted, of popular manners, and always gained as much information in a week as some men would in a fortnight. "Very well indeed," said I; "and not ill at home," thought I.

"But come now and tell us all the beauties and fortunes, personages and humours of the place. Who is that man who pitches and rolls like a heavy vessel in a gale of wind? he booms like a merchantman, although he is of heavy metal enough for a man of war." 'Ha, ha, ha!' tittered out the Clerk, playing a new part (the gentleman,) 'that's a very great corn-factor, one who is very warm, a plumb at least, a very respectable character, a man of great weight in the city." "Of great weight any

where," interrupted I. 'Bravo, bright, a hit, a palpable hit, my good Sir; exquisite; a pun, by the gods!' "And the red-faced waddling man—not a lame duck, I hope. He whose illuminated countenance looks like a gas-light." 'Oh! Sir, that's a very leading man indeed, a great cattle-dealer, and the *primum mobile* of our parish; no body has any thing to say in the vestry but his Worship—a very leading character indeed.' "If he be a cattle dealer, Doublecharge," said I, "I should think that he were fitter to drive than to lead: I dare say he drives the poor hard enough." 'Admirable!' cried the Clerk: 'yes, that he does, as hard as a flint stone! but a very good man for all that.' "The ultra-fashionable in the curricle—who is he?" 'Oh! a great brewer.' "And the old figure in the gaudy chariot?" 'A great spirit-merchant.' "Why they are all great people," quoth I. 'Oh! yes. The gentleman riding the blind hack is an author.' "And that's his Pegasus, I presume," answered I. 'And the lame man coming out of the bathing machine is a great bookseller; the man with a groom behind him is an informer; and the gentleman reading the newspaper, in his landaulet, with one horse, is a brother attorney—a great man in his profession too.'

"Come along," cried Oldcastle, peevishly; "let us leave this quill-driver; and I will tell you more about it."—We separated, and Oldcastle exclaimed contemptuously—"What a set of rogues and ——." 'Not a word against the softer sex,' said I,—'no, not one word. But what are these rogues?' "Rogues in spirit, rogues in grain, rogues in practice, rogues by profession, rogues from principle, and rogues from interest." 'Mercy defend us,' exclaimed I. "Yes," continued he: "we have a

great cornfactor who undermines your health with salt, allum, and calcined bones, and who grinds the people closer than his corn, in order to make his fortune by a nefarious monopoly; next comes a cattle dealer, who in his parochial situation pounds the swinish multitude, and pockets the money destined for the poor, reducing them, in as much as on him depends, to the level of the brute-creation; then comes Old Barleycorn, who sells physic for beer, and who, from working the intestines of his customers, has no bowels of compassion himself, but expects, by licensing of publicans and sinners, to step into parliament, or perhaps into a title; next we have an author, who dresses up the stolen thoughts of others and vends them to the hopping bookseller, who daily turns away from his shop modest merit, but sells quarto volumes full of emptiness, or romances full of poison to the young mind, at exorbitant prices; we have also an attorney, who lives by the miseries of mankind; a tooth-drawer, a tallow-chandler, an antiquated city frump, and a score of corset-makers, fancy workers, milliners, and hair-dressers."

'Enough, enough,' said I; 'I am quite satisfied as to the selectness of the company; all watering-places are a promiscuous gathering of idlers, but Margate bears away the palm in this respect.' I ordered my carriage and returned to Ramsgate, quite satisfied with one peep at her neighbour; but I could not help thinking how different were the views of Oldcastle and the Clerk. The ignorance of the latter constituted his happiness: and we all know "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

No. XXXII.

VACANT HOURS.

"Their only labour was to kill the time,
"And labour dire it was, and weary woe."
Thompson.

Sir Peter Panemar was knighted for his civil services in India. He came home with the liver complaint and a plum. He met with usurers who enabled him to lay out his money to great advantage, by way of annuity: this was all quiet and underhand. Lady Panemar has a blaze of jewels, and she is fond of play, and has an opinion of her judgment in it. Both these qualities turn to the account of her acquaintance; whilst an excellent cook, and a very large house, offer attractions to guests of the very first family, who condescend to compose their circle, and who call them two mighty good people in their way, *id est*, in the way of dinner giving, and losing at cards.

The table and other gratifications of the senses, carried on *sub rosa*, compose the round of Sir Peter's pleasures, and occupy his time; but his Lady has more striking features in her character. She is stormy, jealous, changeable, and ambitious. To be classed with the great, and to fatigue echo with the sound of her strange name and empty title, at every rout in town, is the *summum bonum* of her enjoyments. Late hours and laced liveries, constitute her splendour in society. She is known like the sign at an inn door, and held quite as cheap by people of quality. "Let us just look in at the Nabob's house," is as common as the call of a ticket

porter at Barclay and Perkin's Entire shop, and the motive is much the same: the former is made a convenience to high life; the latter, an accommodation to the lower orders. But all this takes us from our subject.

Sir Peter never has a vacant hour to answer a letter, to receive a petition, to attend to the call of humanity, to improve his mind, or, in fact, to spare in any way whatever. He has not a vacant hour in the whole day; all are bespoken, all are disposed of; all are engaged; and yet how? for that is the object of our animadversion. The important labours of this day, the useful dividing of time, the tasteful variety of improvement and of pleasure—these are objects of inquiry. In short, how does Sir Peter live? What is his diary? What the *agenda* which mark the features of his mind, which render him a useful member of society, and which endear him to his fellow men, and to the community at large?—Nearly as follows.

Eleven is his breakfast hour. Having kept every one waiting, he comes down to breakfast as many members go to the House, empty, insipid, and having nothing but habit in view. He takes twice as much time at breakfast as is necessary, even for an idle man; yawns over every cup of tea; turns over every paper; drenches himself with the former, and stupifies himself with the latter; looks at the barometer, and at the thermometer, and talks of India, of change of climate, and of constitution; abuses England, yet condemns India; looks at his letters, and puts them in his drawer unread; fancies himself into a complication of disorders, and longs for the visit of his physician, who appears *secundum artem*, a grave coxcomb, profitting by the weakness of mankind.

Of the physician, ignorant questions are asked by Sir Peter, as to materia medica, physiology and anatomy. They are enough to make him laugh; but he preserves his unaltered muscles. The Nabob persuades himself that he has a complication of disorders; the doctor bows; he nods approbation to the idea, and a prescription is written and sent off; for the physician and apothecary play into each other's hands: the former fills his patient's head with whims, alarms, and a conviction that he cannot live without medicine; whilst the latter makes a complete medicine chest of the Nabob's trunk—not his strong-box, for both draw upon that, in order to fill their own pockets, and to get a good annuity out of Sir Peter.

The patient then grows low-spirited. "May he take a pint of Madeira?" 'Decidedly; it is absolutely necessary.' "And eat turtle?" 'In moderation; yes.' "And ortolans?" 'Nothing better.' "Doctor, will you come and taste them?" 'If my professional calls allow me, I will.' (He comes.) "And a bit of venison?" 'The easiest thing possible for digestion.' "And a little iced Champagne?" 'Hum—three glasses.' "Noyeau?" 'One glass.' "Hermitage?" 'Yes, just for a finish; but, to live on simple food, and to keep good hours, and temperance, is quite necessary, and, indeed, the only thing to be relied on.' Pleased with the prescription, Sir Peter enjoys the anticipation of Epicurean delights, and thinks on dinner for an hour.

It is now one o'clock.—A poor artist calls. "He has nothing for him." A widow; "She is an impostor." A tradesman: "He will teach him better manners, and won't pay him for a twelvemonth, for daring to ask for his bill." The nabob's money is good: the tradesman is distressed; but he will lose by importuning him. He goes home, ill-uses

his family; pines, fails, or becomes a fraudulent bankrupt; or, perhaps, turns rogue, in order to meet the delays of assumed consequence, and pseudo quality—to balance credulity against caprice, folly against stubbornness or want of principle, bad debt against good debt. An humble relation calls: "Never at home." He must now ride: his horse is over-fed; he himself is not over courageous, long used to the palanquin—a Brentford horseman. He is nervous, and determines on walking. It is now three o'clock! what has been done?

He saunters down Bond Street; meets a poor man from India, who has a lawsuit: 'Might he speak to him?' "He has not time." He is now in the middle of St. James' Street; and a tenant wishes for a word with him: the poor man's stock and crop have failed; his farm-house has been consumed by fire. But the nabob has not a moment: he even regrets that he should have bought an estate; what are crops and tenants, fires, or other men's calamities, the growth of timber, and mere vegetable matter, to him? Nothing: they are a tax upon a man of fortune's time; he considers it as a great liberty taken by the tenant to accost him in the street.

"After all," says he to himself (for he has no taste for these pursuits) "agriculture and horticulture are very vulgar employments; the former only fit for a peasant, and the latter for a lady, and that as far only as overlooking the green-house, and of talking on the subject. I had rather," (continues he to his dearest friend—self) "smoke my hookar, and listen to a good story, than see all the crops, and fields, and gardens in the world; wetting one's feet, perhaps, and bring on a fit of the gout, by following some new invented plough, or looking at some odd breed of cattle."

He now determines to sell his estate. But then again, Mount Pleasant House, and a vote in the country, give consequence; they draw my Lord, and the county member also to his parties; they procure him invitations to great dinners, and shed showers of visiting cards upon his breakfast table. He won't sell his estate.

It is now four. He is in Pall-mall; he looks into ——'s; he fancies that this is a parliamentary, literary, diplomatic, scientific lounge. It is a fancy—it is all fancy. He sits down, he listens, he yawns, he forgets; but he has been there, and he has not time to recollect what passed. It is past five. A parson accosts him—a subscription for the poor of his parish, or for a singular case of distress: time permits not; he will be too late for dinner. "Signor Santineri's readings! five guineas, and be d—d to him!" He gives the money; but he is in a devil of a hurry, and a little out of temper; too late; no time; he must dress; he is tired; a pill to take; too late; no time; must be put off till to-morrow; what a pity!

He is overfatigued—with what? with going from Harley Street to Pall-Mall. He will take his carriage next day; it is too fatiguing—too much for him; it occupies too long a space of time; he forgets the quack medicine, the sale of china, the milliner, his promise to buy the cigars, and the Prince's mixture! how many wants! how many omissions! how important too! and the scurrilous novel!—forgot that too! how could that be?—no time; too much hurried; not a vacant moment.

An idiot of a servant now annoys him, who will bring in widow's petitions and tradesman's bills; not that he can't pay the one, and relieve the other, if he pleases; but that he hates the name of them. Her Ladyship could wish to speak to him: he cannot. It is six, and he is but half dressed (and that

seemed to say, "There you are; I am delighted to see you; you read my regard in my eyes; heartily, truly glad to see you in such health and seeming happiness." But it was *rien de tout cela.* "Nasty fright!" exclaimed my Lady. "I *do* (with a prodigious stress upon the last monosyllable) hate that woman; and I'll tell you the reason why an other time."

"But," said her Ladyship, "to return to the 'being not at home:' then these words are of more use in the world than you can possibly be aware of." Thank you, thought I to myself, for your notions of my ignorance and for your instructions. "If a woman of fashion were to be at home in a morning, she would be expected to do something, were it even as worthless as receiving troublesome visitors, or reading a new publication; which, by the by, I do by proxy whilst I am dressing, when Mary-Anne, my Lord's poor relation (fate send she were married) performs that office for me. Again, if your porter were not a second Lavater or the scull-man —I forget his name, who knows from the conformation of your head all about you in five minutes, the most embarrassing mistakes would daily occur; for we have not our characters written on our foreheads, and there is such a confusion of orders in dress, that it would be impossible for a man of the capacity of a porter to discriminate a Duchess from a dressmaker, or a public performer from an Exquisite of the first order."

Here I begged leave to remark, that some characters were written on the forehead. "Not by a female author, I hope," replied my Lady. 'No,' said I, 'but by fair Nature's hand; and it is fortunate for your Ladyship that it is so.' "Stuff," said she, affecting to shift the subject, but evidently well

pleased, "I hate compliments as much as being at home. The Not at home," resumed she, "is like an armistice or a parley with the enemy: it gives you time to reflect on, and to combine your future operations.

"From running over one's cards monthly, may be derived great amusement, and a good deal of the useful too. For instance, Lord Belamour never shall be received—he only wants to gratify his vanity by being thought a favourite; for Mrs. Idle, I must send my carriage and name; she has called I don't know how often without my returning her visit; the Baronet, a sad old stick, but the election is coming on, and I must jog my Lord's memory to invite him to dinner; Lady Keen, her card is a gentle hint that I lost money to her the night before last, and a reflection to me that I lost my temper also—won't play so high again; Mr. Moneylove, a dun, never at home to him, but must put him off; Mr. M'Alpine wants some favour of my Lord through my interest,—I must contrive some evasive answer, in pretty rounded periods, seeming to promise every thing, yet engaging myself to nothing,—get young Ruminate to write it for me, and so get rid of the crafty Scot.

"Thus you see what good 'Not at home' does. A parliamentary man it enables to have his answer all cut and dried for a future call; or an evasive letter to be sent to the visitor; or it reminds him of broken promises which an interview would ruin; or of a frank, the object of the call; or of a debt never to be paid, and therefore never at home to.

"From noblemen, and men of large fortune, 'Not at home' cuts off the legion of troublesomes—kind, loving and troublesome relations, troublesome tradesmen, objects of charity, askers of favours, idle

visitors and troublesome institutions—such as subscriptions, and societies for the public good, to which it is quite enough to give our name, without bestowing our time also.

"Not at home," finally remedies all mistakes,—such as the visit made to my Lord, but intended to my Lady;—the card sent near the period of a ministerial dinner or of a quadrille ball, with a view of bringing the visitor to remembrance, and hanging out for an invitation to either;—the card of mere formality, and that of inquiring after health, or of taking leave, the former of which reminds the person to remove the straw from before the door, kept for the purpose of either gaining time, or gaining notoriety, and of inspiring an additional interest,—and the latter announces the departure of a tiresome acquaintance, to whom civility and attention may be safely sent, since the person is on the eve of departure and can trouble one no more,—the artist's or physician's card, the one a claim to patronage, the other in the hope that he may be wanted, whilst both of these characters create unnecessary expense, but serve to fill up time by imaginary wants—busts, portraits, pictures, drawings, and ornaments, or by imaginary ill health, and the being deceived into taking some fashionable remedy.

"Not at home" thus enables the gay world to make innumerable visits both in person and by proxy, in empty or in filled carriages; and to receive as many visits without the trouble of a word of conversation, or the loss of one moment of time. It extends the circle of acquaintance exceedingly in high life; for thereby are three classes formed,—the mere ticket acquaintance, not probably known by sight—the routs—furniture of visitors; known by sight only—and the bona fide circle of acquaintance with whom we live, and whose society pleases us.

"The 'being at home' would on the contrary contract this circle; sacrifice a great portion of time, now given to pleasure; encourage paupers and duns, poor relations, and prosing visitors; trench upon the hours given to dress, and expose one to a thousand inconveniences. The very uncertain look of a stupid porter inexperienced in the ways of high life and in telling a lie, is enough to agonize one; for, I repeat it again, to be let in, is nothing more nor less than to be taken in."

She was about to enlarge on the subject when a poodle dog, for sale, with a rose-coloured ribbon round his neck, attracted her attention. "I must have that puppy," cried her Ladyship. 'Which?' replied I, seeing a crowd of saluting merveilleux about the carriage. She now explained to me which of the animals was the object of her admiration, and the bargain was struck. I found young Paouf (such was his name) a very unpleasant companion in a vis-a-vis; and, after receiving the impression of his paws upon a pair of white trowsers, and being twice bitten by him, I looked at my watch, and affecting surprise at the lateness of the hour, requested her Ladyship to drop me any where most convenient to herself, as I must be in Berkley Square at such a time. She accordingly released me, and I was very glad to take possession of my own room again, and to feel myself again

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XLI.

FAIRLY DRIVEN OUT OF TOWN.

Her quarter's out at Lady-day,
She vows she will no longer stay. *Swift.*

I HAVE a half-cousin, about fifty years of age, whose name is Bridget Jones. Her fond mother generally called her Biddy, by which name I beg leave to introduce her to my friends. Biddy was very good looking at twenty; at thirty she fell off a little; at forty she grew thin, and began to bear marks of disappointment, at fifty she is a skeleton.

Between the ages of twenty and forty, she refused a rich country squire, a poor clergyman, and two other professional men in good practice; having determined to marry either a Lord, a Baronet, or a Colonel in the army. One of the last description paid her marked attentions; but as cousin Biddy terms it, "he never explained himself."

Since the age of forty no one has ever troubled her, and she now boldly declares her resolution never to marry. She is even grown so squeamish, that she will not take a gentleman's arm, but prefers walking as erect as a serjeant's pike, with her footboy behind her, to being linked in the arm even of myself, whose age and grave habits, might, one would imagine, satisfy her scrupulosity.

Biddy was educated at Queen Square boarding-school, but had not been in town for five and twenty years, until the other day, when I received a billet from her to inform me that she had taken a lodging in Bury Street, St. James's, in order to be

near me, and to be at the same time at the court and of the town. She occupied the first floor; and the second was inhabited by Sir Oliver Oxygen, a Scotch Baronet, and a very great speculator. His favourite study was chemistry; and he had sanguine hopes of making his fortune by it. He lodged in the second floor, in order, as he said, to enjoy more rarified air, but it is rather thought that his main object was to be above the world.

Miss Biddy did not much like having a male lodger in the house; but she could rely on her own discretion and a drop-bolt; and she resolved not to be intimate enough with him to warrant his visiting her; so that she confined their intercourse to sidling courtesies as they passed upon the staircase. Poor Biddy! the Baronet would not have given a good dinner for her; nor have parted with an atom of potassium or sodium to purchase a gross of ladies like her. The constant fumes, however, of nitrous and other gases, the smell of hydrogen, the explosion of inflammable matter, and the rumbling noises of the Baronet, by night and by day, very much annoyed my cousin.

At length one morning early, some hyperoxygenated muriat of potash exploded with such a report, that it knocked down the Baronet, and broke the windows of the apartment. The landlord and landlady thought that their lodger had shot himself; and Miss Biddy apprehended that the roof of the house was blown off and that she would be buried in the ruins of the habitation. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, she leaped out of bed, without recollecting that she had not put on her under drapery, so that she was met *en chemise* by her landlord and by her own footboy. The disgrace of this she could not brook. Besides, as she observed,

her life was not safe with that Caledonian madman; so she left her lodgings that day most precipitately, and discharged the poor footboy, alledging that she could not bear the sight of him, since her modesty was put to the blush.

Miss Jones next took a lodging in New Bond Street. The proprietor occupied the kitchen, the second floor, and attics; whilst a Captain in the Guards tenanted three rooms on the ground floor, to wit, a parlour, a bed-room, and a dressing-room.

The Captain was, what my rattle of a Guard Cousin calls, "in the wind" a good deal; and the knocks of duns and dissatisfied tradesmen were like a running fire at the door. "I will be paid!" vociferated a livery stable keeper, one day that I called on Cousin Biddy. "I know he is at home," sternly observed a horse-dealer. "I won't go without my money," said an hotel-keeper on a third occasion. "Kick him out," cried the bold Captain on a fourth. "Let him go and be d——, the tailoring son of a gun." Besides the Captain was *borrowed* occasionally; mistakes were made as to their rooms; and one day this hero played Miss Biddy a trick as follows:

Two bailiffs, who did not know his person, slipped into his apartment early in the morning. The Captain was preparing for guard, but had only his dressing-gown on. They came into the room, and inquired his name. His servant took the hint, and winked at his master, who with the utmost coolness said, "Gentlemen, you are in a mistake; the Captain lodges on the first floor, but is not yet up; he came very late home from the masquerade; but if you call again you will see him." This was just the bait: they eagerly ran up stairs; whilst the Captain put on his great-coat and slipped out. The myr-

maidens burst into Biddy's room, and took her for the Captain. The scene was most tragical.

When undeceived, they came down to the parlour, which they found locked: after half an hour's parley, the door was forced, and they discovered the Captain's valet in his masters dressing-gown, and laughing most immoderately at the success of the joke.

Miss Biddy swooned three times, as she told me; and, when recovered, she again changed her lodgings. "To be thus treated is worse than death," exclaimed she. "The monsters! to take me for the Captain indeed! I am sure I never had any thing masculine about me!"

Her third lodging was in Baker Street. Here she had the misfortune to succeed a lady more distinguished by beauty than prudence. Biddy is fond of the innocent amusements of tending her birds and of trimming and watering her plants. Roses, geraniums, and canary birds, are generally esteemed an invitation to idle beaux to look up at the window where they may be exhibited; and as my cousin's great passion is dress, she used to be nodded at behind a rose or a balsam, or taken a side-view of through a birdcage. At all hours visitors poured in upon her: and such ridiculous scenes occurred, that she was soon beat off her ground there.

"Ma'am, I beg your pardon! it cannot be you that I want; but perhaps you have a lodger or a companion?" was the language daily used: or, "Oh! (with a violent laugh) I am mistaken; upon my soul I took you for quite another person." 'For whom? for what?' indignantly asked Miss Biddy upon one occasion. "Why," coolly drawled out the Exquisite, viewing her through his glass, "for a very pretty girl; but I am sure I beg your pardon, I ne-

ver was in a greater error in my life." This, it must be owned, was insupportable.

Miss Biddy flew from this contagious abode to Manchester Street. Here she enjoyed only three days repose, when an accoucher called on her landlady to make some inquiries which greatly offended miss Biddy's delicacy, for she said that she could not bear the sight of the man.

One day, a letter being left at the Doctor's, whose name is Matthew Jones, directed thus,

"M. Jones, Manchester Street,
"To be delivered immediately,"

and being very closely folded, the Doctor looked only at the address, and, considering it as a mere hasty mandate to exert his skill, never opened it. The M. Jones he took for Mrs.: the last line spoke for itself. He therefore concluded that my cousin needed his professional aid, and although late in the evening, proceeded immediately to attend her. This was worse than all the rest; and my poor cousin Biddy was fairly *driven out of town*. She asserted on her arrival in the country, that London was not a fit place for any modest woman's residence; and that it was impossible for her life, her credit, or her reputation, to be in safety there for one week. She therefore discharged her male servant, and put herself as a parlour-boarder at a boarding-school in the country, for the sake of protection; and that she is there at present, in the very highest possible state of purity and preservation, will be vouched to any one whom it may concern, by her kinsman

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XLII.

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY.

With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There, plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here, peaceful are the vales and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul and sparkles in the eyes.
Beattie.

I once resolved to leave London for a little time, merely on the principle that "short absence urges sweet return;" and as Quin, the famous epicure, had said that he would go down to Land's End to eat a John Dory fresh out of the water, so did I determine to set off for the Moors, that I might see the game they produce dressed in the highest perfection.

"Put up half a dozen changes of linen," said I to my servant, "six waistcoats, same number of stockings and cravats, two pair of boots, and two pair of shoes, one strong and the other half-dress, with one coat, as I shall travel in my great coat and shooting-jacket." Thus equipped, I put my dogs in under my gig, took my servant and gun by the side of me, and set off. I will say nothing of my tour until I came to Perth. There I was delighted with its localities, with the urbanity of its inhabitants, and with the easy, unembarrassed, unceremonious hospitality of its vicinity. I then started for the Moors in right earnest, loaded with all sorts of sporting tackle.

I remarked at the very worst road-side inns, built by government for the accommodation of travel-

lers, a degree of unobtrusive civility and attention, of kindness and of anxiety to please, highly contrasted to the officious impertinence of our London landlords and waiters,—the former full of consequence, the latter aping the higher puppies on whom they wait. We had no "Coming, Sir," and "Yes, my Lord; allow me to recommend the old hock, or hermitage," no obtrusive praises of the cellar, nor scraping and capering like that of the frosty-faced waiter at Long's; neither had we the bills as long in proportion. However humble the fare, the wine was always excellent, and the charge reasonable.

I should have had pretty good sport the first day, but I lost my way on the moors, and got wet to the skin; my strong shoes gave way like brown paper; and I came back to the inn almost barefooted. I called for some spirits to rub the soles of my feet with; and sat down by the kitchen fire, in order to change a part of my apparel and to dry the rest.

In one corner of the huge fire-place sat Jeannette, the grandmother of the family, spinning, and singing an old martial ballad, which sounded to me more wooden and monotonous than the noise of her reel. In another corner was a little ragged boy, reading Latin!!! (for education is every thing in Scotland;) and in the third corner, a venerable-looking, ruddy, silver-haired highlander, in the garb of old Gaul, with a thick staff, reclining on one arm, and a cutty pipe (i. e. a short pipe) in his mouth. He very urbanely raised his bonnet from his head, and asked me if his smoking was offensive? A courtier could not have done it better. I answered in the negative. As I pulled off my ragged shoes, he looked at them with an air of pity, and exclaimed, Heigh! heigh! Sirs, what sort o'dancing

aboon to cross our muirs wi! Nae wonder an ye'll hae your feet sair!"

I now proceeded to rub my feet with a mixture, as I imagined, of gunpowder, sulphur, and other combustibles, which they called Fairntosh. The aged highlander was indignant at this. "Fie! fie!" cried he, "Lad, tak it i'your mou; it will be soon enough down at your heels, without wasting and abusing the liquor sae." I was going to comply with his advice, but the liquid nearly choked me. It had all the smell of a turf-cabin under conflagration, and was as hot as the flame. He laughed immoderately at seeing me spit it out; and taking two bumpers in order to encourage me, and to prove that it was not poison, and tapping me goodnaturedly on the shoulder, he informed me that it was mother's milk to him; that he always took a bumper fasting, and that a bottle o't would nae frighten him any day. I asked his age? about eighty. Had he always lived so? "Much aboon it." I found that he was the grandfather; and that he often used to dance all the night with four and twenty children and grand-children.

We soon got quite familiar and intimate. As I was proceeding in my toilette, he took out his mull, and offered me a pinch of snuff; but it was not to be endured: I would just as soon have taken burning touchwood pulverised. I therefore literally let it slip through my fingers; and taking out my gold snuff box, in which there was the happy mixture of Etrennes, bureau, macaubs, and a Tonkin bean, I presented it to the Caledonian. He was dazzled a little with the box; but smelling slightly to the delicious mixture, he exclaimed, with disdain, "It's only fit for lasses." But recovering himself, and repressing a blush, which was partly tinged with a

contempt of what his severe and athletic habits deemed effeminacy, and deeper crimsoned from a generous fear that he had offended me, he added, —"but I'm a' the same obleeged to ye; we dinna understand the nick-nackeries o'the tour."

I made an excellent dinner on some moir-fowl and a mutton ham, and drank my bottle of wine, with my highlander by my side (for I thought the old man an original, and asked him to dinner.) He sung me some war-songs, with the voice of a Stentor. They were unintelligible to me, being in Gaelic; but he explained to me that they were about war and love; and as these two passions brought impressive remembrances to his mind, his colour went and came, and a jewel of the first water glistened in his eye. In the course of conversation, he told me that he had been oot wi' Charlie in the forty-five. Here he heaved a sigh "for the days of lang syne," and, for a moment, his manly features assumed a contemplative expression of reminiscence, which would not have disgraced the Roman pencil nor the Grecian chisel.

We parted good friends at night; and the next morning it was agreed that he should lend me a pair of brogues for shooting, and that I should both hunt and fish, as shooting is called hunting in his wild country, and not without reason, since a man hunts for game as well as shoots. It was moreover settled that his boy, meaning his son, a man nearly sixty, should be my guide, and that, in return for the honour I did the old man in asking him to dine, I should pass the night in his cabin, on my way to other moors. The old man was to wake me in the morning, and then to proceed on before me to prepare my welcome.

He came at day break; and, finding my belt on

the chair by my bedside, ran off as if he was bit by a mad dog. "Donald, Rorie, Maggie," I heard him cry, whilst he held the belt in his hand, "shoot me, if we ha' na gotten a wom-man (making two strongly expressed syllables of it) in bed instead of a man. Nae wonder that the puir thingy should be sae worn out yestreen, and could nae drink the whuskey!" I confess that this mortified me a little; but I called out lustily to him for my belt, and assured him that all people of fashion wore them in town. For a moment he looked contempt; but changing to an air of paternity and kindness, he said, "Sae, sae! wonders will never cease. That I should live to see a man wear stays! Weel a weel, Sirs; but (turning to me) my dear, dinna wear the the nasty things; you're weel made eneugh without them, and ye'll never climb oor hills wi' sic whalebone vagaries." To please my old man, I dressed myself without them, and it proved pretty clear in the sequel that they would have somewhat encumbered me in hill-climbing.

When I had paid my reckoning, and received a thousand blessings and good wishes, to none of which I was insensible, as they seemed to proceed from the heart, I set forward with the boy of sixty, who certainly was a boy to me in his activity and resistance against fatigue. My good hostess put in some cold moor-fowl and a flagon of old brandy, for neither of which she would take payment, observing, "That my guidness to her faether merited any kindness which, in their humble way, they could shew me; and besides that, kindness to strangers and travellers was as much their duty and pleasure as their interest." I heartily shook my landlady by the hand, and proceeded on my way, a little boy

begging to lighten me of my gun, until I came to the first likely place for game.

All this, though humbly and simply demonstrated, is, the very essence of hospitality; but it is nothing to what I shall have hereafter to state of old Gregor's (the grandfather's) cabin; the recollection of which warms my heart whilst I am writing these lines.

No. XLIII.

GREGOR M'GREGOR'S WELCOME.

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content!
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Burns.

The boy of sixty left the inn to the care of his wife, and habited like an ancient warrior, set forth with me on my day's sport previous to the finish at Gregor's cabin. He very much pressed me to take the glass at the door before starting, for ill-luck would attend his house if the stranger left it with dry lips. I therefore just tasted the brandy.

Mine host was clad in a suit of red-grounded Tartan, a kilt, philebeg, purse, and Highland bonnet, adorned with the straight feather of the eagle. He had his rifle slung at his back, his dirk by his side, stockings chequered in imitation of the Roman sandal, and tied up with red garters below the knee, his fishing rod packed up in a case, and his trident, or laster, for spearing salmon, in his hand. Although he was very bald on the forehead, and of a swarthy complexion and sunk eye, yet the latter was full of fire, his jet black ringlets curled in his neck; his figure was upright and elastic; his limbs well knit together; and, on the whole, he had quite a martial appearance.

Throughout the day's sport we encountered many difficulties which seemed greatly to heighted the pleasure to him; or rather, the fact was that he a little gratified his highland pride in surmounting

so many dangers, and in shewing me the spirit and activity of his country. Twice should I have been drowned had he not waded through rapid fords with me on his back; and as it was I was wet up to my knees. In carrying me through the water, he assumed a very triumphant air, and whistled as he splashed through the impetuous flood. We had so much hill-climbing, and so many leaps to perform, that, about mid-day, he perceived that I was a good deal fatigued. He accordingly pointed out to me the red Scar Mar, where lived one of his cousins, Alpine M'Gregor. It was two miles off; but that was a mere step to my intrepid guide.

Arrived at the threshold of the door, he halted, scraped his brogues, and lifting his bonnet, exclaimed with a pious air, "Peace be to this house!" There was something so apostolic in this practice, that I felt filled with respect and brotherly love. Now appeared an aged Celt, surrounded by his numerous children, a smile on his high-boned cheek, and a bottle of wine in his hand. "Welcome be the stranger," exclaimed he, in an audible sonorous tone; and extending his right hand to receive mine, he shook me heartily, whilst one of his sons stood behind him as his bottle-holder. He now swallowed a bumper to my health, and "long life to me." An Englishman, or a polished Lowlander, would have offered me a glass first; but highland hospitality commanded him to drink first. 'Twas anciently a proof that I might drink of the same safely, besides, he then welcomed me with a blessing and with a full cup. "Bring the cup which the Prince gave your grand uncle," cried Alpine; and I had then to drink half a pint out of a silver goblet, which the family received from him whom we call the Pretender, but whom Alpine and his family called the

Prince,—not but they are as loyal subjects as any in the land, but they still look back "to the days o'lang syne."

Cold game, fine butter, old ewe milk cheese, fresh eggs, and whiskey, were brought in abundance. We refreshed ourselves; and the laird of the small farm then gave me a convoy on the road, and insisted on my allowing him to carry my game-bag and fowling-piece, in order to ease me on my journey. He was very much flattered at my having a sprig of hether in my hat, and produced the bottle at parting on the road. He then, in Gælic bid the good spirit go in our company, and left us with that pious heartfelt wish.

When we were near old Gregor's cabin my guide fired off his rifle. It was a signal, and the whole family, with Gregor full-dressed at their head, came out to meet us, and a piper played us up to the door, the peasants cheering and welcoming the stranger the whole way. I was fool enough to shed tears!—so little was I prepared for such distinction, so little did I merit such a welcome, and so forcibly was I taken by the heart. Being wet up to the knees, and splashed all over, they proposed my assuming, for the day, the Highland garb, which I accepted cheerfully, seeing the force of the compliment; and be it well understood, that to refuse a Highlander's kindness is the greatest affront which you can offer him. "Weel you set it," exclaimed Gregor.

I now came to table; plain but plentiful cheer and liquor filled the hospitable board, whilst the quality of the stranger obtained me the respect which a prince might have felt gratified to accept. Next to me was placed Highland Mary, their eldest daughter, a brunette of the first attraction; yet so modest,

—so blushing, though friendly at first sight, that I felt a *tendre* for her which wants a name. I would not have staid a week in the cabin on any account, else must I have left my heart there, or have taken Mary for the companion of my journey through life. We had a festive night. My dogs and horse were well attended and fed; and my servant was made drunk: for they had followed us, in order to be ready to proceed on my journey next day.

At breakfast the next morning I was regaled with tea, coffee, and honey, which reminded me of what we read respecting the sweets of Hybla; marmalade, cold game, eggs, broiled fish, and liquid combustibles, of which I swallowed a glass, in order to pay a compliment to mine host.

Our parting was the worst, for the old man, recollecting his age, wept and said, "Perhaps I may ne'er see ye again; but, (recovering, as if ashamed of his weakness,) Oh! man, come back next year, and if Gregor be alive, ye'll aye be one o' the family." 'Heaven bless you all,' said I, from my heart; and I tore myself away from the good family, 'midst the shouts of the peasants, the sound of the bagpipe, and the waving of bonnets. I drove off furiously, because I felt a commotion in my bosom which depressed my spirits; but pulling up at some distance, to take a farewell view of the friendly cabin, I perceived Gregor and his family, who had climbed the hill which commands the serpentine road (and which had formerly served as a look-out in times of ancient feuds,) in order, as the Irishman calls it, to see me out of sight.

Gregor had insisted on my keeping the Highland dress as a token of remembrance; and bonny Mary had given me a piece of Tartan, from a family web, as old as the hills (I was going to say,) to remind

me of her. These presents I guard with affection and care; and whenever I look at them, I resolve within myself that I will become the Hermit in the Highlands, should any variation of fortune ever interfere with my continuance in the character of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XLIV.

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray. *Moore.*

Music may be classed next to woman's charms, in respect to its powerful agency on the human heart. Its enchantments are potent, indeed: love, tenderness, hope, pity, and alarm, are all most forcibly inspired, and faithfully described by its harmonious sounds; the very soul thrills within us at its combinations; it leads us through mazes of delight; and it stirs up the lion courage, the martial enterprize, in our heroes of every age. What fires the manly breast more nobly than martial music? What "sooths the soul to pleasure," or lulls all the warrior's cares to rest, when the hour of enterprize and peril are no more, like music? What casts the oblivious mantle o'er the mind, consumed by heart-aching care, more gently than this concord of sweet sounds? What awakens religious enthusiasm more sublimely than the harmonic art?

From the conviction of these incontrovertible truths, we cannot be astonished that music should be held in such high estimation, should be the delight and recreation of the most illustrious and distinguished characters, and should meet with the high and extensive patronage which it does in Great

Britain. Nowhere on earth is more encouragement given to the professors and to the performers of music, than in this country; nowhere are such sums expended on its cultivation. This serves as a national eulogy; for we may fairly say of him on whom music is powerless, "let no such man be trusted." Happily it is not so with the inhabitants of these isles. These grave, thinking men, these philosophers and patriots, these military and naval heroes, these *fiers insulaires*, the envy and terror of the world, are the lovers of concord; their hearts are sensible to the melting strains of music.

Amongst the many institutions for the benefit and improvement of this delightful science, the Philharmonic Society bears a distinguished rank; and it is highly creditable to his Royal Highness of Sussex, that he should have so warmly patronized the institution. This patriot and philanthropical prince is ever foremost in promoting the cause of humanity; and certainly nothing tends more to humanize the heart, to soften and to polish the national character, to refine the national taste, and to mature our natural benevolence, than the cultivation of that art which elevates the soul, and which can even add beauty to holiness, creating an enchantment unknown to vulgar minds. Our nobility also have shewn their good taste, and evinced much energy in introducing into this country all the musical talent in the world; having, by an unparalleled generosity, held out such encouragement in it, as can no where else be met with. London is now the centre of musical perfection: inimitable Italy sends out of her bosom her most accomplished performers to our musical establishments, and Germany, and every other seat of science, find in the London market a price for talent nowhere to be rivalled;

not to talk of the excellence of our national music, of its beneficial tendency, its inspiration of the love of country, its incentive to deeds of glory, nor of its daily growing improvement.

Whilst, however, I have no expression of applause too great for this encouragement of merit, no term of admiration sufficiently strong for the summit of perfection to which the harmonic art is carried in these kingdoms, I do not mean to panegyrize those affected exquisites of quality, or those unmeaning, gaudy insipids, who die away at a concert, who languish in the Opera-house boxes, who condemn every thing that is English, and who have Italianized themselves into conceited nothings, who, whether male or female, think, because they have seen the Italian soil, and can repeat by heart a few of the warm and tender lines of Tasso, of Guarini, of Petrarch, of Metastasio, that there is nothing harmonious in their own country; no charm in our poetry; nothing delightful in our native landscape. Such quacks, such counterfeit, such poor imitators; speaking (ill, too, perhaps) that bastard Latin, that voluptuous suavity of speech called Italian, are merely people of the most middling talent, of most circumscribed intellect, and show their ignorance in their very pride.

It is not the pure sky without the undulation of a cloud, the gilded prospect, the brigh scenery, the orange grove, or myrtle bower, the rose of spring, or high perfume of summer; nor the enchanting sound, the harp's sweet witchery, or the lute's soft note of love, which give wisdom, or which constitute national character. Delightful as all these are, they rather serve to enervate than to invigorate the mind. Philosophy dwells not in pleasure's haunts, in music's halls, or "in ladye's bower." All

these are so many chains imposed on freedom—so many charms to win a man from himself; and, I repeat it, although no one can more highly prize the science and the charm of music, it always gives me regret to see our people in high life devoted to foreign novelties, the slaves of foreign yokes, and the dupes of foreign performers.

"What an angel that Grassini is!" exclaimed a certain nobleman to me, a few years ago at the Opera, all in a stupefaction of affected admiration. "How that note goes to the soul!" cried out another affected Effeminate of quality:—"Bene, divine, ecstatic, overcoming!" Then again how extravagant and indecorous is the admiration of some of our fashionable females. "Oh! that dear Tramezzani! that delightful singer! so handsome, too! so graceful! what a form!

Indeed, in music, although the study be charming, and its qualities of pleasing be exquisite, yet does the excess of indulgence in it lead to many errors and to many evils. The society of its professors and performers is nothing short of dangerous, sometimes degrading, generally immoral, and not unfrequently ruinous. Music, love, voluptuousness, relaxed morals, enervated habits, a distaste for study, and idleness, go gradually together; and it is from this alone that the extravagant love of harmony becomes pernicious.

I know a certain gentleman who will sit in the corner of a concert room in fixed attention, tears streaming from his eyes, and transfixed with delight, immoveable by the enjoyment of concording sounds; yet, removed from that situation, has not a refined feeling besides, wallows in grovelling pleasures, brutalizes his intellect, and impairs his health; yet will he return to the Philharmonic, and, there,

seem to be the very heart of benevolence, the very soul of feeling.

It is with music, as with every other enjoyment, excess induces disease; admiration is natural, but extravaganza is insane. The genuine feeling which harmonious sounds produce, mellows the heart, and ennobles the mind; but the affectation of the languid, lisping connisseur, is, like other affectation, disgusting, inasmuch as it is spurious and unnatural, and on that account it comes fairly under the lash of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XLV.

A GUEST OUT OF HIS LATITUDE.

He felt himself a kind of black sheep, but studied to be neither less nor more obliging than became him. *Frere.*

One of the most amiable accomplishments in life, is to study to render those happy who are about us. To do this we must learn their humours, respect their weaknesses, unite our sympathies with theirs, and avoid all painful subjects in their presence. In a mixed company, topics of conversation *a la portee de tout le monde* (as the French call it) are the best and least likely to offend. In particular societies, and in select meetings, the subject is easily hit upon. Fashion, for instance, the leading feature of their humour, their particular pleasures or occupations, classical writers, the fine arts, composition, history, or politics; and, by drawing out those who can take the lead in any of these branches of knowledge, you insure a friend, and are the means of amusing the circle.

The man who can take that lead himself is a superior being; but he must use his superiority with prudence, moderation, gracefulness, and humility; else, by arresting attention, and by claiming undivided interest, he will create envy, and make enemies. That mode of amusing and informing others, which proceeds cautiously by interrogatory, as for instance, "Are you not of opinion?"—"Your Lordship doubtless knows that;"—"It is the opinion of such a one;"—"I am indebted to so and so, for my information on such a subject;"—"If

your Ladyship will allow me, I will explain the matter to you;"—such a mode of expression is most welcome to our hearers, because it presupposes their knowledge to be equal at least to our own, and seems only to communicate for the benefit of mutual instruction, or for a confirmation in our opinions, in our theories, or in our systems, all of which we ought to know beforehand, are not hostile to the ideas and tenets of the company.

In contradistinction to this, however, how many people mingle their guests so ill, and select their conversation so injudiciously, that a part of the circle must be either in the dark as to what is passing, and thereby excluded from a fair dividend of amusement; or, perhaps, even offended by the topic of conversation, and rendered uneasy during their stay in the party! I have often, for example, pitied a poor foreigner, to whom it has been lightly and passingly said, "Speak English, I know you can," (a falsehood, perhaps,) "and it will do you good to practise;" whilst the lazy host cannot be troubled to attend to him, from time to time, in his own language, engages deep in conversation with the rest of the circle, and leaves him a back ground figure in the shade of oblivion.

I have been nearly equally hurt at a flippant gentleman, who, big with self-importance, gets a foreigner or two, speaks their language with rapidity and affectation, shrugs up his travelled shoulders, puts himself into all sorts of foreign pantomimical action and attitude, and by way of pretending to be urbane to the stranger, turns his back on his countrymen, and leaves not a native an opportunity of enjoying a rational half hour's talk, or of introducing any home subject, which might waive for a moment the beauties of Paris or of Naples, the delights of foreign society, the vices of the Pa-

lais Royal, the arcana of French cookery, a dissertation upon taking snuff like a Frenchman, or a lecture upon the different qualities of wine, their particular growth, vintage, and peculiar flavour.

Even a beautiful woman is, sometimes, an unsocial being. She draws all the attention of the beaux, is plied with assiduous civilities, is hailed with fulsome flattery, gazed on mutely betwixt the intervals, and is the innocent means of destroying conversation, and of causing neglect to all but to her gracious self. A pedant is still worse; for he is either wordy, dogmatical, and ill-bred, or retiring, morose in his replies, and unbending in his opinions; it requires the powerful agency of an ocean of wine, to extract from him a condescending remark, or an instructive communication; whilst minor stars twinkle their attentive services about him, as if to borrow some of his lights, and there is no mirth or social intercourse existing in the circle,—the weak looking up to him, and the strong looking disdainfully down.

As a further and stronger exemplification of these facts, I will relate a short story of a worthy country squire, whose property joins that of my brother, and who is a near neighbour of the learned Lord ——. Electioneering connection created an intimacy betwixt the peer and the respectable but unlearned commoner. The former often requested him to make his house in town his home; but the independence of the country gentleman never troubled him. At length he was met in St. James' Street by the peer, and so pressed to come to dinner, that he accepted.

The party was composed of *savans*. On the squire's entering the drawing-room, he was greeted with "My good old neighbour, I am delighted to

see you;" but, in about five minutes, the whole party edged away from him, and left him, as if under quarantine, in order to form a circle round my lord: science and politics were the alternate subjects brought upon the tapis, neither of which he understood; and the party were so deeply engaged, that they scarcely noticed him, when the butler opened the folding doors to announce dinner.

At table, my lord condescended to place him next himself; but he forgot his locality entirely, by leaning incessantly across him, to converse on chemistry with an eccentric favourite. "A glass of wine," were the only words addressed to him during the tedious continuance of two courses; nor was he noticed at all by any of the party, except towards the close of the evening, when an Edinburgh Reviewer, looking with contempt and pity on the rustic, said, disdainfully, "Hay is uncommonly dear, this year," and there he left him.

My country friend complained bitterly of this treatment to me; adding, however, that although they were the most unpleasant companions with whom he ever sat down, and although they never should catch him among them again, yet he dared to say that they were all very clever, and very fashionable people;—and concluded, by paying me the compliment of saying (for which I thought all the better of his good sense,) that if they had been ten times more so, he should still have preferred a *tete-a-tete* with

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XLVI.

A DANDY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field. *Shakspeare.*

'On donne bien souvant des diverses noms aux choses:
'Des epines pour moi, vous les nommez des roses.'

I CANNOT better exemplify the truth of the above lines, or more pointedly prove that what is a pillow of thorns to one is a bed of roses to another, than by copying literally a letter of a young relation, a very great *Exquisite*, from the Highlands, where I had myself received so much pleasure;—where the beauties of Nature enchanted my eyes, and the warmest hospitality still has a claim upon my heart—where I met with so much unaffected and genuine kindness, that the land of blue *hether* will ever be dear to me, and the children of the mountains will always have an additional title to my sympathy and regard. But I must come to my *Exquisite's* letter.

"DEAR UNCLE,

"You advised me to make a tour to the lakes, and be hanged to them. I wish that I never had gone there. I had, further, the folly, (in imitation of your noble example) to visit the Hebrides, where I am half-starved, and where I have met with such a catalogue of miseries as scarcely ever befel human being. I am embargoed by the rain, poisoned with vile cookery, and disgusted with coarse habits; can't get so much as a little chicken hazard to

amuse me, nor a pretty milliner to kill time with —roads where no curricle or tilbury can pass, and my horses as lame as the devil. How I miss Long's and the Clarendon, the Countess in the Rules, and the little *figurante!* There is not such a thing as an intrigue in these desolate regions. Ice is unknown but on the tops of their cursed mountains! Not a pine-apple for love or money! No theatre! no waltzing! the girls don't understand soft nonsense! and no one knows how to make Regent punch.

"The names of the places strangle you to pronounce them! the female wretches of servants go bare-legged! Half the sans-culottes men don't speak English; and those who do are unintelligible! Besides, all my clothes are torn, spoiled, and played the devil with; and I laughed at wherever I go. These fellows are three centuries behind us in the St. James' and Bond Street cut; and don't know what a dandy is! My servant is drunk from morning till night; and I am dying of *ennui*. A pretty name of a place I am going to to-morrow!—Acha de Shenoch, and Ach na Craig! Breakneck Place would be better.

"But to proceed with my misfortunes. It rained so on my road, in my tilbury from Glasgow to Loch Lomond, that I could not see it; and I got so drunk at Mr. Mac ——'s house, that I saw double at the other lakes, and had such a head-ache that objects, whether by land or water, swam equally before my eyes. Besides, I was so much out of humour with all the world, that I swore that every thing was frightful. I embarked in a beastly cock-boat from Oban; and was almost drowned by the way. In addition to losing my pearl ring, betwixt the landing-place and your friend's house, I lamed

use of my horses, in their perilous and almost inaccessible tracks, which they call roads, and was laughed at by a bare-bottomed scoundrel, and called a *mally* and a *doll* to boot. I lost my hat with the high wind; and have been forced to wear my travelling-cap ever since. I dare say my hat will be picked up and preserved as a curiosity; for there is not another made by Bicknell in the whole place.

"I was so wet on arriving, that I called for either Curacoa, Maraquina, or Noyeau. Not a drop to be had! But my host almost choked me with a confounded liquid which he called *Hottentosh*, (Fairentosh,) and which is a compound of fire and smoke—fire, as to its infernal heat and strength; smoke, as to its offensive smell.

"I had scarcely recovered from the agonies of this drug, when dinner was announced. Dinner at four o'clock!!! how barbarous! just about a man of fashion's breakfast time! Then we had no delicious soup, no iced wines, no made dishes, nothing but the coarsest and most *vulgar* fare. I sat behind a huge mountain of beef, which made me imperceptible to the other side of the table! There was a ham too, from which *fids* were cut as thick as a schoolboy's bread and butter, instead of being as thin as a wafer! Two pair of fowls! monstrous! I thought to have fared better with what they called venison; but I had nearly lost a couple of teeth in the attempt, the vile animal being as tough as a dead donkey, though they said it was a wild roe (I wish Richard Roe was choked with him) which our host shot with his rifle a few days before. Then the lady of the house proposed ale to me with my cheese! and there was no other wine but vulgar blackstrap and madeira, with a solitary bottle of bad claret, out of compliment to me. Indeed no claret but Lafitte's is worth a man's drinking.

"After dinner the barbarians drank toasts; whilst some of the young folks went into an adjacent room, and danced reels like mad people. I proposed a round at Faro, or even at quinze, but the cautious Scotchmen would not touch a card. One fellow sung a song in Gaelic, which was as odious as incomprehensible to me, and they forced me to continue hard drinking until midnight. The next day they brought an amazing *turn-out* of broiled fish and honey, and marmalade and eggs, with tea and coffee, for breakfast; but the vulgarity of the scene, the rude health of the ladies, and the more rustic unpolished appetites of the men, quite sickened me. Some of the party swallowed bumpers of the liquid fire after breakfast. I took one cup of tea, with some brandy in it, and eat about a quarter of an inch of their dry toast, which smelt of turf smoke.

"I endeavoured to ascend some rugged mountains after breakfast, in order to shoot grouse; but my stay-lace gave way, my morocco boots burst, and my dowlas trowsers got wet through. I returned faint and almost breathless, when my over-kind indelicate host had the impudence to propose a glass of this essence of smoke as a restorative, and to put me into petticoats until my trowsers were dried, holding out to me a tartan worsted scrubbing kelt of his grandfather's, which he told me, by way of recommendation, had been in four battles. On the third day, we risked our lives in a crazy, rickety boat, and were half drowned in attempting to see Iona, and Staffa—two trumpery islands: the one a ci-devant royal burial-ground, the other not worth observation. A pretty notion, to bring a man to see ruins and tombs! as if one could not get agreeable

rain enough in London, or would go to see tombs whilst any livelier amusement was to be found in the world.

"The bread fell short one day; and my horses and myself were both fed on oats. Moreover, I have had a fall in one of their ragged roads, and have torn my tunic; so that I should be obliged to wear an evening frock (could I go out) which would be like a cit or a tradesman. The beast of a washerwoman, too, has spoiled half a dozen of my cravats. She does not know how to starch them; and has torn off the strings that tied them behind. The moment that the weather clears up, I shall quit this prison, where I am the laughing-stock of the *profanum vulgus;* but I heartily regret ever having left Bond Street, or having turned my face towards the Highlands, and particularly her savage isles, where I have not seen a tree in a week.

"P. S. Might I trouble you to tell my man to get a new Cumberland corset? I am as lean as my greyhound. None of my clothes will fit me; and had I not lived upon moor-fowl, madeira, and biscuit, I should have been famished."

Thus ended this Exquisite's epistle. I doubt not but that he was the laughing-stock of the island, as he must have exhibited a striking contrast to the robust inhabitants. However, when I visited these parts I came away lustier than I went; and had only to complain of too much hospitality shewn to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XLVII.

LEARNED WOMEN AND ACCOMPLISHED WOMEN

Oh! this learning what a thing it is!

Shakspeare.

Committit vates, et comparat; inde Maronem
Atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum,
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet.

Juvenal, Sat. VI.

The carriage which called upon me was Lady Blandfield's. She is the only daughter of a very learned Ecclesiastic, who bestowed uncommon pains on her education, and from having but this sole object to engross his care, has made a learned woman of her. As his church emoluments, though ample, were only secured for life, it was thought prudent that his daughter should make a marriage of interest; and she accordingly espoused Sir James Blandfield, a man of seventy, with whose conjugal society she was troubled only three years.

Distance and good breeding, marked their intercourse; and Lady B. might fairly be said neither to have been a mother nor a wife, except as far as form and decorum went in the last character. Released from wedlock bonds, which her strong mind and independent spirit revolted at, she resolved never again to be subject to the yoke. She has since refused one or two interested offers; and her cold gravity and rigid deportment have ridded her of any more importunities. Left with a very fine for-

tune, she dedicates the remainder of her days to literature, and it is her pride and ambition to be reckoned an *Esprit fort*, and to be classed as one of the Blue-Stocking party.

In her person, she is rather well looking than otherwise; but her cold expression and commanding brow would put all the loves and graces, in fable or in common life, to flight in one moment. Her gait is masculine; her voice is in a high key; she has a most terrific air of independence, which indicates to the other sex that she needs not their aid or support; and she affects a plainness of dress which outsteps the limits of necessity. When she speaks, she articulates with confidence and with authority; and when she reads, she knits her brows and looks intently through her glass. The full blown rose of health lodges in her cheek; but she talks so much of her excellent constitution, lectures so upon rigid temperance, despises so supremely all complaints, and so undervalues female delicacy, that it is enough to put even health out of fashion.

In a word, there is something so gentlemanlike in her *tout ensemble* that it disfigures her learning, which is of the highest standard. I have often heard her say that she hated female society; and that if an Exquisite was to pay his court to her, and fatigue her with his disgusting assiduities, she would knock him down. My age and my habits protect me from this danger; but somehow or other, this manifesto of her *high mightiness* inspired me with a certain awe, which makes me never quite at home in her company.

Wherever she appears, she is surrounded by authors, reporters, booksellers, and professional men; and with all her philosophy, she is as open to flattery from them, on the score of talent, and as much

their dupe, as any pretty woman can be in any other way, and for far other qualifications. Children and music she hates; and this last circumstance induces me to think, that whilst nature has favoured her in capacity, and high cultivation has enlarged her mental talents, the limits of her heart have been naturally very confined, and her total neglect of exercising their amiable faculties has left the spot wholly sterile and unproductive. How innocence and harmony, love, unprotectedness and the charm of sweet sounds, can knock at our breast without obtaining admittance, is to me inconceivable; yet her Ladyship considers children as obtrusive—as fit for the nursery alone, until they reach not only the maturity of years, but of knowledge; and music she condemns as a master-key to the passions, and as dangerous and irrational in the extreme.

To give an idea of her life, I shall only add a few lines, and then leave her to her studies and to her closet, invulnerable and invincible as she is to our sex, severe and terrifying to her own. On the morning on which she honoured me with a call, she had risen at six o'clock, and had taken a cold bath: she breakfasted at eight on milk and fruit, and read four hours in her library: she gave audience to an architect, and drew a plan for her own cottage: she then received a dedication, and inspected her steward's accounts; the latter she brought severely to book; and she warned two tenant's off her estate, for she is rigidly honest, and will neither owe nor give credit. She next favoured me with her company, in order to visit the works of antiquity and of matchless science in the British Museum: she dined at five on one dish, a profusion of vegetables, and cold water; made a hasty toilette; and attended a

meeting of literati, where she was on her legs for two hours, and spoke with all the nerve and knowledge of a man.

Lady Blandfield detests my rattle-brained Cousin of the Guards, who, on his part, returns the compliment most sincerely. He swears that he would as soon live with a Meg Merrilies as with her; her Greek, Latin, and mathematics he holds as diabolical, and concludes his remarks on her by drawling out in an affected tone, that a wig and a Latin quotation from a woman, form the strongest antidote to love that can possibly be conceived or expressed.

Having called the ensuing morning on Mrs. Hartley, a young married lady of my acquaintance, the contrast of her person, her manners, and her occupations, was so strong, that I will presume to place it before my female readers' eyes, as worthy of their contemplation.

Mrs. Hartley was most elegantly and becomingly dressed. Her form is perfectly feminine, little above the middle stature, but exquisitely proportioned; her complexion of the utmost brilliancy; her smile timid, yet the warmest which I ever beheld; her politeness, unceremonious, but kind and respectful; her welcome tells you that she esteems you, but that her heart is all her husband's.

She had just been nursing her little infant, and apologized to me for keeping me waiting. At the age of twenty-two, she still continues all her masters, lest she should lose any of her attractions, and in order, as she says, to fit her for instructing her children at a more advanced period of life. To all the duties of her house she scrupulously attends, without parade or show, or the odious homeliness of a boasting housewife; and she is always at leisure to receive her friends with the most elegant ease, or

to accompany her husband on horseback or in his morning walk. Ever assenting to his will, she insures her unperceived empire in his heart, and daily strengthens those ties, which time must render indissoluble.

She had risen at eight, breakfasted like other people, tended her favourites in the garden and in her aviary, given audience to half a dozen pensioners, succoured various indigents, administered nourishment to her infant, and was preparing to ride out with her husband, and to perform on the harp at a select and private concert in the evening.

The contrast is so striking, that I shall not presume to offer any observations on the subject. These two characters, however, although so widely opposite, are, each of them consistent. I shall therefore conclude by stating my Cousin's accounts of the inconsistencies of Lady Gayfield's Sunday.

"Having been on guard on the Saturday, Lady Gayfield stopped her carriage in St. James's Street, and I could not cut her, confined as I was to so limited a walk. She begged that I would give her a call at twelve, as she had something very particular to tell me. I promised, of course, but took care not to call until two, in hopes that I should be too late, for morning calls are a most infernal bore, and I would as soon go to ——" Here I stopped him. 'Swear not at all, my gentle Coz.' "I would as soon go to Siberia as to be bothered with such a torment as her Ladyship, neither young, frail, nor handsome.

"I was unfortunately let in, and found her pale and dejected, unbecoming and uncomfortable. She told me that her business was to save one of my brother-guardsmen from arrest, as she has found out through her money-lending attorney, that a writ

was out against him. I thanked her, and took devilish good care to warn my friend not to fall into the hands of the Philistines. Lady G. now told me that she had been up all the foregoing night at a party, and that she was so perplexed with tradesmen's bills and with importunate letters, that she had only been able to rest from six until ten, and had been for four hours putting off and answering these unwelcome epistles: in every one of her answers she told a dozen lies, and pretended to be in the country.

"She now became so low and nervous that she was about to take some ether and opium, according to custom; but I prescribed madeira in preference, as I could participate in that cure for low spirits myself. We finished the bottle between us, and ate an anchovy toast. She now began to look quite funny, and promised me to take no more thought about her creditors. I left her at three; having first asked how she meant to spend the day.

"She told me that she would lie down for a couple of hours; and, if she could not sleep, she would get her maid to read a novel to her; I looked over a few pages of it, and they were filled with love-making, elopement, treachery, and an assassination. After this she had formed a party, whether for edification or a quiz I pretend not to say, to go to the Magdalen; having been the preceding Sunday at the Asylum, with a young dragoon-officer, as a matter of curiosity. She told me that this was quite a fashionable lounge, that the singing was excellent, and begged that I would make one of her party. I told her *bien obligé;* and left her to her very mixed engagements.

"I understand that she dined, after prayers, at between eight and nine, and won a large sum of money

at a card-party afterwards. There's a pretty Sunday for you! Had she told fewer falsehoods, won less money, and staid at home, it certainly would have been as well; but every one to their taste; and I never interfere with any one's pleasures. If, however, she catches me for a morning call again, why then I'll be shot; and so good morning, Mr.

HERMIT IN LONDON."

No. XLVIII.

THE BENEVOLENT FARMER.

I am a true labourer. I earn what I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my farm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck. *As you like it.*

Travelling with the late Countess of B———, during the tour I have described, in Scotland, we visited a farmer in Fifeshire. His hospitality pleased us; and he took great delight in showing us his various improvements in agriculture. On his farm were almost all the patent and newly invented machines for husbandry, the drill plough excepted. We were a little surprised at this; and, on remarking it, we were thus simply answered by the honest Scot. "I dinna ken: leeve (meaning live) and let leeve, seems to be unco like fair play. There's something cheery in the bonnie little brasties (birds were meant) which are chirping and picking wee pickle grain. We can just as weel afford it as our auncestors; an I canna find in my heart to rob them o' ther mouthfu! they mak' me glad as I follow the pleugh; an they seem naturally to expect something frae our hannds."

This disinterested, untutored humanity,—this unaffected benevolence, which extends itself to the feathered tribe, to the brute creation, to the tenants of the stream, to the very plants and flowers,—and which excited the immortal Burns to deplore the fate of the wee bit mousie, and to elicit a spark of sublimity in bestowing his humble dirge on the daisy cut up by the ploughshare, so affected my com-

panion, that, ever awake to feeling, and having always had, through the brief course of her mortal existence,

"——————— a tear for pity,
"And a hand open as day to melting charity."

she wrote the following stanzas

AGAINST THE DRILL PLOUGH.

Thou power unseen! that thro' the gelid frame
Of aged Nature breath'st returning youth,—
With potent spell, new light'st the vital flame,
And (of unfailing truth
The lovely promise) still appear'st the same!

Blest Spring; assist my lays and tune my lyre
To notes persuasive, such as thro' the grove
The ear unsated listens to admire,
The melody of love,
And in thy fav'rite's cause, my theme inspire!

For thy pure smile, ev'n on the insect train,
Of being transient, is benignly shed;
And shall thy choicest minstrels sue in vain,
Now seiz'd with cruel dread,
As oft they hover near the lab'ring swain?

On furrow'd fields, of old the tuneful band,
Were wont to mingle with th' industrious throng,
And mark the rustic blithe, with lib'ral hand,
The fragrant ridge along
Cast wide the genial treasure o'er the land.

But ah! sad change,! by sordid man design'd
As hostile engine buries deep the grain;
Nor can they now a scanty portion find,
Though sought with anxious pain,
'Mid chilling poverty and frowns unkind.

How shall the helpless tenants of the grove,
Oppress with wants, their tender brood supply?
How can their breasts obey the voice of love,
When cultur'd fields deny
A bare support, and men relentless prove?

So soft, alas! by tenderest ties allied,
Some beauteous pair, that love were proud to own,
In Youth's bright spring are doom'd their flames to hide,
To droop, and sigh, unknown—
The blighted promise of gay Summer's pride.

Or (harder fate,) by poverty surprised,
When long united in the nuptial bow'r,
Paternal cares, with terrors half disguis'd
Assail them every hour,—
By friends neglected, and by foes despis'd!

Ye gentle souls, to sympathy awake!
Think not this piteous plea beneath your care;
O! bid the feather'd tribe your feast partake,
Nor, wand'ring thro' the air,
Their leafy haunts compel them to forsake.

Has yet the fervid orb, the enlivening sun,
Refus'd his rays to warm the genial soil?
Or has the earth withheld the gift you won
By long successive toil,
And late so sparing of her bounty grown?

It cannot be!—for Nature's boundless sway
Unaltered blessings still is seen t' extend.
O, cherish, then, the warblers of the spray,
Nor e'er thy sanction lend
To spread around dejection and dismay!

Such were the amiable sentiments of one who was

"Fitted or to shine in courts,
"With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
"With innocence and meditation join'd,
"In soft assemblage.

and the remembrance of whose accomplishments and virtues, often awaken a sigh, even amid fashion's gayest circles, in the breast of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XLIX.

AN EXQUISITE'S DIARY.

A youth of follies, an old age of cares;
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;
Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.—*Lewth.*

Many are the men whose lives are made up of such trifles, that it can scarcely be called living: but when we see grave triflers, such as our old Dandies, who grow grey in idleness, who charge their recollection only with crim. cons., changes of fashion, the turf, greeking and scandal, and who consider these as the pleasures of memory! we are justly disgusted. There are, however, solemn coxcombs, who deliver their opinions on the cut of a cape, or on the stiffening of a cravat, who will dispute with you as to a mistake betwixt the Stanhope crop and the *tete a la guillotine*, betwixt the Cumberland corset and the Brummel bodice, betwixt the Petersham trowsers or the Wellington pantaloons, with as much importance as if these subjects were worthy of the attention of any man beyond a tailor's cutter-out, a man-milliner, or a monkey hair-dresser.

Many of these nugatory beings we meet in society, who get their daily meal at the board of extravagance, from no other merit than the remembrance of what is not worth recollecting. Some repair their ragged fortunes by buying horses and dogs for their friends, by keeping prescriptions for physicking these animals, and by having a good receipt for cleaning boot-tops, or a tooth-powder of their own invention.

I know an old man whose pocket-book is crammed with horse medicines, directions as to worming dogs, prophylactics, recipes to make detonating and sternutative powders, with the view of playing off tricks, with drawings of carriages, and with pugilistic chronology. He had the weakness to put a Latin device at the head of these valuable collectanea, contemplating, probably, at the time, that such extensive lore might enable him to raise the wind at a future period of life. His device was "*Condo et compano quod mox depromere possim.*"

Considering these selfish trifle-mongers, I was the less astonished at finding that my Exquisite relation kept a regular diary. He mentioned the circumstance to me; and I had the curiosity to peruse it. Its contents were as follows: "Monday—Rose at three P. M. with a devil of a head-ach; all my ideas confused; the sound of the harp and violins still jingling in my ears; the rattle of the dice-box still filling my imagination. Called for tea; found it affect my stomach; put brandy in it; head-ach increased; ordered some prawns and bread and butter; the former so infected my hands with their scent, that I could not bear myself; washed them in lavender water; but a confounded piece of the shell, a bi-forked kind of thing, stuck in my nails, and put me to torture; extracted it with my gold tweezers; and now saw the utility as well as the beauty of filling up the nails with white wax; examined the little monster of a prawn through my quizzing glass (for I am not near sighted except when I meet a dun, or one whom I determine to cut,) and am of opinion that the animal is a miniature lobster; can't take the trouble to look for him in the Encyclopædia or elsewhere, but will ask parson Jessamine and sport a bet on the subject, at the Dandy-club, if sure to

win. Put on my silk dressing-gown sent me from Spain, and my embroidered Turkish slippers, dowlas Petershams, half stockings, and dickey (shirts being useless;) took up the Chronicle by mistake, a d—d paper, out of humour with all the world, and showing us how we are ruined; amused myself for ten minutes, by seeing Chawder and the bull-bitch fight for it and tear it; took up next, the Morning Herald, a fine soothing consolatory print; shows all to the best advantage; the Royal Family all angels; and then again gives you so much wit and anecdote, such a list of arrivals and departures, so useful to great folks in order to know who is in town, and who to call upon after they have left it. N. B. Fear, however, that this detail my give a life to one's duns; must get Jack ——, my old college acquaintance, to write an anonymous to the Editor, on this interesting subject. Had the heartfelt satisfaction to see my name amongst the Four-in-hand Club, and a puff about my new carriage. Just now Sir John came in, smelt so infernally of the stable that I was obliged to plead an engagement in order to get rid of him; he wanted to take me to Adams's, to see a carriage upon an improved principle, but I prefer the Acre; probably expected to be ask-to dine with me, but I was down upon him. My head still in a sad state; burned pastilles to no purpose; rubbed my forehead with eau de Cologne; no good in that;" (Qu. which, the forehead or the water?) "looked at my pocket-book; found all my money gone; must go no more to hell on a Sunday; that dancing concern at R—b—'s is a double trap; in future must content myself with a little go at Lady O—'s, and the finish at the honourable C—'s; hate Sunday concert's and conversaziones, as bad as evening sermons and Sunday schools; thought I

should take a little rhubarb to brace my stomach; and resolved to consult broken-down George, for which I must have lent him a five pound note, or given him his dinner, but found that Curacoa did as well. A-propos, George promised to bishop my roan for me, and to put Crazy Jane into condition for sale, for which he shall have a month's riding of her; he likewise is to put me up to a horse dealing speculation. Took four hours to dress; and then it rained; ordered the tilbury and my umbrella, and drove to the fives' court; next to my tailor's; put him off after two years' tick; no bad fellow that Weston! he deserves well of his country; called on Lady F——, made fierce love to her, but thought she smelt of brandy; returned to dress; broke three stay-laces and a buckle; tore the quarter of a pair of shoes, made so thin by O'-Shaughnesy, in St. James's Street, that they were as light as brown paper; what a pity! they were lined with pink satin, and were quite the go; put on a pair of Hoby's; over-did it in perfuming my handkerchief, and had to recommence *de novo;* could not please myself in tying my cravat; lost three quarters of an hour by that; tore two pair of kid gloves in putting them hastily on; was obliged to go gently to work with the third; lost another quarter of an hour by this; drove off furiously in my chariot, but had to return for my splendid snuff-box, as I knew that I should eclipse the circle by it; started again, but was stopped for ten minutes by a brewer's dray; d——d the fellow for blocking up the way, and he had the impudence to say to my coachman, 'What does he say? take that ere thing home, and show him half price for the monkey as has seen the world.' Did not get to dinner until near nine; second course half over; things neither

hot nor cold; make my apologies very prettily, but found myself in the minority for coming so late; stuck to the Champagne and Burgundy like a leech; called at all the Theatres; too late for all; had no resource but the club; got home about five; don't recollect how I got to bed, but my French servant tells me that I was quite sober, which is no more than his duty at all events."

The rest of the week being spent in nearly the same manner, with the difference of calls at Tattersal's, At-homes, attended for ten minutes each, half hours spent at the Opera, nights at the club, and days in bed; it is unnecessary to detail this happy division of time any further.

No. L.

A NEIGHBOUR AT DINNER.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall.

Pope.

Great dinners, unless they have some general object in view, as ministerial, electioneering, or charitable entertainments, are long, heavy, formal, concerns. In the former cases, the object proposed is always kept in view; the chair is, generally well occupied; and the whole of the conversation tends to the point aimed at; and the guest has a duty to perform in attending, from which he feels released at the close of the scene; a sameness of toasts fatigue him, no doubt; but interest invariably draws him to the meeting. The civic, aldermanic, and nabob feasts are still heavier, in two senses of the word; and I always avoid them. Mere turtle and venison are to be found at all the houses of our nobility; whilst parish business, or a discussion on the merits and demerits of the culinary art have no interest for me; and although his late Grace of Norfolk asserted, that "a good dinner could not last too long, nor a bad one be too soon over," I am of opinion with Moliere's Miser, that the words "*Il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre pour manger,*" ought to be written in letters of gold; many of our fat and portly elders and magistrates, however, clad in purple and scarlet, are of another opinion.

At a great dinner of general purpose, society, or hospitality, good cooking, and good style are always

to be met with in the first circles. Good company, therefore, is the great desideratum we look for; and, after an agreeable host and hostess who do the honours of their table in a superior manner, we are glad to find some well-informed and pleasant man who takes the lead in conversation; but, above all, an agreeable neighbour at table is a great charm of society. The former is a treasure for the time being, and suits one who, like myself, is fond of listening; but the latter establishes one more link in the social chain, becomes your friend for the time, and suits every one. We admire the one; but we have a feeling of personal regard for the other.

How unfortunate is his lot who is placed next to a belle, tongue-tied by pride or ignorance! or close to a deaf dowager, who makes one of the party only on the score of relationship, or interest! or by a loquacious old maid talking about nothing! or by a stern and taciturn cynic, the useful man of the family, or perhaps, a parliamentary or literary connection! and how enviable the contrast of a delightful captivating woman; whose ease, good-breeding, and becoming kindness, serve to gild the hours which you pass in her company; or of a travelled man, of elegant, adorned mind, at home on every subject, yet politely more anxious to suit his attentions and conversation to your feelings and pursuits, than to parade his superior knowledge, his excellence, or the leading passion of his own mind.

One great misery in table-society is to be placed by a beauty, whose vanity leads her to your next neighbour but one, a younger, richer, or higher titled man, who seems to do you a favour by sidling from you, instead of turning her back upon you, and who is so admired that she has not a thought for you. Perchance, you may take wine with her; but

as to arresting her attention one second, that is wholly out of the case; and if, on the other side, you have a silent companion, or one who deals in amplified nothings, or tries, unsuccessfully, to be a general favourite by spouting stale puns, trite remarks, and self-applause, you may remain insulated in the most brilliant circle.

From this situation, indeed, you may have the humiliation to see yourself occasionally rescued by the eye of the host or hostess singling you out for a momentary share in conversation, or for a glass of wine; or you may even be relieved by one of those countenances which are the mirrors of the soul, and which facing you, or obliquely opposite, addresses something agreeable to you, which may draw you out, place you in an advantageous light, and enable you to speak on a favourite topic, or such as the amiable guest knows you to be master of. There is not, perhaps, a more friendly act than this; none which has more weight at the moment, none which we feel more gratefully: it is nothing short of a virtue; for

> ". . . . To teach us to be kind,
> "Is nature's first, best lesson to mankind."

How many a stranger in a mixed company, placed beyond the rays of attraction and hospitality from the master and mistress of the house, has sunk into a temporary despondency, whilst all was smiles and revelry around him; or has sat dejected like a poor relation, who is never encouraged to take a lead!

The host and hostess, then, like the orb of day, should shed their warmth and the lustre of their attentions all around them; but your next neighbour

at table, should be the star to light you through the evening, and become the greatest point of attraction.

It is more difficult for a man of a certain age to obtain this felicity, than a young elegant; because gallantry suiteth not age, and delicate attention is the only substitute which he can find for it, since

"— — — — amore
"In canuti penseir' si disconvene."

Perhaps there cannot be a greater test of the qualities of the heart, than a beautiful and fashionable woman's leaning indulgently to the garrulity of age, and dividing her attention betwixt an elderly neighbour and her many admirers; or than a man of good person and good breeding, or of influence and celebrity, placing himself by neglected diffidence, or humanely showing a feeling for a want of personal charms, or of youth, in his female neighbour, in a gay and giddy circle.

I remember a captain of cavalry, of very handsome person, and a most favourite member of society, captivating all around him by his devotion, in point of attention, to the deformed daughter of a certain peer, whose person and whose fortune could draw no admirers or speculators. He was my most intimate friend; and I never saw him to such great advantage, though an expression of female surprise, and an increased flush of female envy, were, more than once, directed towards him. In the course of the evening, however, he gained general applause, and established an interest in every heart.

Nor was my friend wrong in selecting the object of his friendly pity; for, independent of this noble sacrifice to humanity, her ladyship's mental acquire-

ments were such as to render her a very agreeable companion. It would be superfluous to add, that he inspired her with a grateful feeling of esteem, which she cherished for him ever after. These instances of disinterested generosity proceed from very superior feelings. Happy he, or she who possesses them!

When the three hours of three courses are over, and the ladies have removed, there is then another consideration to be taken into calculation, namely, the general bent and feeling of the company. Woman's charms and woman's smiles being removed, however well-informed and highly polished your host may be, conversation will take a particular turn. If the circle be parliamentary, it will talk about the House, and something may be learned. If men of science preponderate in the numerical scale of the company, much improvement may be expected.

Unfortunately, however, it too often happens, after a few glasses of wine, that there prevails a little scandal on the common topics of the day; the general admiration of Lady Lucy's complexion, or of some other fair one's form; observations on the last crowded At-home, or well-conducted fete; and that the male party are travelling from Epsom to New-Market, from Tattersal's to Leicestershire, or are all mounted or placed on their box, riding, driving, and, often bargaining, that great losses and great boastings swell the ample theme; and that the first ranks and fortunes in the country thus sink into the stable and the dog-kennel. The wine, in general, circulates too freely with some portion of the company, although the hyper-Exquisite, as well as the man truly *comme il faut*, keeps within bounds and values his conversation.

There are, moreover, every where insects where there are sweets; and still more loose and degrading themes frequently occupy the time and attention, nay, inspire the mirth of the very highest and most illustrious in the kingdom. At this period, it becomes the duty of every thinking man either to retire to coffee, or to withdraw entirely; for, previous to this perversion of intellect, he will have heard a sufficient number of insipid uninteresting details to be sick of listening, and to have given up all hopes of improving by the discourse. "A good thing Lord George made at the Derby! or at the Craven! the knowing ones all out in their reckoning! he sold the winner for twice what he was worth! the young grazier a fine plump one for the turf!" or something equally classical and rational; as, "Colonel, might I ask what you gave for the black horse? he is a fine-tempered horse, and shews a beautiful figure; but I think a little deficient in bottom; he seemed a good deal distressed at coming in;" (this is if the speaker wants to buy) or, "Well, Sir Harry, I'll sell you the brace of dogs for one hundred; or an exchange—the shooting pony and sixty guineas, or, your mare and double-barrelled gun;—any thing for a deal."

How truly below the level of the commonest understanding of a man of the world, much less of an aged man, is all this; or a verbose (always, however, in a minor key, in high life,) dispute about the breed of a horse, the performance of a dog, or the nature of a bet, to be referred to the Jockey Club! Most enviable are those, and they are the real *elegants*, who, either deeply interested in some beauty present, adjourned to softer society, and to more refinement; or who, in order to fulfil a multiplicity of engagements, to save their head, and

to make an appearance at the last ballet, order their carriages at eleven, and escape before the heated latter end of the repast.

In spite, however, of these our national defects, my heart glows within me when I look back to many a friendship formed with a pleasant neighbour at table, who then laid the foundation on which further experience of amiable disposition built the firm superstructure of regard. Sweet sensibility! we trace thee in every step through life! The sympathetic look, which encourages and invites us to further friendly intercourse, the courtesy of smiles—a benevolent inclination of the head, a look, an outstretched arm—a passing thought perceived, the welcome of the eyes, the receding of politeness to let us pass, a situation given up, a preference shown, the drawing back of humility, or the motioning to advance, to approximate one's self to our fellow man—these, all these, are the links of that great chain, which, commencing in heaven gently descends to us inhabitants of earth, unites and binds us together, twines us in the most enchanting folds of love and friendship, establishes the more tender and delicate connections—in a word, comforts and and consoles us whilst we are guests here below, constitutes every refinement of mortal bliss, and is worked up into endless bewitching and delightful shapes; which are continually affording fresh enjoyments to the fancy of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LI.

A BELLE'S DIARY—A FRAGMENT.

Musçalis dreams of last night's ball till ten,
Drinks chocolate, strokes Fop, and sleeps again.
Dr. Warton.

I GIVE the following diary of a fashionable female, as a sort of companion to that of my relative, the Exquisite, which I have laid before my readers, and I think it will puzzle the wisest of them to decide which of the two is the most creditable to "the age we live in."

"Struck my repeater at twelve; thought it could not be so much; sad head-ache; sorry for what passed betwixt Sir Harry and myself; should have kept my temper better; but jealousy, loss of money at play, Lady Birribi's odious conduct, her marked partiality for the Baronet, my being seated next Lord Ninivie—sprung from a Jewish race, fatiguingly civil, and insufferably lucky at cards, was enough to make any one out of temper; must get her Ladyship into good humour again, as I fear I am in her power. My Lord too, must be appeased; luckily he was a little tipsey; came home late, and was carried up to the green-room. Rung my bell twice; got irritable; rung it a third time, the cord broke; Mrs. Minikin entered; scolded her unmercifully, and she flounced and pouted like a petted school-girl; recollected one hundred pounds due to her; changed my tone; hinted at gowns that I should leave off; mentioned that my lace veil would look as good as new, and that she should

have it." "A fine young man," quoth I, "who visits you—a tradesman's son I presume." 'No, my Lady, he's a dyer.' "Oh! very good, Minikin, I suppose he dies for you." 'Law, my Lady, you are always so good humoured,' (any thing but that, but I had her there.) "I'm very unwell, Minikin," added I, "cross, and quite out of sorts." 'Bless your Ladyship's heart,' cried Minikin, 'bless your Ladyship's heart, you can be so funny when you please,'—(good humoured when it suits your interest, she might have said.) "I now called for rose-water, elder-flower-water, and lavender-water, with which I went through the ablution of face, eyes, arms, and hands; next I changed my cambric; called for aromatic vinegar, eau de Cologne, strong coffee, ether, noyeau; all failed; laid down again." "Minikin," said I, (for I had reason for keeping her in good humour) "how can I serve your swain? has he got a shop?" 'No, my Lady, he is an apprentice.' "Oh! I'll get him out of his time." 'Yes, my Lady, but I am not quite fixt; I have (leaning her head on one side and playing with her fingers) a sort of a fancy for a life-guardsman.'—"Better still," said I, "we'll get him promoted, his discharge, and a situation as yeoman of the guard, or perhaps a commission," (which I had as much idea of as the man in the moon.) 'Law, my Lady, that would be nice; I should so like to be an officer's Lady,' answered Minikin, quite elate. Head-ache worse and worse; took some ether and opium; a little better; put on my cambric rapper trimmed with lace; looked rather well; pleased at that; heard my Lord swearing like a dragoon at his groom; frightened to death; dreaded that my flirtation with the Baronet and my losses at play might come out; my debts too, enormous!!! Wrote a severe letter mingled with kindness to the Baro-

net; sent to purchase some game, which I forwarded with a flattering epistle to Lady Birribi; passed off the game as coming from Denbigh Park, and a pine from our hot-house; made Minikin write half-a-dozen put-off letters to my duns.—Two o'clock; dressed; finished by half-past four; went out in the open carriage; met Sir Henry at C———'s; drove to the Regent's Park; quite reconciled; he swore that he only flirted with Lady Birribi, in order to try the force of my regard. N. B. Men are great rogues.—Five o'clock; in better spirits; hit upon a plan to get my debts paid; came home at six; feigned violent illness; sent for the Doctor; laid our heads together (an odd term!) to hoax my Lord; the Doctor reported me to be delirious, adding that I had a slow fever, that I had been sleepless for many nights, and had put off attending to my malady, he feared, to long; it was a settled melancholy, a nervous depression of spirits, increased by my pretending to be gay and undisturbed, which exertion brought on a fever. "What can the cause be?" cried my Lord; 'Tis a very delicate thing to mention,' replied my Physician. "What!" exclaimed my Lord, with one of his round oaths, "is it an attachment for some one?" 'For your Lordship,' answered the crafty Doctor, 'and much uneasiness at your neglect.' What a happy thought! although no one could be more indifferent on that subject than myself. "I'll go to her directly." 'Not for the world; she must not be disturbed this night; I have given her a composing draft; but I fear that it will have no effect; another cause prevents her cure.' "Name it," said my Lord; (a little hesitation) 'Her debts.' "The devil!" 'Yes, my Lord; in the absence of her reason, you observe,—in her hurry, as it were, when struggling against depression, and under the influence

of fever, she was imprudent at play: mark ye, the mind must be occupied, it is a part of the malady.' "Well, Doctor," concluded my Lord, "I will cheerfully pay all her debts." 'Write her a few lines to that effect, replied the Apollo of all the Physicians, 'and her maid shall put it on her dressing-table; it will have more effect than the draught,' (there he was right enough.) "I will," said my Lord, "but are you sure she will not require my presence?" 'Oh it would be too much for her,' (true again;) ''twould be very improper.' "Then," observed my Lord, "I can safely dine out and attend the club; and (in a low tone of voice) stop out till eight or nine o'clock to-morrow." All this he did. It was eight o'clock P. M. when this pleasing intelligence was brought to me; I rose and dressed; took two table spoonfuls of soup; eat part of a chicken-currie, and a sweet-bread *en fricandeau*; drank three glasses of Champagne; ordered the vis-a-vis; went to a quadrille-ball; came home at four; gave the porter, footman, and coachman a pound note each; 'twas paying dear for my night's entertainment, but *n'importe*, great people cannot get on without the agency of secret service and of hush money; never slept so well in my life, and imposed upon my Lord for not having quitted my bed for two days: my debts were paid; and all right again."

Notwithstanding my admiration of the fair sex, I must acknowledge that the perusal of such an account as the above, not only completely reconciles me to my state as a *celibataire*, but confirms me in my resolution, with which I hope my readers will not be displeased, of keeping up, throughout the remainder of my life, to my character of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LII.

GALLOMANIA.

Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
'Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
'Quelle manche! ce galon est grossierement range,
'Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degage.' *Gay.*

Charles Beverly, the son of my old College companion, is just arrived from France. He accosted me in Bond Street with "Ha, my good Sir, how do you do? an age since we met! you see me just as imported from France; I am forced to come over to administer to the will of my sister, or I assure you that I would not have troubled John Bull with my presence. I wonder how the devil you can live in this country with a national debt large enough to swallow up half Europe; with a regular deficit in the revenue of the country which is quite unequal to meet its expenditure; a kite-flying paper credit; a rotten administration; public confidence lost; trade at a stand; and such a burthen of taxes imposed upon you, that it completely crushes every one?

"Besides, I am amazed that a man of the world like you—a perfect Cosmopolite, should linger in such a land, and prefer roast beef and hot port-wine, stupid and monotonous pastimes, a bad climate, and every thing cent. per cent. dearer than in France; when, with your income, you could have your two courses and a desert daily, and your fruit so superior in quality, and could drink half a dozen of wines,

and those the finest in the world, for just what it costs you to exist in London. Then the women! As for me, my dear Sir, I contrive to drink my Burgundy and Champagne daily, and to go to the play and the Opera every night; Sunday too, how delightful! ball—play—masquerade—always something; whilst John Bull must either get drunk, get into the blue devils, or turn Puritan or Methodist and go to Church four times a day.

"Such a contrast! I cannot conceive how a man of sense like you, and one too who knows and who loves the good things of this world, can vegetate in this dull smoky country. Your smoky coals too, and expensiveness of keeping high company!—Whereas a young man of good appearance (pulling up his cravat) has a master-key to every door in France. *Vive la France!* say I from the bottom of my heart."

Before I proceed to state my answer to this youth, so infected with Gallomania that his brain was completely turned, I shall endeavour to describe him, and to give a very few lines explanatory of his history, as it will throw a light on those coxcombs who condemn Old England thus, and who ought certainly to be known.

This youth's father was a most respectable clergyman. He brought his son up at Harrow and at Cambridge; giving him an excellent education and leaving him four hundred a year. Charles, however, refused to belong to any profession. His father having died during his minority, he passed a winter in London, got in debt, grumbled and paid it off, and has now been three years passing his time between Paris and Brussels, which is his little world. With this experience, and at the age of twenty-five, he erects himself into a judge of nations and of man-

kind, and he decides thus finally and severely against his country and its government, without knowing either.

Returned from abroad, he is, in his dress and in his manners, a kind of amphibious animal—a Gallo-Britain, an unnatural mixture of affectation and severity—dogmatical, dictatorial, self-satisfied, and consequential. The very man whom he imitates is less repugnant to me than himself; for the Frenchman is *tout Francaise*—if he have the levity and affectation of his country, he also possesses its gaiety and thoughtlessness. Frenchified John Bull is a grave solemn coxcomb, a systematical voluptuary, a would-be butterfly, and a positive blockhead; whilst Monsieur naturally changes his opinions, his laws, his habits, his politics, and his principles, as quickly as the wind varies in the most uncertain latitudes. He may, therefore, be pardonable for the same thing that is criminal in the British Gallomaniac, who ought to know better, and who acts thus from pure selfishness, or from the spirit of contradiction.

In dress and in opinion Charles Beverly was the same; having at once the complete Parisian costume, and wanting the excessive neatness and cleanliness of a well-dressed Englishman; having boots made on the worst model, and a round hat with a certain crookedness in it, stuck on one side, like any thing but a good Bond-street or St. James's-street pattern.

In answer to my friend, I took the liberty to inform him, that it often happened for three months together, that I neither fed upon roast beef, nor hot port; for my society being of the first class, I tasted every species of the very best French and all other wines as often as I pleased; that two cour-

ces and a dessert were regular things at the tables of our nobility; and that as for the women, I had travelled in my youth, and had never seen any equal to my countrywomen. I allowed that things were somewhat dearer than abroad, but observed that so dear was my country to me, that I grudged no price in giving her the preference to all others; and that were my income less than it is, I should suffer all kind of privation for the sake of being in a free country, and with the hope, which every patriot ought to cherish, of identifying himself with the prosperity or adversity of his native land, of contributing all in his power towards supporting the national honour, and, at the close of life, of being gathered to his ancestors and deposited in his native soil.

In spite of the vulgar, hasty, impertinent, but inconclusive "Ah! bah!" which he had borrowed from the French, I assured him that I neither saw the morality nor the necessity of passing Sunday in waltzing, nor at public theatres, nor in the broad vulgar mirth, nor the more refined intrigue of a masquerade, and that it was not necessary to turn fanatic of any persuasion, in order to get through the day without violating the laws of the country and of decorum. Friendly dinners, elegant *conversaziones*, select parties, and music, appeared quite gay enough for me on that day; not to mention that if he were extravagantly and idly inclined, card-parties and gambling were to be met with in London as well as in Paris, with all the rich viands and wines, cheaper perhaps in France than here, but less select and perfect.

I could not convince him; he pulled out a large vulgar snuff-box with the head of Bonaparte on it, and offered me a pinch of snuff which I rejected;

telling him that if he would wait till after dinner, when the cloth was removed, I would for society sake, offer him one out a box value eighty guineas, but which was not adorned with the head either of an Usurper or of an enemy to my country. Our silly youth indulge in the snuff-box or the cigar, as well as the French, but to less excess, and never in good company, save meetings of military men, where the dangers and the glory of past campaigns go off together in smoke, and where the broad oath and the bristly mustachio may be allowed to pass.

As to the freedom of France, it is a mere farce to talk of it; the weight of taxes is severely enough felt by the inhabitants, who take care to throw off as much of their burden as they can upon the stranger, who is cheated in every article of life, and who when he has thus paid for the preference given to France, is neither respected nor protected, and loses his time in endeavouring to make friends abroad, whilst he succeeds in gaining enemies at home.

We parted, not quite good friends; and I began to reflect on the great cause of this Gallomania, and on the class of Gallomaniacs. The cause is ignorance of high life at home, backed by envy and by poverty of head and of pocket. There are men, however, who tell you that they would rather drink claret abroad than port wine at home. Then let them seek for ice in perfection in the frozen regions of Greenland or in the wilds of Siberia. Let them eat melons and pine-apples plucked wild, if along with them they prefer the fevers of the West-Indies, and the being surrounded by sable nudity, degraded humanity, and musquitoes.

Will any rational being pretend to say that he has no home—no country; and that the delights of

the Epicure make his terrestrial paradise;—that *bien boire et bien manger*, table delights, loose pleasures, and public amusements, can fill the heart of a thinking individual of either sex? Where is the man who has no ties, no relatives, no interest in his native land, no opinion, no political creed, and who can drink his glass of sillery, or smoke his hookah within a moment of the destruction of the world? Such a man has a right to prefer any country to his own, to fix his abode in the first wine cellar, or to perch like an inanimate sign on the best barrel of liquor which he meets with, and there to plant himself for life. The father, the son, the relations, the friend, the patriot, the Christian, can never choose thus: relative duties will bind him to his soil, national worth will attach him to his government; his preponderance at home (for respectability always claims it) will place him higher there than he can stand elsewhere.

The men, in truth, who thus abuse their native soil, are men who are nobody in their own country, and who by the trifling advantages of the reduced price of provisions or the exchange being in their favour, purchase a petty short-lived consequence elsewhere,—men, who, passing for what they are not, acquire a borrowed importance, which sinks with the price of provisions or of the stocks, and vanishes on the first rumour of war. But the greater part of these important Gallomaniacs, are young people who have seen nothing, or old people who have seen too much—those who have either acquired no character, or who have lost it at home; triflers, boasters, and misrepresenters, who drink Burgundy, vinegar, or claret, for fifteen or eighteen pence abroad. They are ignorants who admire a dozen dishes of disguised meats, for two,

three, or five livres ahead, which are composed of the leavings of ten days' entertainment—a fricasse with nine legs and one wing successively mutilated, and old fragments—covered with oiled butter, and a few plates of dirty and over-done vegetables—a gigot infected with garlick—and an omelette filled with onions, in preference to two or three clean and wholsome dishes.—The real *cuisine Francaise* is to be had in all its purity in the houses of our nobility, only at a higher rate.

Do we, however, go abroad merely to eat and drink? or do we travel for improvement? If the latter, it is to hold a higher situation in society at home, to benefit our native land; if the former, we are mere animals elevated nothing above the quadruped, who shifts from plant to plant, or from field to field to satiate his brutal appetite. But debt, misdemeanor, disease, and discontent, are the more common motives for emigration; and from such causes, what results may be expected? The man who is imprudent, calls himself unfortunate; the man who is guilty, blames his accuser; the man who is sickly, must change the scene, but is seldom or ever contented; nay, the rich and intellectual traveller, whilst he admires the Italian sky, or praises the corn, wine, and oil of France, still languishes for home. In the same manner he who has lived in high life in England, will never quit it until he is forced so to do, by misfortune or by his own fault, and therefore I confidently hope that it never will be quitted, at least not for any length of time, by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LIII.

FANCY BALLS.

In the smooth dance, to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly though serene.
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach. *Soame Jenyns.*

I was present, the other night, at Lady ———'s fancy ball. As I am not any longer a dancer, balls have very little attraction for me, except inasmuch as nature and life may be studied there as well as elsewhere. A fancy ball has one peculiar attraction and advantage over balls in general, because it partakes of all the good of a masquerade, without having any of its exceptionable qualities. The liberty, or rather the licentiousness, which the mask favours, is here excluded; for whatever character his Grace or her Ladyship may assume, still does the original stand confessed to answer for any trespass on the laws of delicacy, or any deviation from the most refined urbanity.

A Spanish Cavalier may be gallant; but he must be respectful: he may tune his guitar to a love strain; but he must not outstep the limits of propriety. The gitanella, or the Spanish female dancer, may dance to the light casannetti; but her only levity will be that of her nimble feet; no mask will deprive you of her natural beauties, nor screen any dereliction of decorum. And the Tragedy King and Queen may strut out their hour in stateliness, and in magnificence of costume, without being intruded on as at a masquerade.

All, at a fancy ball, is (or ought to be) taste, elegance, and correct adherence to costume, to dignity, or at all events to appropriateness of character, to an observance of the peculiarities of dance regulated by the country represented, to the air, to the language, and to the music of that nation in whose garb the bella signora, or the Austrian hussar, may be habited; thus giving all the grace without the noise and confusion of a masked ball.

Besides, a masquerade bespeaks mixed company; whereas, a fancy divertissement argues selection of beauty and of fashion, chastity of taste, variety of attraction, and combination of talent. You have not, at these *fetes*, noisy watchmen, riotous sailors, savages from Otaheite, and a parcel of low ballad singers, mop-squeezers out of place, lawyers and doctors with trite remarks, chimney-sweepers, and hay-makers, nor any character in so low a walk of life as neither to deserve imitation, nor to be introduced into the first and the most polished society. Such characters suit a carnival; but become not the gilded saloon, the hall ornamented with the chaste decorations of ancient Greece, and beautified by the works of Rome, the glowing pencils of a Titian and a Corregio, where all is classical, historical, and emblematical.

In such a place, the beauties of history and of poetry should appear both in lovely, living models, and on canvass; but nothing base or common should intrude. The eye seeks every where for the tasteful and ornamental, and cannot put up with aught which is vulgar, or in the remotest degree inelegant.

At the fete in question, all were attentive to their characters. A most lovely woman gave a suitable representation to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and mingled sympathy with the natural inte-

rest which a beautiful female inspires. A noble marquis was splendidly habited as a Spanish Don, and played very expressively on the guitar. We had a Bolero by beautiful performers of the first fashion; a waltz in character, by Hungarian ladies in perfect costume, and by fine young Hussars; a quadrille by sixteen *paysans et paysannes* of different French provinces, the characters all well supported, the dresses strictly peculiar to the province, the whole party dancing admirably well, and crowned with the vine and with flowers, as if at the getting in of a vintage.

A *pas de deux* was performed, in an operatical style of excellence, by amateurs, and the promenading in character had a splendid effect. Here were sultans and sultanas, characters from Shakspeare's dramas, the costume of Greece and of Rome, graces, nymphs, sylphs, and heathen divinities.

But whilst I am on the subject of costume and of drapery in particular, it may not be out of place to add a few words for my female readers, for whose amusement in particular I have written this sketch. The art of disposing drapery depends on four things, the laws of gravity and of motion, which command the sweeping train, and loosely floating robe, or the adhesive folds which embrace the form, cling to the limbs, and hang in elegant festoon. Exposure and concealment are the next attendant qualities: unity and correctness conclude the dress. The draperies of the ancients were in their folds very similar to fine muslin; so that our modern beauties can with ease imitate the ancient models of perfection.

All this, as well as head-dress, attitude and deportment, were faithfully attended to on this occasion, by a number of women of the first figure and fashion. We had the harp, the lute, and the lyre;

and, besides characteristic instrumental harmony, and dancing, we had, after supper, vocal performers in many languages, and songs, duets, trios, and glees; for the nobility and gentry assembled could support their characters in the language of the country represented, instead of, as at many of our masquerades, exhibiting a mute Hidalgo, because he could not speak Spanish; a pantomimic Italian dancer, because the lady was ignorant of that language; or a German, Russian, Prussian, or Hollander, speaking bad French, or a gibberish of his own composition, if called on to answer in the tongue which his costume bespoke.

All these are great faults at a masquerade. But at a dress and fancy ball, they are as unpardonable as a gouty Harlequin, a dowager Venus, a silent Frenchman, or a merry-andrew monk. Indeed, I never saw the wit or the advantage of dragging Nuns and Friars from the seclusion of the Cloister, to be made objects of ridicule in a ball-room. The improbability of such characters appearing in such a place, is at variance with probability; no amusement can be derived from the *jeu d'esprit* of such performers; and the mere entertainment of degrading any church, or any religious habit, is only fitted for an uncivilized savage, or an unprincipled libertine.

The last peculiar advantage which a fancy ball has over a masked one, is, that at the latter, disfiguring disguises, frequently conceal beauty and fine proportions; whereas, at the former, every one tries to adopt the most becoming dress, or to represent the character which he or she has the most talent for, and which is not at variance with appearance. At a masquerade, most people wish not to be recognized: at a fancy fete all are anxious to be distinguished. Often, in the masquerade, the

mind is on the rack to invent an impenetrable disguise; whilst in the fashionable divertissement, the taste alone is employed in devising something new, elegant and appropriate.

A gentleman who had been black-balled at a club, and who was very anxious on that account, not to be known at the following masquerade, asked his friend what disguise was most likely to preserve the incognito inviolable. The friend replied, "Go in the uniform of the club, and every one will be sure that it is not you.

On the contrary, at these elegant fetes, where a person's taste is identified with his costume, every one is anxious to be either what he should be, or at all events what he would be, and on this account the graces and loves, warriors, heroes, and the great characters of antiquity, were very numerous in our assembly, and were, some of them, very ably supported. I myself made my observations at leisure, and unperceived, going in the character of a Hermit, and finding the scene before me peculiarly calculated to awaken the most agreeable contemplations in the mind of such a calm spectator as

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LIV.

CONVERSATION.

> Whence comes it that in every art we see,
> Many can rise to a supreme degree;
> Yet in this art, for which all seem design'd
> By nature, scarcely one complete we find?
>
> *Stillingfleet.*

What properly may be called conversation is divisable into two heads, general and particular; for I do not count as conversation, the fiddle-faddle of fops and of flirts, or the retail stuff of a morning visit, which is composed of the scandal collected from others, or of a bare repetition of what the morning prints furnish, and often so unfaithfully remembered, or so carelessly reported, that the original is not recognizable. Nor, lastly, do I consider as conversation the chit-chat and town-talk formed of the leading articles of calumny, or of some trite subject as little interesting as the Chien Munito, the learned pig, the horse-whipping of orator Hunt, or the pig-faced lady.

Conversation, in a large, brilliant, and polite circle, is not so easily managed as may be imagined; for there, it is not, as in any particular set, such as virtuosi, men of letters, political assemblies, or mere convivial meetings, where second-rate abilities, aided by good anecdotes, good memory, good humour, and a little seasoning of wit, will carry the speaker through easily enough, and where he may make a respectable appearance at a moderate intellectual expense. General conversation in a circle of fashion, whether at the banquet or in the

drawing-room, at court or in the country, must be chaste, amusing, general, and full of novelty, since every hearer may be a critic, and every passive member of society expects to be rewarded for allowing another active one to take the lead, and for his sacrifice of time and of attention, of respect to the speaker, and of silence, which last costs no small effort to some of the fairer and most amiable sex.

I have remarked, however, at great dinners, that conversation is apt to become particular, and confined to a right or to a left hand neighbour, or to a small segment of the circle, unless a person of high talent or irresistible attraction be there, who can speak of something very interesting indeed in the first person—a thing difficult to do with dignity, modesty, and interest united. The consequence is, that the conversation of large parties is generally made up of polite expletives, of common inquiries or remarks, of an account of the weather (John Bull's great resource in dialogue) and of shreds and patches not worthy of remembering, ill connected together, and formed of materials supplied from the speaker's profession, habits and pursuits, without a due observance of the laws of politeness, which are imperative as to conversing on the subject which is most likely to please the company, without egotism, preaching, or becoming dogmatical.

Thus the business of the house House of Commons is a very dry subject for the ladies, whose eyes legislate enough for their purpose, and whose canvass and election apply to the heart and not to the head. Again, the soldier who fights his battles o'er and o'er, and detains his auditors upon the field amongst the killed and wounded, is nothing short of offence to grave men of science, or to flutterers

of fashion, who are pleased alone with the lightest and with the most agreeable subjects. A table critic is a table nuisance; and a great traveller is generally a great ——, (I must stop here; the world is never mentioned to polite ears,) a great egotist and a great annoyance.

Those who possess copious *jeux d'esprits*, from which they can draw at pleasure, according to the cast and humour of their hearers, are few; and those who can converse and listen with equal judgment, who can make the most of their own talent, and still enhance that of another, by playing into his hands and eliciting his abilities, are fewer still. The first class requires an excellent head; the second demands both head and heart. The value therefore of conversation is commonly small; nay that little is most generally counterfeit; it fills the ear whilst it is dealt out, but it either sinks not into the memory when we return to our closet; or if remembered, is not unfrequently either so ridiculous or so stupid, that it only induces us to say, "I have lost another day."

I was lately at a very great dinner. There was no one to take the lead except a naval officer, who after the plain-sailing of the topic of the times, royal marriages, electioneering, the picking of pockets, and the accidents arising from the poll, got out to sea, and kept us in storms and in tempests, cutting out the enemy's ships and storming forts until our hair stood an end. Somehow or other he got aground under a heavy fire of the enemy's batteries, and the general attention and interest did not last until he got off again. There the admiral stuck, and the conversation began to run in different channels.

I preserved a profound silence, and all I could collect was as follows: (from a young Lord,) "I never saw a finer woman in my life; so well dressed too; her mother was beautiful; it was thought she was much admired in a certain quarter, where age and size are no impediments to love; was thought to have a *tendre* for the Duke's brother; notorious in the annals of gallantry; allow me to put a little wine into your Ladyship's glass; can recommend the hock, 'tis unique." (A young M. P.) "I saw you on the committee; what a hoax; I wish it were over; I was bored with two letters above my number from my constituents; wished them at the North Pole; I had four pages to read about the new road; I wish they would mend their ways without plaguing me; but look, my Lord John, the Marchioness addresses you; a sweet woman, upon my life; what a log of lumber the husband; you do me honour;" takes his glass of wine. (The Alderman.) "A little Harvey sauce, if you please; yes, Sir, I dined with the noble Baronet; a sumptuous repast; but might have been better conducted; he keeps a she-cook, that spoils all, although he gives her a hundred per annum, and lets her have four helpers; but nothing short of a he-cook can prepare a feast in good form; indeed the Baronet himself is not enough of an Epicure to attend to the minutiæ of good living; the venison was good, but there were no water plates; what a mortal sin against comfort! the turbot was admirable, but not so the lobster-sauce; there was a want of lemon-juice in the made-dishes; and the ortolan was cold before it came to my share; our host was in high spirits; but he told so many stories about Seringapatam that we got dry during the third course;" a laugh of course, and a coarse laugh. (An officer of the Life Guards,)—

"Upon the honour of a soldier and of a man, (in a half whisper to a beautiful girl by his side,) you may believe me, I do not flatter, and I will tell you more in the drawing room; apropos, if you go to Lady Fidget's waltz with me, I know that young Lightfoot will ask you, but mortify him by saying that you are pre-engaged; don't tell your aunt what I said to you at the Opera." (The Lady,) "Be more discreet: every eye is on us." (The Captain,) "Come then, do let me help you to some Champagne, as it is coming round; I'll be shot if I don't adore you."

Our host now perceived that the Admiral looked defeated since his battery was silenced; he therefore asked him about the attack at Algiers. We now again got engaged with the foe, and the fight lasted until the ladies retreated. The Life-Guardsman squeezed his fair neighbour's hand on parting with her, unperceived as he thought; and I got a deaf Bishop for my next seat friend. I calculated that I had been listening for three hours; and I leave my reader to decide the value of all that had fallen from the circle. Yet he will find, upon comparing many set dinners, that the same bill of fare will be served up to him, as well as to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LV.

JUST COME FROM BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Their Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen. *Pope.*

My niece Sophia has left boarding-school but a few weeks, and has just returned from a tour to the lakes. She is a very fine girl; but I perceive that a seclusion from the world and a naturally romantic turn of mind have ruined her.

In my brother's time, he had an aversion to allowing her to come out too early, and to her mingling in town pleasures; and since his demise, her guardians have kept her entirely at school, or at their country-seat. The consequence of this is, that picturesque views, woods and lakes, abrupt mountains and rural scenery, are the only objects with which she is acquainted; whilst she has contrived, secretly, to furnish her brain with all the modern novels and poetry she could lay her hands on; and from these sources she has drawn a fund of sentimental romance, with which her mind is completely filled.

In her dress she is as whimsical as a maniac, diversifying it on the models of Greece and Rome, or on the more modern descriptions of novels and romances. Sometimes she is an Heloise, sometimes a Caroline of Litchfield, the Ellen of the Lady of the Lake, or the Fair Rosamond of more faithful history.

Her amusements are midnight rambles, moonlight scenery, visits to woods, groves, and waterfalls;

wooing echo with her plaintive strains, with the recitation of mad poetry, or of the deep tragic muse; listening to the Æolian harp's soft and irregular breathing, in notes "to mortal minstrelsy unknown;" reading in the heat of the day, under an aged oak or sycamore tree, decking her head and her person with wild flowers, then weeping over them as they fade; slinging a lute round her, in order to create interest, or leading a pet lamb by a blue ribband, and fancying that she is like Sterne's Maria; keeping late hours, and affecting pensiveness and melancholy.

By all these extravagancies she has lost the rose, which, as she says, once bloomed on her damask cheek, and has assumed an appearance and a character of reflective sadness, which has miserably altered her countenance.

Her conversation is a farago of quotations from different authors, and in different languages; but all bear the cast of enthusiasm, of love, of sadness, of warmth, of sensibility, and of eccentricity. Her very attitudes, with every change of her changeful countenance, ever, at the same time, musing and melancholy, are studied and theatrical. The languid eye, the mournful smile, the heaving bosom, rounded arm, drooping figure, and assumed solemnity, are all hers. Sometimes, too, she affects to be a free-thinker, in order to give her more originality of character. Then, again, so delicate is her texture, so exquisite her feeling, so sensitive her feeble frame, that the opening of a door electrifies her: she starts at a feather, and blushes at a look: all is agony or ecstacy with her.

She has had one or two school companions whose minds she has stained with her novel and romance mania. These are "the friends of her soul, her bo-

som's confidants, the very counterparts of her nature, her second self, her kindred hearts, more than the world can give." But she has changed them twice; the first for marrying without depositing her secret in the inmost recesses of her breast; the other for laughing at an ode of hers, composed on a withering primrose.

Thrice she has been in love; but "she never told her love," save to the female partner of her soul. She eyed, sighed and wept out her passion at a window, until one inimitable swain married; a second Adonis was killed in battle; and a third,

> Dear youth, sole judge of what these lines may mean,
> By fortune favoured, and by love, alas!
> Not favoured less.

was sent to prison for debt, and thus lost sight of the bella incognita, who used to answer sigh for sigh from the bedroom window of the boarding school. She was for a long time, inconsolable for this loss, and used to exclaim, "*Lasciati mi in pace o duri miei pensieri*," *et cetera;* but at length she had the happiness of find at the lakes, Miss Matilda Montagu Mandeville. The very name was music to her ears. To use her own quotations, "Oh! it came o'er (me) like a western breeze breathing upon a bed of violets." They saw, they felt, they loved each other;

> Eye spoke with eye, and soul communed with soul:

their secret sympathies, mutually attracted, met each other, and formed but one heart between them:" theirs (as my niece says) is the sisterhood of affections, free from all ties but "such as love and nature give."

Now my niece's name is Sophia, and she has discovered that her great grandmother's name was Ho-

ner. Wishing, therefore, to perpetuate the nominal honour of the family, she has now assumed the names of Honoria Sophia, by which her friend addresses her, whilst she answers, "Oh! my Matilda Montagu!"——I fear that these two young ladies are composed of very inflammable matter. They, however, give it out that they love too well ever to marry, and that if they could not idolize the man of their choice, wedlock would be a living death to them; for it is few men who have souls fitted for appreciating such tenderness and truth, such rapturous attachment, such unequalled passion, feelings so above the common herd, so soft, so intellectual, so thrilling, so agonizingly acute, pleasure so near of kin to pain; for it is theirs

> To feel that (they) adore
> To such refined excess,
> That though the heart would break with more,
> 'Twould be a void with less, &c.

It is theirs to cherish such insensibility as falls to the lot of few; and which can only be guessed at by reading Petrarca, or Heloise's epistle to Abelard.

Whilst penning these lines, however, I cannot refrain from the deepest pity for my poor niece, and from regretting, that although a too early debut in fashionable life may be dangerous to a young woman, yet that the seclusion which she has experienced, added to the reading of pernicious books, and the being uncontrolled in her eccentricity, have so weaned her from the world, from ordinary society, and from domestic life, (which by the by she despises, considering mundane animals and grovelling housewives as nearly allied to the brute creation) and have so unfitted her for the duties of her sex, that it is a thousand chances that she may fall into some perfidious lover's snare; may

make a match with a ragged poet, or mad actor, or may herself, withering and disappointed in the evening of life, resign that small remnant and glimmering ray of reason which is already so weakened and diseased, and end her days in an asylum for lunatics.

The same fate probably awaits Matilda Montagu Mandeville, whose fortune is so small that, but for my niece, she would now go on the stage, if her talents fitted her for it; which they do not; at least not in the estimation of her friend, though her censurer,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LVI.

EXPOSURE TO SERVANTS.

Vivendum est recte, cum propter plurima, tum his
Præcipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima servi. *Juvenal.*

From which, meanwhile disputes of every size,
That is to say, misunderstandings rise;
The springs of all, from bickering up to battle,
From wars and tumults, down to tittle-tattle. *Byron.*

THERE is an old French saying, which informs us, that no man is a Hero in the eyes of his Valet de Chambre. I happen to have been long enough in the world to have known France during the *ancien regime*, before the Revolution, and I can bear testimony to the truth of this maxim in that country.

The princes of the blood, and the *haute noblesse*, at that time, put a great deal of confidence in their servants. They treated them with a goodness and familiarity which is not known in colder and more prudent England, where a sense of propriety is merely the effect of reasoning, combined with a sense of our interest. The other orders of nobility and gentry, the votaries of *haut ton* and fashion, naturally imitated the higher ranks. Every one had a confidential valet. Some had more. Many employed a very humble secretary sprung from the lowest order, to write their letters,—and even their *billets-doux*, assignations, proposals, *et cetera;* and, *soit dit en passant*, some of the half-educated, giddy young nobility wrote such bad French, and worse orthography, that a proxy writer was necessary for the sake of putting his master decently upon paper.

By this means, however, their debts, their intrigues, their weaknesses and follies, were quite laid open to their domestics, who, sooner or later betrayed them. A certain prince of Royal blood knows what he confided to Blondin; and many nobles were still worse treated. Some were literally sold, and were the victims of their own credulity, in this respect.

So tenderly and unreservedly did some noblemen treat their dependants, many of whom were born upon their estates, that they often *tutoyered* the leading favourite, who was generally to them, in love affairs, what Mercury was to Jupiter. This man was *tu* and *toi* (thou and thee)—a mark of favour and affection which passed betwixt parents and children, patrons and *proteges*, when much beloved, and also between man and wife, in the provinces. But, at Court, husband and wife did not make so free: 'Twas *Madame la Duchess*, *Monsieur le Duc*, and so forth.

Notwithstanding, however, our sense of propriety and subordination in England, yet a prodigal or a rake must make a confident of one or more of his servants. There are his faults to conceal, his vices to hide, his debts and intrigues to keep from a parent's or a wife's ear; not forgetting denials to unfortunate visitors, the necessary lies of the hall and anti-chamber, and the driving of duns from the door. From these circumstances, unfortunately, our nobility get into disrepute; and their secrets are blown all over the town by the discontented or faithless mercenary, who has been the depositary of their inmost thoughts—the eye-witness of all their grovelling and criminal passions.

What led me particularly to this subject was, a scapegrace nephew of mine having dropped a letter

intended for his "*own man*" (as he is commonly called.) He had forgotten to seal it; being frightened by the voice of a dun, which induced him to slip out of my garden gate in the country, and to order his horses round; after which he cantered off to a snug retreat of his own. The letter was verbatim as follows, and addressed to his servant at his town house:—

"John Thomson,

"I write this to inform you, that I have left my uncle's house. The rascally jeweller called there, and made it too hot to hold me any longer. I had given the porter a crown, with orders to say that if any one called, I was gone to Ramsgate; but the fellow is a bungling rascal, and not used to town work. Should **** call in town, swear to him that I have taken a trip to France for a few months. You must tell Bishop to take the bay horse, got by Goldfinch, from the straw-yard; and he is to make him up and sell him. I am convinced that I have overworked him, and that his wind is touched. If this be observed by the buyer, Bishop* must swear that it is nothing but a trifling cough. You'll be glad to hear that I have got rid of the filly, and of the brown balance horse. The filly is as vicious as hell; and would have broken some of our necks. I sold her to a Portuguese. The horse looked uncommonly well. His coat was like a looking-glass. So much for care and antimony! He fetched a hundred and fifty; and an't worth a damn. Tell this to Bishop: he'll hardly believe it. If Mary Williams comes plaguing me for money, give her five pounds; but tell her that

* His head groom—another confidant.

it is useless to be thus troublesome. Swear that I am abroad; and that it is in vain to call any more, as you must give her to understand that I will do no more for her. I am quite tired of the girl; and I wish somebody else would take a fancy to her. Apropos; you must pay that woman for linen. Her account is exorbitant; but never mind: there is a very pretty girl who works at the shop, to whom you will deliver the enclosed. I mean to provide for her" (just as he did for Mary Williams); "and if she receive my letter well, confide to her where I am, and furnish her with the means of coming to me. Speak very highly of me, and I will reward you handsomely for it. I am quite short of clothes; having only twelve pair of trowsers, and twenty waistcoats, one black, one blue, and one mixture coat, besides, the two tunics. I look horridly in the olive-brown tunic. It makes me as sallow and bilious-looking as a nabob. I only tried it on. I wish that Allen would take it back; let it lie for a day or two on his counter; and the first *Johnny Raw* of a fellow who wants a tunic in a great hurry, Allen must swear that this one is just made for my Lord So-and-So; and if it fit the ———, he can take it off his hands: otherwise I must keep it. But as for paying for it, that is quite another matter. The dealer who sold me that balance horse is a scoundrel. He thought to *do* me, but I'm more of a dealer than he is! The *Greenhorn* who bought him of me is just emerged from Westminster, and I make clear sixty guineas by the transaction. I send by the carrier the last two pair of dress pantaloons: they must be altered. You know that I am a little what is vulgarly called baker-kneed, which I explained to the German fool who made them. A pad would remove the defect. What an ass a tai-

for must be who can't fit a man well, be his deformities what they may! Apropos—I must have six new pair of stays by the time I return, and six pair of spurs from Vincent's. Long's is a devil of a bill—but it will never be paid. I do not recollect any thing else, only keep peace amongst my undutiful and clamorous creditors."

(Signed as usual.)

"P. S.—Tell Bishop that I have sold the brace of pointers for fifty guineas. Don cost me half that sum. I bought him of Sir George. The lean dog an't worth a guinea, and never cost me but three: so that I don't lose there. I shall remit you money in a post or two."

A pretty opinion John Thomson must have of his master! He writes him an easy, dashing, familiar, and disgraceful narrative, in the form of a letter, which contains just this account of himself:—He is in debt and in love. In the first, he is not only extravagant, but unprincipled. In the second, he is not only a voluptuary, but a base seducer. In his horse-dealing transactions, he is a rogue; and in his toilet arrangements, he is fool. Seducer, cheat, liar, and unprincipled, are all contained in this detail, which is slurred over with as much *sang-froid* and self-satisfaction as if he were giving directions for the improvement of his estate, dispensing donations to the poor, and putting in practice every social virtue. A fine master has John Thomson got! a fine customer have Messrs. Allen, Vincent, the jeweller, and the German, to boast of! With regard to Mary Williams, my heart bleeds, for her. But as for the pretty seamstress, unless she is deaf to good counsel, she shall not be lost for want of a caution from

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LVII.

RETURNED FROM PARIS.

What, cannot Paris one poor page afford!
Yes, I can amply, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste. *Gay.*

My friend and his family had just returned from the French capital—a trip of only six weeks. His daughters were the least artificial girls I ever knew, previous to their journey. Our intimacy and my age induced them to treat me like a father: they plagued me, played with me, and often sat on my knee. Mrs. —— too is very corpulent, and used to be very neatly and plainly dressed. Now what a metamorphosis! The mother accosted me on her arrival in broken French. She had as many flowers on her bonnet as would furnish the travelling black's huge panniers, betwixt which the ebony dealer sits upon his patient donkey, all "blowing and growing." Her melon-formed head and double chin were lost in what she called a quimpe; and she had, when dressed for dinner, as many bows of hair on her head, as some beautiful ladies have beaux at their feet; with combs of divers magnitude and materials.

Every article of her attire was French, and, at the termination of her drapery, she was so beflounced, that the tiers of vendyking and quilled lace, looked like so many steps ascending to the balcony in front, which was protected by a horn-work or breast work, whilst a *chevaux de frise* defended the pillars which supported her very masqueradish fi-

gure. Wheeling round, she had the trundle and rotundity of a well-hooped porter cask; and from betwixt her brawny shoulders issued a bump, which threw off her robe above the elbow, and so enlarged the circle around her, that no one would either wish or endeavour to circumvent or circumvolate this tower of frippery.

Her crimson arms were thrust into rose coloured gloves, and her not-stinted foot was pinched into pink satin shoes, doubtless with a view of standing up for the pink of the mode. She had a reticle dangling by her side, and carried an offensive ill-tempered barbet in her arms.

The young ladies were nearly habited in the same way, except that mamma was dressed in the youngest style. They united in their bonnets the well-chosen holyhock and marigold, the sunflower and damask rose,—red, purple, orange, and yellow flowers. The youngest bore the passion-flower: it would better have suited her mamma, who never was out of some passion or other, the present one being dress. A great deal of the finery of the Palace Royal was heaped upon these ladies, and some of its air seemed to have affected their dress and manners. They wore splendid purses by their sides, which put one in mind of a collection at church; and one of their head-dresses was not very unlike a mitre. Each bent her body in walking, took short and hasty steps, and had acquired a trifling infantine manner of speaking, which seemed like going back to the nursery.

I was glad to come to my old friend, their father, whom I found unchanged. Instead of pluming himself upon his brief journey, he told me that he was half ruined by the useless articles purchased by his family; paltry trinkets, scarfs for all their acquaint-

ance, a gross of pairs of gloves and shoes seized at the Custom-House, besides what were smuggled over; clocks, Braguet watches, purses, snuff-boxes, and toys; and he was disgusted by the affectation of his family. His kitchen was now masqueraded in every dish; not a plain article was allowed on table; and nothing would go down but *cotellettes a la soubise, soup en vermeil, ris de veau en fricandeau, fricasse de poulet, vol au vent. creme, confiture*, and *sauce piquant*. His daughters now turned up their noses at a reel or a country-dance, to languish in a waltz or exhibit theatrically in a quadrille; and they looked down on all their neighbours at Ivy Hall, in consequence of the pre-eminence which breathing the air of Paris gave them.

I asked him what he thought of the times in France; to which he answered, "I am more in the dark about them by far, than when I left London. Our papers give you an idea of what is going on there; but the inhabitants involve you in more doubt and ignorance by their reports, than the vaguest guess made a thousand miles from the spot. Sitting one day in the Thuilleries, I fell successively into conversation with two opposite characters. Pointing to the Palace, one of them, a robust, healthy, bald looking man, about forty, vulgar but frothy, decorated with three orders, but ill-dressed, said, '*Helas! il fut un tems*, &c. there was a time when the cannon's roar, and couriers flying in all directions, used to announce, at that mansion, the conquest of every kingdom in Europe by turns—when all was splendour and military pomp: *maintenant on y mange et y boit la*,' casting his head with a contemptuous smile towards the royal apartments. 'We are (said he in conclusion) in our dotage: the old are superannuated, the young are paralyzed, by

the paroxysm of the moment.' The second, gravely and well-dressed, with one order, that of St. Louis, in deep mourning, silver-haired, and polite to excess, shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "We are debilitated by the fever of twenty-five years; too much goodness and indulgence give encouragement to the licentiousness of revolutionists; we are lost; we are ruined; we are slumbering on the brink of a precipice." Judge, after that, what sentence is to be passed on the country; particularly when each seemed mysterious, regretful, tongue-tied, dissatisfied, and wholly in the dark as to the views of his government. This, (concluded he,) is all that I have learned on my journey, which has cost me a thousand guineas, and ruined my wife and my daughters.

No. LVIII.

ELECTIONEERING.

Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
Citizens. One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.
King John.—Shakespeare.

WHAT a scene electioneering is! I shall never forget what I have seen of it! I was prevailed upon to go with a friend to witness his being elected: but it is the last scene of the kind in which I shall ever take a part. There was, however, in it a mixture of the serio-comic, of the intriguing, of the marvellous, and of the ridiculous. There must certainly be a great charm in being a Member of Parliament; otherwise would men not condescend and drudge, flatter, fawn, and cajole, stoop to all ranks and to all humours to gain that point. The most affable, the most accommodating character in the world, is a candidate; but it cannot be expected, after such rebuffs, that, when chosen, the same painful part should be acted to the end.

The rivalry at the election of which I have spoken, was excessive; and John Bull was more than ordinarily brutal. Yet so supple was one of the candidates, that he considered a stone thrown at him only as a striking proof of John's regard, and he "hugged the greasy rogues," as though they had been his dearest friends. Then were family anecdotes, and private vices, personal defects, and even personal misfortunes, made the broad theme of vulgar clamour, and bandied from side to side, in order to annoy the opposite party.

I was so ignorant of these matters, that I inveighed against such disgraceful practices as a dishonour to the representatives of a great nation, and an indelible stain on the people who committed these excesses. But I was informed that it was all according to ancient custom; that a broken head, or the receipt of a dead dog in one's face, was only the pot-luck on these occasions: and that elections are the Englishman's carnival, or rather his saturnalia; for, in the former, insults are given and received under the mask, and are, of course, less gross and degrading; but, in the latter, they are warranted by privilege and usage, and are assumed as if by charter.

One of the candidates became a complete catechumen to his constituents elect; and it was laughable to hear how like a good boy he answered all his catechisers. My friend, however, took it easier. He had represented the city before, and knew the temper of his constituents. The Corn-Bill was thrown in his face; but he swallowed it. The Habeas Corpus act he took the liberty to parry; and as he had no place nor pension, he got off scot-free on that head. What most astonished me was, that a very proud and very indolent man should so demean himself for a vote, and bestir himself with such activity in order to accomplish his purpose. His memory, too, appeared to me prodigious: He recollected every man's name, his avocation, his weakness, his circumstances, and his interest.

"Ha! Thomas," it was to one, "how well you look! why, you've shaken off your ague?" 'Ees,' says Thomas, 'I've been shaking long enough, but they shan't shake my politics.' "Well done, Thomas I honour thee; give me thy hand," (the dirtiest I ever saw, covered with manure, and just return-

ed from work.) "Then thou'lt stick to the old orange interest." (Thomas.) 'Noah.—I have had much better offers t'other side. Beside, I think we ben't well used by the King's men; dang it, they're too proud; they treats the poor all as one as dirt under their feet.' "Oh! fie, oh! fie, my dear Thomas,"—my friend stepped aside with Thomas. What he said to him I don't pretend to know; but thrice they shook hands; and Thomas shook his sides with laughter. He went off grinning, and said, 'Well, ye bid to get the plumper.'

He next met an old man. "How sorry I was, friend Barnacle, for the loss of your cattle," (this circumstance he had learned a few minutes before.) "I wish you had written to me; but I think I have a plan for you. By the by, how many sons have you who are freemen?" 'Four, your honour.'—"And how are they doing?" 'Mortal bad; and the young one I can't do nothing with.' "That's a pity, friend Barnacle. I should think that the blue-coat school would not be a bad thing for the young one; and the two eldest must manage your affairs."—'Ees.'—"And I should think that Jack—" 'His name is James, your honour.' "Ah! true—James would make a rare exciseman; he's a keen dog, friend Barnacle." "Ah! that he be.' "And Bob,"—'Bill, your honour.' "True! how could I be so foolish—Bill would make a good clerk." 'Ees; the lad writes a scholardly hand.' "Well, do you take as much snuff as ever?" 'Ees your honour, I likes it as well as ever; but it's mortal dear.' "Come, give me a pinch; and, I say, my servant shall bring you a pound of rare stuff, which I brought you from town." 'I thank you, kindly.' "There, go up to the hustings; take the four boys, all plumpers, I

hope." 'Ees.' After which my friend bought a pound of common snuff, and sent it as if he had brought it from London.

Coming to a smart well-dressed fellow, he said, "Are you out of place?" 'I am, Sir.' "But have you kept your vote?" 'I have, Sir.' "Well, we must get you into place." 'Yes, Sir, I should like a place under government, I am tired of service.' "Surely! Well, we must see to that." (The man had been a footman.)

Disengaged from him, my friend was attacked by an old woman, who abused him most violently for breach of promises, for voting against the interests of the country, for neglect, and for a long list of sins. His gentleness and adroitness got the better in the end; and, after enduring much, he prevailed upon her to allow her son to split his vote betwixt him and the opposite party.

"Honest Mr. Shambles," exclaimed he next, "why you did'nt give me a call when last you came to Smithfield." 'Yes, your honour, I did; but your pert Jack-a-napes of a French valet almost shut the door in my face, and said as how you was not visible.' "A rascal!" said the member; "I must turn him away, Shambles; he offends every body; he does not know how to discriminate between my real friends and a parcel of intruders. But I say, that's a mighty pretty woman—your second wife." '*Tol, lol*, your honour.' "And what do you think of doing with your heir—a fine lad too—your only son, I think?" 'He is, Sir. Why, I think of making a doctor of him, (fine lessons of humanity he must have learned from you, thought I to myself,) but he prefers being a parson, and as I can afford to give him the first of neddycations, it don't matter. He's a bright boy; he'll get on; and I can give him

some thousands.' "Right, my honest friend; and I know a family which has high church interest. But we must not talk of that now: at another time we will. He'll make a capital bishop: he speaks well, don't he?" 'Oh! aye, your honour; he has the gift of the gab; you'll hear him, by and by, tip 'em a bit of a speech for your side of the question.' "Bravo! But, Shambles, why not make him a lawyer? I could give him a lift there: I should not be surprised to see him Lord Chancellor yet." The old butcher was so delighted with this dream of ambition, that he went off resolved to strain every nerve for my friend, and swore that if his next-door neighbour, who had promised his vote for the blue, as he called it, did not break his word, and change sides, he would arrest him for his bill due for meat.

We lastly called at a schoolmaster's, who had seven children. These my friend called Cherubim and Seraphim. Indeed all the Burgesses' children whom he met were the finest children in the world. Into each of their hands he put a guinea. But this was no bribery; for it is clear that the poor children had no vote, and the father did not see the money given, neither could he be accountable for others.

On our road to the hustings, I asked him if he had such extensive interest as to give away all the things which he led his friends to expect. He answered me in the negative. I inquired what then he could give them, which he answered me by putting the two following questions: "Can our physicians cure one-tenth of the maladies incident to man, or restore half of their patients to health? can they always give them even relief?" 'Decidedly not.' "Neither can I provide for all these people. Indeed I don't think that I can provide

for any of them; but there is one thing which I can give them, and so can the physician to his patients." 'What is that?' "*Hope!*" I was now quite satisfied with the solidity of his promises.

Nor was my friend less adroit at the hustings than in his canvass. He solicited on all sides, took advantage of every thing, thanked his friends, seemed good humoured to his enemies, attacked every voter with "My good Sir, have you not forgotten that although you are bound to support my honourable brother candidate, you gave me hopes, (or you promised) that you would divide your votes betwixt us?" By this *ruse de guerre* he cajoled more than one, and raised such a spirit of peace and of conciliation as produced him many votes.

When the business was over, I asked him whether he was not fatigued and disgusted? "Both, very much, my dear friend," replied he; "but then our object is achieved, and, luckily for us, it happens but once in seven years." This polling business is, however, a dreadful ordeal, through which every one is not fit to pass: a good front is certainly necessary! I am now convinced that nothing is deemed humiliating or degrading in gambling, in horse-dealing, and in electioneering, provided that success attend the operations of the parties.

Before I left the town where the election occurred, by way of seeing all the humours of the place, I went to an open house of the opposite side, for I wore no ribbons nor distinctive badge; and being neither citizen nor freeman, I was not an object of jealousy to any party. Here I saw a large assemblage of voters and others, engaged in political discussion. A cattle-doctor was the president, and a bricklayer was upon his legs. I lost the greater

part of his discourse; but a rat-catcher who was near me, informed me that he was considered as a very sound politician, and a great orator.

"Gentlemen," cried he, to the assembly, "we are ruined by the crown and the church interest, by the aristocracy and the preponderance of placemen. Intolerance, bigotry, and superstition, the sacred rights of kings, and the influence of the clergy, undo us. Have we not all our senses as well as our senators and bishops? Have we not as good sound judgments as our preachers and our rulers? Is not the book of knowledge open to all of us who can read? And why should not you and I, gentlemen! (he seemed much wedded to this term) interpret our laws, both civil and divine, just as correctly as a chancellor or an archbishop? (Loud applause.) Fair play's a jewel. (Bravo from the rat-catcher.) Is a padlock to be set on our minds, and a muzzle to be clapped upon our mouths? (No, no, from all sides.) Then are we not all fit to represent our fellow-citizens without being noblemen or clergy?" (Loud cheering.)

"A apprehend," quoth a Scotch farmer, who was settled amongst them, "that we are no juste (a very elongated word) sa fit to le-gislate as some of they folk which the honourable member wha spak last im-a-gines. D'ye think, maister Brickdust, that the Duke's flunkey (footman) there could bield a hoose just as fast and as weel as yoursel?" 'No; because I have given all my time to it.' "Weel then, ye ken, say has the parson geen a' his time to the gospel; and the mi-nis-ter to studying the constitution. An' a apprehend that some of us wad mak as awkward a figure in a pulpit or in the Hoose o' Commons, as a bull wud at a concert, or a bear in a ball-room." (Roars of laughter, mixed with

hisses.) Our northern orator, however, proceeded; but under such unfavourable circumstances that he could not be heard.

I now left the assembly, deeply impressed with the truth of the Scotchman's argument, and regretting much that the tide was so high against him. I enquired into his character; and I found that he had made money, and had purchased a freehold; that although he was not considered as a public speaker, his opinion was often taken in matters of business. Most of the assembly had little to lose; but Sandy used to say, that "he did nae ken hoo far a reform might go, and whether it might nae reform the little fortin which he had been scrapin together with so much industry for so long a space of time."

I forgot to mention that the assembly was held at the society called the Friends of the Constitution; freedom of debate was written over the door; and the first regulation in writing was, "Every gentleman to pay three-pence for his admission card, a charge of tobacco, and a pipe!" This was my first and last visit to any society of the kind. It had its novelty; but it had no other attraction, except Sandy's lesson, for

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LIX.

SHOPPING.

First issued from perfumer's shops
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day. *Swift.*

"You are the very person I was wishing for," exclaimed Lady Mary, on my entering her tasteful and elegand boudoir, with an edition of Metastasio, which I had promised to get for her, in my hand. "I want you to accompany me in shopping; and there are few people that are worthy of such an office, for your very young men consider it a bore to be confined in any way, and your very old gentlemen have not patience to endure so much restraint, nor to witness the little caprices of a woman's choice—to see her fancy different things, yet change her mind after all." I assured her Ladyship that I was at her service, for I recollected the pleasant drive I had had with her in Hyde Park; the intrusion of Mr. Millefleurs and his essences, and I felt sufficiently interested in her welfare to be present at the interview, should she again meet the Exquisite; I was, therefore, glad when she ordered her landau vis-a-vis to the door, (the morning being delightful;) and we were about to start, when the Dean's wife, Lady Eleanore paid her a morning visit. She could not be denied, for she was hanging over her viranda when the carriage drove up to the door.

I never saw Lady Mary look better. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, a very lovely woman elegantly dressed, surrounded with roses and other fragrant productions of Flora, smiling like a seraph, and showing two rows of the finest pearls, encircled by ruby lips. I really felt proud of my office of accompanying her; nor was her confidence in my friendship, age, and experience, thrown away upon me. A young man would have lost his heart upon the occasion; an old one could only feel a kindly glow at contemplating such a blaze of charms. Love, like wine, inflames, and intoxicates youth; whilst its moderated enjoyment warms and solaces old age.

Lady Eleanore now entered the apartment. She perceived that Lady Mary was going out, and made her visit very short. She came to ask her to give a young lady, arrived from the country, a seat in her box at the Opera, and to petition in favour of an officer's widow under peculiar circumstances of distress. Lady Mary granted both requests, and was so moved by the eloquence of Lady Eleanore in behalf of the widow, that she accompanied a most generous donation by a tear of pity, which trembled like a diamond in her eye, and reflected her beauties with ten-fold lustre. "She is too good, too susceptible, too tender-hearted for *the Exquisite*," said I to myself: "she will be thrown away."

During Lady Eleanore's short stay, I remarked a quality in her very rare amongst modern ladies, and very becoming the wife of a Divine, namely, real genuine charity, in its most delicate kind, and in its noblest form; I mean that charity which judges mildly of others, is prone to praise, warm in panegyric, slow to blame, silent in the midst of slan-

der, and apologetical for the failings of others. She is almost the only woman of my acquaintance who possesses the treasure of the mind.

The extravagant and ruined Lady Rackrent was named; she pitied her embarrassment, because she knew that she had a good heart, that she had done generous things, and was profuse from want or order, but not from want of principle. Mrs. Mirable's dreadful temper was next made the subject of conversation: she regretted extremely that so worthy a woman should have so little control over herself, but a variety of misfortunes and bad health had rendered her temper rather uneven, and she had suffered so much from it herself, that she became rather an object of compassion than resentment. The newspaper, lying on the table, contained Lady Lightfoot's *faux pas* and elopement; she turned the conversation, and only observed that she knew her at a very early age, and that her heart and her disposition were then admirable, and that it was so painful to her not to think well of her, that she could not bear the subject.

What a contrast to Mrs. Marvellous, and to hosts of male and female gossips! slander is the food of their idle hours, the seasoning of their conversation. Their breath, like a blight in the midst of summer, withers every thing which it touches; whilst Lady Eleanore's like the land breeze of a salubrious clime, revivifies and refreshes.

She soon took leave, and we proceeded on our shopping expedition. "Now let me see what I want," said Lady Mary. "I must go to my lace-merchant in Bruton Street, to Dyde and Scribe's in Pall Mall, to my jeweller's in Bond Street, to Colburn's library, and to a nursery garden in the King's Road. I want my diamond cross mended, a new

parasol, a dress altered, and to see some arrivals from Paris in the way of *nouveautes* in dress. I must purchase some flowering shrubs for my *dejeune*, and call on the man who chalks my floors, then at Smyth the perfumer's, and then to get the last new novel." We calculated as we went along, that her *fete* would cost about two hundred pounds, (which put us in mind of calling at Gunter's in Berkley Square,) and that her lace dress would come to about three hundred.

No wonder that women of fashion are in difficulty and in debt! But Lady Mary's fortune is very considerable. She showed me, however a dress of Mrs. Vains, which was to cost upwards of three hundred guineas, although her husband has barely fifteen hundred a year, up to which he lives in one winter: but ladies must emulate each other, and people of the same circle must dress in the same style. How half of our women of fashion's dress-makers' and milliners' bills are paid is wonderful, although many of them have more ways and means than our Minister of Finance!

There are three descriptions of visitors of shops: those of necessity, those who go there from habit and fashion, and those who make these morning calls from *desœuvrement*, and for the purpose of killing time. The last two classes are by far the most numerous; and he who has the misfortune to accompany them in their shopping circle through the West end of the town, must make up his mind to long waiting and to seeing a thousand articles displayed, handled, looked at, commented upon, and returned to their drawers and shelves.

The beau in waiting, must also be prepared for listening to the flippancy of those impertinents—half men and half milliners, half slaves and half fops,

who babble about fashions, dresses, becoming colours, style, and town taste,—who exhibit a "beautiful summer article," or a "splendid winter wear," —who chatter like magpies, and cheat like Jews,—who are as obtrusive as a morning dun, and who deceive like tooth-drawers. These men-monkies have names at command, and assure you that such a Duchess and such a Countess have just bought a piece of the same stuff, that it is all the rage, and that nothing else is asked for by people of quality; that these artificial flowers are better executed than any thing of the kind they ever saw, and that such a pattern is just arrived from France, which having in reality lain for a considerable time in their stock, they are anxious to bring into vogue, or rather to get it off by procuring a titled lady or a beautiful woman to wear it.

The gentleman must also be prepared for the disgust of observing these counter beaux force their merchandize on customers, persuading youth, extravagance, and inexperience, to inconvenience themselves, their parents, or husbands, by buying many useless things, and by running up bills which meet them in an after period in a gigantic and frightful form, which foment variances, create disputes, and often lay the foundation of ruin.

If the female idler or habitual shopper purchase many things, you will have to regret her being taken in. If she examine a whole *magasin de modes*, or a gallery of fashion, occupy half a dozen attendants in running about for her, change her mind a dozen times, and abuse a score of articles, then turn upon her heel with a proud toss of the head, and say, "I'll call again," and thus quit the shop, leaving blank countenances and tired patience, you feel

ashamed for her, and lament the loss of time to yourself, and the hoax thus practised upon the expecting disappointed tradesman. "*Mais il sait se venger.*"

The tradesmen at the West end of the town is used to this; and he loads lady Barbara's with a gross of extravagancies, and swells the Nabob's wife's account, in order to pay for his time and for his trouble. I actually caught two linen drapers' puppies winking at each other, as the master of the shop put a cargo of *unnecessaries* and a pet pug into Lady Lavish's carriage together: as much as to say, "Has not he made a prime morning of it, and prevailed upon her to take off a fine lot?"

There are, however, other dangers more serious than these to encounter in shopping with a lady. If there be a partiality towards her, inclination suggest some present; the trouble she has given, or the saucy impertinencies of Mr. Calico, induce you to purchase something which you do not want, and, perhaps, to spend money which you actually do want; and ladies there are, who give you a pretty broad hint that a present would not be unwelcome, and who after admiring an article, lay it down with the sweetest composure of resignation, and looking most fascinatingly, shake their head, and observe that they cannot afford to purchase it just now!

These various motives for shopping combine to draw multitudes to the fashionable tradesmen's warehouses. Some of the gay shops to which I went with Lady Mary, were crowded like a fair. Groups of ladies were talking with the utmost volubility; and it was difficult to pierce through the rows and ranks of beauty and fashion. The staircases up to the show-rooms were thronged with

customers; and a battalion of tall footmen with their long canes were drawn up at the shop-door—those appendages and followers of rank, whose idle services would be better employed in tilling the ground and in serving their country by land or by sea, instead of gossiping and backbiting their employers, and consuming the paupers' bread. These well-proportioned livery-laced incumbrances are quite awful at a shop door, and frequently prevent the modest customer from entering the house; but the West end of the town tradesmen are all upon the great scale, and only calculate upon the custom of the rich or the extravagant.

Another magnet drawing the votaries of fashion to these ornamental magazines, is, to meet acquaintance. Otherwise many a comely and well dressed youth would not be seen vaulting from his horse at the entrance to the shop, and giving him to his groom to hold, or drawing up his curricle at those doors, in order to squeeze the hand of some gallant wife in high life, to get a peep at a celebrated beauty, to slip the sweetly perfumed *billet-doux* into the fair hand of his intended, to enquire if her Ladyship will be at the masquerade, or when he might call on the mistress of his heart. Such is the multitude of carriages, such the crowded cavalcade, so numerous the liveried attendants at some of these warehouses, that the scene appears like the assemblage at a Court-day or Levee.

I had, however, none of these disadvantages to encounter in the round with Lady Mary. I had only to observe a little extravagance on her part, general popularity acquired by her manners, and an immensity of admiration from swarms of beau-monde butterflies, who levelled their glasses, and peeped into the shops to which she went, or dan-

gled about her carriage as she honoured my arm in descending, or ascending, a distinction which I had reason to be proud of, for it made many a gay young man that morning envy the privilege which Time had purchased for

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LX.

TATTERSALL'S.

----- The detected lie,
The wit of ignorance, and gloss unfair,
Which honest dullness would with shame deny;
The hope of baseness vampt in Candour's air:
Good Heaven! are such the friends that to my hearth repair?
Mickle.

"I wish the Derby was at ——" 'Why so hasty, my dear Lord?' interrupted I, stopping Lord Eaglemount as he swung out of Tattersall's yard. "Ha! is it you?" said he: *You* (with vast emphasis on the word, and in a strain of *aigre doux*) are never out of temper. To be persuaded out of one's opinion,—to act against one's judgment, and then to be done out of a large sum of money, is enough, I think, (shrugging up his shoulders, and fixing his eyes on a tall thin young man near him) to make any fellow swear." 'I am truly sorry,' replied I, 'for your Lordship's misfortune; but how did it happen?'

"Oh! confound sorrow," said he, hastily, "grieving, my dear Sir, is folly; and as for pity I hate the very name of it. There is no such thing as genuine pity; it is contempt that is so miscalled: just as a fellow passes you by if you are thrown from your horse in hunting, with 'My good Sir, I really am sorry to see you down! are you hurt? can I help you?' and off he scampers, a broad grin on his countenance, or his tongue tucked in his cheek; or, as a bolder blackguard, dismounts, comes up to you with his pawing and prancing steed hung by the

bridle on his arm, bursts out a laughing, but helps you to rise; a rib stove in, or a collar-bone broken, and says, 'My dear Sir, pardon my nonsense; nature is so very perverse; I never could (stifling a roar and red in the face with rude mirth,) I never could, in all my life, help laughing at an accident; but are you really much hurt? my servant shall catch your horse for you; I am truly grieved at your misfortune;' and off he flies, comes up with some break-neck rider of a friend with whom he enjoys the joke, and would just laugh in the same way at him, in a similar situation, and then tells all the Melton men what a bad rider you are. Is this true sorrow? Is this genuine pity? No; it is malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness; it is any thing but sympathy or Christian charity; it is, (I believe, for I never trouble the Bible,) the Pharisee and the Publican—the fellow who thanks his stars that he is not like that poor sinner."

'I did not know that your Lordship knew so much of holy writ,' observed I, as I saw him get ease from thus venting his rage, and triumph in his happy quotation and in his great knowledge of the scripture. He now shook me by the hand, and parted with, 'Thank you, my dear fellow, but never, d'ye see, pity me. I have been fooled out of my money, and that's all. Sam, give me my horse;" and—off he cantered.

On a moment's reflection, I began to perceive that his Lordship was not altogether so wrong in his strictures on the human heart. How many who seem to pity—who wear grief upon their tongue for our misfortunes, bear triumph in their heart! How many are there whose pity is a mockery—whose sympathy is an empty sound!

But I now turned my eyes to the tall thin young

man. He was a dandy—a complete dandy; and as every one in high life knows what a dandy is, I shall not further describe him. He was counting a parcel of bank notes, and cramming them into a small morocco pocket-book; the transparency of the notes discovered to me that they were fifties and hundreds, and the bundle seemed rather voluminous. His face was naturally the silliest I ever saw; yet it had a dash of low cunning in it. I saw him wink at an elderly Baronet who was standing in the crowd, and keeping up the price of a friend's horses, which were for sale; and they exchanged a sly look which said, "We have properly done the Peer!"

As I never was a turf-man, and am only a spectator of what our dandies and ruffians do, I should never have got at the bottom of all this without the explanation which I obtained from Tom Maberly, an old college acquaintance, who was at Tattersall's selling off his hounds, and whom I perceived in a roar of laughter at Captain Lavender—an Exquisite of the Guards, not long emerged from Eton, dressed as if he came out of a bandbox, and storming like a madman at being saddled (as he termed it) with a lot of horses, which he never meant to purchase, but which he was hoaxed into bidding for, and which were knocked down to him, at an enormous price. Tom (here was pity again) modestly offered the Exquisite half what he had just paid for the horses; saying, "Upon my soul I am sorry for your being taken in, but it can't be helped; a man must pay for experience; and, if you will dabble on the turf, and with turf-men, you must be more on your guard."

I saw that Lord Eaglemount was not so much out in his bad opinion of the world. But let me explain these two transactions.

Tom told me that the young Ruffian (not the bruiser, but a gentleman,) in conjunction with another honest friend (the Baronet,) had practised what they technically termed *a throw over*. The one advised the Peer, motived by superior information, to lay his money in opposition to his own judgmen; and the latter was to go his halves in the bet. The bet was lost to the tall thin young man, who was in reality a confederate of the other; the half seemingly lost by the Baronet was returned to him; —and the two friends divided the spoil. 'Is it possible that gentlemen practise such vile tricks?' exclaimed I. "Oh! yes," said Tom, "nothing more common."

"The case of Captain Lavender, was as follows: —Mr. Squander had, in three winters in London, got through a very fine property; he was overwhelmed with annuitants, book, bill, and bond debts; and it was very doubtful whether the sale of his estates would cover all his debts—more especially as he was to give a preference to his debts of honour, (namely, the money which he owed at play, and some part of which he had been defrauded of by titled and fashionable gamblers) leaving the necessitous workman, the industrious tradesman, and his unpaid servants, to do the best they could for themselves. Thus circumstanced, it was agreed that he should migrate to France, and make a rapid sale of his stud, before the storm broke upon his head, and before a seizure of his horses and carriages took place. His friends agreed to attend the sale for him; and Tom Maberly was to give his aid; Mr. Squander prevailed upon young Lavender to keep up the price of his horses, in which he was assisted by a buck Parson, and the stud groom, who took care not to buy in. The two green-horns considered it as

understood, that the horses were to be bought in at a certain price, and that the money which they were nominally to give, was to be returned. But, when they found that they had actually bought these horses at prices so much above their value, that Mr. Squander had already crossed the water—a circumstance which he had not made known to them, they became furious.

No. LXI.

FEMALE POLITICIANS.

- - - - - - the peerless dame,
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent, so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolic shines,
Now reasons deep with deep divines,
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate.
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
Whilst every talent nature grants,
Just serves to show how much she wants.

Earl Nugent.

I FOUND at the Blue-stocking meeting, not only *savantes*, poetesses, and female authors, but a class which I admire less than any of these, namely, female politicians. We had Lady Manly, Lady Evergreen, Mrs. Bold, and Mrs. Mirabel, besides a foreigner of some distinction, who took a great lead in political discussion. Our men consisted mostly of authors, dealers in warm poetastic strains, odes, essays, and amatory epistles, or in still-born plays, or dramatic rhapsodies, which would have slept in the shade of the closet but for the encouraging smile of our hostess, who loved to hear new works read to her, and who kept open house to the literati of her circle.

The conversation took the following turn:—"Would to my stars," exclaimed Lady Evergreen, "that I had been Aspasia, spouse to such a prodigy as Pericles, whose soul towered so much above this mass of earth; in moderation, more than man! in

wisdom a divinity!" The story of his ordering his slave to light home the ruffian who followed him to his door, and abused him, was next told, and a suitable eulogium passed upon his memory by Sir Gilbert Gander, a would-be orator, and who, because he had a hesitation in his speech, fancied himself a second Demosthenes, thus possessing only the defects of that eloquent character; just as an Exquisite, the son of a rich physician, who also took a lead in the evening's debate, very probably considered himself a second Aristotle on account of his lisping, and because Nicbomachus, a rich physician, was father to the latter.

The foreign lady next got into heroics. I very soon discovered that she was an intemperate republican, an enemy to all monarchies, and enviously prejudiced against England, which however had protected her when her follies and extravagancies made her an object of suspicion at home.

She spoke of the battle of Waterloo, and attempted to prove that it ought not to have clad all France in mourning. "In Sparta," continued she, when the defeat of Cleombrotus and his army at Leuctra, was made known to the Ephori, then at the theatre, they received it with seeming composure, and sent a circular notice to the families of those who were engaged in the armies, remaining themselves, with admirable dignity and calmness, in the theatre, until the termination of the amusement. The grief," continued she, "having worked herself into a sort of mock frenzy, her eyes flashing fire, and her cheeks crimsoned, or rather of the contending hues of the blood-red and the rouge's moss-rose-like tint,—"The grief of the parents of those who survived (*remarquez bien, Messieurs*) of those

who survive, contrasted with the joy (*la joie, l'allegresse*) of the parents of those who fell in battle, was the strongest proof that can be given of the severe heroism inspired by the laws of Lycurgus. What patriotism! what energy! what glory are here! *Que c'est beau, Messieurs! que c'est magnifique!*"

Here she concluded, panting for breath, and looking all round for applause. She had raised her figure as high as elevation would go. The head retired a little backwards, with hugely opened eye, and highly raised eyebrow, whilst the blood flushed in her bosom, fain would have pourtrayed the proud Spartan. She was all passion, all stage effect, all theatrical magnificence. She looked all round for admiration with tiptoed eagerness, with eagle-eyed curiosity. But her eye fell to the ground; for she met not an approving smile, not a wondering glance; not an admiring gesture. Indeed, not a head bowed, not a hand rose in applause, not a tongue murmured encouragement. A dead silence ensued—the best rebuke which she could have experienced; for here silence gave not consent, but awfully chid the wanderings of her reason, and blamed her departure from woman—from that mildness and moderation which most adorn the fairest form, and which furnish an elegant and a living apology for want of beauty or of other attractions.

Madame sat down: she called for a glass of sugar and water. Silence still prevailed, with here and there a hem, a short cough, a disdainful smile, a half heard whisper of "What a fury! what a mad woman!" I asked my neighbour, Sir Gilbert Gander, what she could mean? "Nothing," replied he, "but to shew her knowledge

of ancient history, and to command admiration." 'In the latter,' replied I, 'she has completely failed.'

Now Lady ——'s novel came on the tapis. Passages were read from it to prove the richness and and beauty of the style, the inexhaustible vein of invention which she possessed, the bold romantic strokes of her pen, and the well combined and ingenious *denouement* of the whole. It was generally praised; but Mrs. Bold was of opinion that it was too much of a romance, and too little of a novel. "A novel" (continued she) "ought to be in real life, full of satire, of intrigue, of high life,—real actors and real scenes, actual occurrences a little heightened and improved, absolute truths mingled with flowers of imagination; positive facts of scandal and of interest, which might happen to you," (looking at Sir Gander) "to myself, to any one,—love, error, *faux paux*," (Lady Evergreen looked grave) "wanderings, repentance, return," (Lady Manly smiled) "midnight meetings, elopements, moonlight scenery, lovers' vows, shipwreck, sickness, delirium, duel, marriage, reconciliation, and the merry banquet. Such are the materials for a novel."

"But why not reconciliation and marriage, instead of marriage and reconciliation?" said Mr. Problem. "Is it not better to repent and marry, than to marry and repent?" (a general smile,) Sir Gilbert Gander observed, that "there was much to be said on both sides." Mr. Peter Plagiary now aported his last poetical effusion: it was on a Linnet given to a favourite Lady, and was generally admired; but I very soon discovered the borrowed plume, in which it was dressed up. The poetical pseudo-novelty, however, went off with all possible

eclat; and was followed by an Italian Improvisatore's performance, which really was full of spirit and of genius.

But now Mr. Monophrase arrived from the House. The debate was animated and long; the division was critical; and he became, on such an occasion, a man of importance. He seldom dealt in any thing beyond assent or dissent, when in the House: but when out of it, he spoke much at length, to the ladies, drew his circle round him, and played the important. All our female politicians collected round him. "Well, how did our party come on? What of the vote of thanks? What of the loan? What about sinecures?" and the like, sprung simultaneously from many a ruby lip. Never, however, did I see the ladies look to so great disadvantage. The forum is, certainly, not their *forte:* it is not from it that they can establish their empire over our hearts. The language of the eyes, the soft rhetoric of smiles, the flush of sensibility, and the tear of pity,—these are the thrones and sceptres, the armies and the instruments, which woman can use over man. When she least commands, she fascinates the most: when least she assumes, her power is most absolute.

Supper was now announced; and a division took place. The authors paired together; and the parliamentary party told off in like manner. Sir Gilbert Gander presided over the one; and Mr. Monophrase over the other. A third party, who were called the Materialists, stuck together with Sir Billy Bounce at their head. These, it appeared, came only for a good supper. There were a few Immaterialists, amongst whom a famous astronomer, and the lisping orator, took nothing but sponge biscuit and spring water. I took still less, for, slipping

out of the crowd, I vowed, rather than get among female politicians or petticoat government again, to confine myself entirely to my own room, and become in good earnest

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXII.

IRRESISTIBILITY OF MANNERS.

Forever cheerful, though not always witty,
And never giving cause for hate or pity;
These are his arts, such arts as must prevail
When riches, birth, and beauty's self will fail:
And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
Shall we neglect to make mankind our friend?
Stillingfleet.

I was always convinced of the importance of a good person, of a good voice, of gracefulness, and of politeness; but never have I been impressed with the sense of it so forcibly as in the instance of Colonel Winlove. We all very well know the charm of first impressions, and how apt our reason and our reflection are to surrender themselves to the evidence of the passions. Our eyes and our ears are placed, as it were, like sentinels over the inner recesses of the mind, to give alarm if any thing noxious or offensive approach: when, therefore these guards are captivated by harmony or symmetry, they will naturally surrender the garrison up to their captors.

Music, oratory, and painting, consist in what is called manner—the object which we contemplate must be graceful; the voice must be harmonious and persuasive, and at the same time mild and commanding; the gestures must be full of dignity and of concord—every way congenial to our feelings and sympathies, yet important enough to arrest our attention; the eye must fix us, whilst the tongue wins us; and in the whole animated statue, nothing cold, distant, stiff, repulsive, or uncertain, must appear.

That ease which seems more anxious to please than to direct—to assimilate itself to the objects about it, than to stand alone—to feel conscious of inspired regard, than aware of its superiority, is one of the greatest arts of pleasing. Politeness is the demonstration of benevolence: manner is the attraction which preposses another in its favour.—A thousand auxiliaries, such as mildness, gentleness, eloquence, equability of temper, self-possession, command of countenance—both to conceal what may wound, and to exhibit what may charm—play of features, and usage of the world, assist its irresistible influence; but all must be classed under the banner of manners, for even education and birth are not sufficient to constitute this union of attractiveness, commonly called manner, which so far differs from matter, that we can weigh the one in the scale of reflection and of examination, whilst the other must at once pass current, or be rejected.

But to return to the Colonel. Having run thro' a large property, and being narrowed to an annuity, he cannot be said to have any great pecuniary weight in society. Neither does he possess either ministerial or other interest; nor does he owe his consequence to relations, for the ravages of war have left him the last of his race. He has a number of failings; and for this preference, which he insures in all companies, he depends entirely on manner, dress, and address; on frequenting the best company; and on having always continued in the circle of fashion.

I have known him enter a room, where some envious person had been previously passing strictures on him, and yet, with one glance, to turn his enemies into friends. His *entree* is indeed peculiar-

ly happy. He seems to look round to canvass hearts. One *coup d'œil* teaches him how to divide his attentions,—where to pay the greatest dividend of respect,—where to listen, and where to entertain,—what subjects will be popular, and what topics are to be avoided—of what cast the society is,—and how, by handling that particular subject which will suit all, he may best please all.

With a good deal of experience, he has a great deal of studied modesty; and, with a moderate portion of wit, he has a cheerfulness, a good humour, and unaffectedness in using it, which makes it appear far more than it really is. But above all, his great talent is, putting every one at his ease, making men in good humour with themselves, parrying any thing unpleasant, assisting a confused guest, and taking notice of a neglected one. These attentions have produced him a host of friends, and have overthrown many would-be enemies, jealous of his success, or ambitious of taking the lead.

Lastly, to women, a gentleness and devoted respect, a constant preventing of their wishes, and a devotion to their service, without any free glances, pressing civility, obtrusive gallantry, hazarded expressions, or words of double meaning, have made his election certain with them.

It is trenching a little on the province of writers on education, to give this detailed account; but as living manners are my object, I cannot avoid taking notice of so striking an instance of such as are useful beyond calculation to him who possesses them; and, by naming a character who is every day to be seen and to be imitated, I have given a living instance of them. The advantages of education we continually witness; but in manners of this kind.

there is something beyond it—there is great judgment and an application of a portion of heart to every action.

The will to please is general in mankind; the means are often deficient, and almost always different. Here there exists a blending of both useful and ornamental in society, and yet within the reach of every well-bred person who will study the art. It is to be kind without officiousness or particularity, respectful without formality, easy without freedom, complimentary without fulsome flattery, modest without awkward bashfulness,—to possess variety without frivolity, and to be elegant without affectation, or a public display of egotism or self-love. And he who possesses these requisites, may rest assured that he will please every body else as well as the

HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXIII.

THE WALTZ.

Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confused, too swift for sight they spring;
So in a wheel with rapid fury toss'd,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion loss.
Soame Jenyns.

I LIKE to see the female sex equal to a certain degree of self-defence, in matters wherein either their principles or their happiness may be concerned; and as these two important points are often affected by trifles almost imperceptible to the common observer, I always lend a willing ear to the statements of a lady, on any subject that has interested her so far as to excite her to reflection:—On this account I give the following remarks to my readers, exactly as they were made to me, by a very lovely, and a very sensible young woman, who is just entering on the routine of fashionable life.

"You waltz, of course," said the Exquisite, drawing on his gloves, putting himself in a dancing attitude, opening his lips *a demi*, not so much in the form of a smile as to show a very fine set of teeth, and rounding his elbow with statuary grace and correctness,—just ready to throw his arm round me (for the music had struck up.) 'You'll excuse me,' replied I. "Ha!" exclaimed the Exquisite, dropping his arms and the subject at the same time, and eying himself in the glass, with a glance which meant, "am I not irresistible, that this impertinent can refuse me?"

He now whirled round to Lady Mary ——; and, in a few seconds, they glided by me in mazy circles, her head languishingly reclining towards one shoulder, her eyes half smiling and half downcast, and her countenance half averted, half meeting his. The entire expression of his features was self-satisfaction, boldness, an ogling of certain success, the whole varnished over with the warmest tints of affectation and conceit. Her Ladyship's foot is beautiful. Her cavalier's is not less well proportioned for his sex. Their feet met each other in dumb harmony, (a bull, perhaps,) or rather in according measure, limb leant towards limb; and there was a correspondence of action and of attitude, of figure and of regard, which represented to my fancy something of an amatory pantomime.

As the Exquisite passed me, he flung on me a look of contempt, designed to cover me with shame and mortification; but it fell like a blunted arrow on the ground, and made not the least impression. Her ladyship favoured me with a look mingling triumph and pity for my bad taste; for her partner was the best in the room. "My heart remained unmoved the while."

The measure now quickened, and the young couple flew round with more giddy impetuosity. 'Twas like the flight and pursuit of each other; with this difference, that there was a degree of union already commenced, which seemed like the preface of something warmer and more kind. Never was I so completely convinced of the impropriety of waltzing with any but an intended, a brother, or one of my own sex. The Germans may talk of waltzing mechanically; but until one "can quite forget oneself to stone," I should deem such machinery to be very imprudently displayed. I know

that the French consider this as no more than any other common dance; and that I shall be opposed with "*Honi soit qui mal y pense;*" but in spite of all this, I shall ever consider that a little reflection is necessary to every female before she throws herself into the arms of a stranger.

The quadrille is a pleasing dance. It exhibits a variety of figures, some of which are very elegant. It contains a diversity of tunes; and it exhibits some very graceful positions and attitudes, not at variance with modesty and decorum, as in the Spanish and Oriental dances. There is, on the other hand, too much romping in English country dances; not to mention the fatigue of going down many couples, and the ennui of waiting a long time for leading off.

The male waltzer is literally either a leaning post,—one on whom you may safely lean for support, protection, and for the participation of mutual pleasure,—or a bold, prying, affected somebody, who approaches you too familiarly, looks on you too stedfastly, flirts with you too freely, and endeavours to engross you entirely. This confidence,—this undivided attention, cannot be promiscuously given. Again, if he be a good dancer, his conceit is immeasurable. He seems to say, "Admire me!" "Bless your stars for having such a partner!!" "How you are honoured!!" "How you are envied!" or, if self-love be waived for a moment, he will be very apt to affect, or to cherish some partial feeling—some unnecessary admiration for his partner.

"An awkward waltzer annoys you, treads on your toes, loses the measure, sometimes loses his balance, puts yourself and others out, and is a disgusting creature. A finished waltzer plays about you like a butterfly, spins you about like a top, and

does too much what he pleases with his dependant partner. Of this class was the Exquisite whom I refused. Such men go to a ball, full of their pre-eminence. Some even wait to be solicited by the Lady of the house, to honour the female waltzers with their associated perfection and graces. They then "*font les difficiles.*" "They are tired;" "it is so warm;" "they must go to another party;" and fifty other excuses, to enhance the value of their company.

"For the most part our best waltzers are foreigners. Yet the continental wars have produced a number of British competitors in this perfection. The foreigners, however, have the pre-eminence in point of numbers, for our capital English waltzers are few; and those few are in the higher classes. The Frenchman likes to make a display of his little talent, and prepares for his waltz, or quadrille, like a stage performer. John Bull is more backward and modest; and, unless he be a travelled man, can never muster up courage enough to exhibit his figure. "*Vous valsez, mademoiselle,*" is the French *merveilleux's* first word at a ball, which is as much as to say, if you do not, you are nobody. His next phrase is, "*aimez-vous la valse?*" and if answered in the affirmative, "*a la bon heure,*" cried he, "*car les contredanses Anglaises sont si monotones.*" His third sentence is to ask you to waltz with him, sure, as he imagines, of success; but if refused, he is discomfitted, like my English Exquisite.

"I have been the more particular in my strictures on this fashionable dance, as I wish to make the gentlemen understand, that there are women who attach no merit to the elasticity of a male figure, or to his studied admiration of his own feet; who despise self-adorers of every description, and

who can refuse, these would be irresistibles, whether as dancers, as danglers, or as companions."

Thus ended my young friend's philippic, and I trust I have a sufficient number of readers, to whom the sentiments that dictated it will appear as valuable in one of her age and sex, as they did at the moment of uttering it, to one who may, without fear of being misunderstood, subscribe himself her sincere admirer,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXIV.

AT-HOMES AND CONVERSAZIONES.

J'ay toutes les envies du monde d'estre scavant, et j'enrage que mon pere et ma mere ne m'ayent pas fait bien etudier dans toutes les sciences quand j'etois jeune.
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.—Moliere.

The "At-home" of a female of quality, and the "Conversazione" of a fashionable belle, are amusements of an elegant and superior kind. At both you naturally expect to meet with a circle of the *elite* of our nobility, and of the leaders of *bon ton*, and are in no danger of being annoyed by mixed company. However diversified in age, or in situation,—senatorial, military, or diplomatic, the company may be, still the class is always the same; the manners of a similar stamp. In the female and male attendants of these circles of fashion, you are certain of finding the very highest polish.

"At-home" has something more easy in it than the formality of a rout, or the ceremonial of a ball and supper. *Conversaziones* are of a higher and of a more intellectual kind, or rather they ought to be so; for it is always supposed that a *Conversazione* implies a circle of talent as well as of fashion. A *Conversazione*, however, is in general a misnomer, for it is not a mere evening dress assembly, where promenading through elegant rooms forms the main part of the treat, and a card-table or two may be added for the amusement of the elders. A *Conversazione* should be an assemblage of *beaux esprits*, a meeting of persons of both sexes well versed in the *belles-lettres*.

To hear, however, of the "At-homes" and "Conversaziones" of the imitators of fashion of the second class—to behold tradesmen's wives issue their encyclical cards of invitation for these purposes, is a burlesque on *bon ton*, a complete caricature of the thing which their ambition is desirous of representing. A card-party or a ball may be given in all ranks; but an "At-home" or a "Conversazione," where judicious adherence to costume is preserved, and where all is magnificence and refinement, is fitted only for the first line of society, and should be composed of the beauty and fashion of the courtly world only—the *beau monde* of the very first class.

I was twice present at the spurious representation of these *delices de la societe*,—at an *At-home* of my jeweller's wife, and at a *Conversazione* of my apothecary's lady. The former was dressed *a outrance*—the most hyper-elegante and ultra-fashionable I ever beheld. She had seen in what high feather our court belles appeared at the last drawing-room, what nodding majesty, what stately plume, surmounted our titled dames, and, in order to give dignity to her "At-home," she was so feathered and ornamented that she appeared more like the "Peacock At-home" than any other animal. All was affectation, *mauvais ton*, *fausses manieres*, pretensions, fan-twinkling, and conceit.

The rooms were richly furnished, and the floors chalked in imitation of the higher circles; but a heaviness of ornament, a want of elegance in design, a dull assumed state, awkward courtesies, awkward attendants, hired for the occasion, a vulgar master, and an officious attentive hostess, betrayed the *assemblee boutiquiere* to every observer. Large hands incumbered with rings, red arms of dancing misses, mimicked ease, and over-acted volatility,

were seen on every side. Mammas and papas, still inferior to their children in polish and appearance, marked the progressive growth from trade to independence, the sudden walk from the counter to the drawing-room. Sable attornies and medical students, with opera hats stuck under their arms, the management of which incumbered them exceedingly, drawing on white gloves, and playing the *petit maître;* or ponderous citizens, and dapper bankers' clerks, the one full of purse-pride and the other of flippancy, composed the male class of attendants, varied by a few customers from the country, and titled debtors who came to the "At-home" merely to keep in the jeweller's good graces, as well as in his books.

We had a good deal of conversation, in the accent of the East end of the town, with "Vont you be seated?" and "Vill you cut in at whist?" One room was prepared for cards; and an apartment was set apart for dancing. Dulness presided every where. The supper-table groaned beneath the weight of the delicacies of the season; whilst our host perspired under the agonies of playing the gentleman, or doing what is called the agreeable. I got away as soon as I decently could, and considered the entertainment as like any thing but an "At-home"—the attempt the lamest, and most unsuccessful, at imitating the manners and the entertainment of people of fashion. The *Conversazione* of Madame l'Apothicaire had still more pretensions; and was a still higher caricature of such parties in high life.

Mrs. Ollapod, dressed with affected simplicity; habited all in white; her hair flat on the top, and falling in ringlets, similar to what we see in Grecian statues; her bosom and shoulders much exposed; her arms bare nearly to the shoulders, with

gloves wrinkled and thrust down almost to the wrist, bracelets over them; and white satin sandal shoes laced up a pillar of a colossal appearance, with such a foot for a base as might have supported the statue of Minerva:—thus she sat, enthroned in consequential state on a sofa, her feet scarcely touching her footstool; her figure being short and so flat as to form almost a complete square, measuring from her shoulders to her pediment, and received her guests with a cold smile, and a borrowed look of importance; whilst Mr. Ollapod plied his services at the door, in a rhubarb coloured coat, white waistcoat, black et cetera, and seemed to say, "Walk in, my customers, all; fine colds some of you will get, and the sooner I am called in the better."

Near Mrs. Ollapod stood a medical aspirant, who was waiting for practice with exemplary patience, and, in the mean time solacing his vanity by playing the character of an *esprit fort*. Two poor authors, and a brace of ladies—the Misses Muggins, who have their establishment near Hackney, for the purposes of education, formed the literary circle described round this light of the *Conversazione*. Three attendants received, announced, and ushered in the company; the one, a fiery-faced waiter from a neighbouring tavern; the second, a liveried mortar-pounder who smelt very strong of yellow basilicon; the third, an amphibious animal of an apprentice, half servant, half equal to his master and mistress.

The company consisted of patients of all descriptions; bloated citizens and sickly-faced convalescents at the West end of the town, with some professional characters; a quiz of a parson, and some country cousins. The entertainment offered conversation; one whist-table in a closet of a back drawing-room, and Miss Ollapod strumming on a

piano-forte in, what was called, the back-room; the whole concluded with what Captain O'Halloran terms the ghost of a supper, that is to say, refreshments of all kinds, handed round by the mortar-pounder, and by Mr. Spatula, the assistant, whilst our host conversed on physic, and our hostess on literature.

When I entered the drawing-room to pay my *devoirs* to Mrs. Ollapod, the medical aspirant was comparing her to Sappho, the Lesbian poetess, and was reading an ode of hers in as dull metre as ever I remember to have heard. She blushed, and affected to be hurt at his partiality, adding, that philosophy had now the greatest charms for her, and that she honoured the taste of Plato (whose father was of the family of Codrus,) who gave up epic poetry and tragedy for the more solid study of philosophy; adding, how natural it was for Plato to be a sage, being descended from such a stock by his father's side, and from the immortal Solon on the side of his mother. She regretted that she had not lived in the time of Plato and Socrates, otherwise she would, like Axiotea, and other Athenian girls, have gone in the disguise of young men to borrow lights at these great lamps of wisdom.

These, with many other turgid and affected remarks, formed the body of her conversation; whilst the patients listened, and the poor relation yawned.

I saw that Madame's aim was at being a *savante*, and that the authors turned her to account, and occasioned Mr. Ollapod to throw in additional doses of opium mixt with sugar and water, or chalk, water, and peppermint, in order to swell the patients' bills, and to meet the expenditures of his literary wife. This *Conversazione* acted as a powerful narcotic upon me, and was much more useful than any thing

which I had hitherto taken from my apothecary. Mrs. Ollapod was an antidote to love; and the strumming Miss a prophylactic against all manner of mirth and harmony.

I withdrew about one in the morning, resolved (which resolution I have hitherto invariably kept) never to go into the counterfeit circles of fashion again, never to make one at the ghost of a supper, nor at the *pseudo-conversaziones* of the middling ranks. For although all ranks may have merit in their way, the confusion of them must always be improper; and, as Goldsmith justly observes on much the same occasion, "The company of fools may begin by making us laugh, but must end by making us melancholy;"—and melancholy, under any form, is never voluntarily courted by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXV.

LES CHEVALIERS D'INDUSTRIE.

> - - - - - - a lazy lolling sort,
> Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
> — — — — — — — —
> Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
> Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined.
>
> *Pope.*

Having taken my lunar observation at Long's, for the solar beam is banished at fashionable dinners, I perceived two Exquisites take their seat not far from me about eight o'clock. I had just finished my soup, fish, and cotelette, and was eating my biscuit, and drinking my third glass of wine, a pint being my allowance, when the Exquisites entered. They made a great *embarras*, as the Frenchmen calls it; much scraping of feet, vapouring and tittering; much contemplation in the mirror—the only contemplation or reflection which they ever knew.

The one, a confirmed Exquisite, had just alighted from his tilbury; the other—demi-dandy, demi-ruffian, lodged in the house. A servant followed the lodger with five snuff-boxes, an embossed gold one, a plain gold one, a chased ditto; and two French boxes; the one musical, ornamented with the head of Napoleon, to show that the owner had travelled, and had bought it in a three week's tour to the continent; the other merely whimsical, having a painting on it, not remarkable for either decency of design or excellence of execution.

The boxes were put down with vast ceremony;

and the domestic in broken English, asked his master if he wanted him any more; which was answered in as broken French, to shew the master's learning.

The Exquisite now flacked about, first a Barcelona, and next a cambric pocket handkerchief; adjusting the locks on his forhead, and taking a pinch of snuff. He was dressed in the ultra pitch of fashion—collared like the leader of a four-horse team, and pinched in the middle like an hour-glass, with a neck as long as a goose, and a cravat as ample as a table cloth. "Shall we have turtle?" said one. "D—n turtle,' said the other; 'it smells of the city, and of low West-India planters, of vulgar nabobs, and of Sir Billy Curtis. Brother James and he are enough to put turtle and venison out of fashion.' "Ask Long if he has iced the wine?" said the lodger.

At this moment, the waiter inquired of the visitor when he would have his chariot? and if his groom might take the tilbury home? His answer was, "The chariot at eleven to go to the opera, the club, and the finish; and let him take the tilbury home, and physic my leaders." Four horses! said I to myself. 'Dinner immediately,' said the lodger.

A favourite dog was now admitted, caressed and ordered to have a pound of veal cutlets and a sweetbread. "Expensive dogs (said I, in a half whisper,) are this whole trio!" 'You'll get us a fine ripe pine for a dessert,' said the lodger, 'and some grapes,' (seven shillings per pound, thought I,) and some ice, walnuts, wafers, and any thing else you choose." "Burn a pastille," said the tilbury beau; "and don't forget to put rose water in the hand glasses. Bring a couple more lights (wax of course;) and have you remembered the mushrooms stewed in

Champaigne?" (Waiter,) 'Certainly.' "And the pine apple fritters; let them be as light as love, and as hot as fire." 'You may depend upon that,' replied the waiter. 'What wine will you have?' inquired the lodger of the visitor. "Some Indian Madeira," replied he; "one bottle of iced Champaigne, one of hermitage, a glass or two of cyprese, any liqueur you may choose between the acts, and some Burgundy after dinner." 'A pretty expensive choice,' quoth I to myself.

"Were you at the play last night?" asked Tilbury. "D—n the play," replied the lodger, "who would go to such a vulgar place? No; I looked in at the Argyle Rooms, saw an act of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, squeezed my little favourite's hand, and then went off to a ball, quarrelled with a fellow, and milled a watchman." 'And I,' said the other, 'dined with B—, paid five guineas for my dinner, quizzed the old reprobate peer, laughed at A—'s slang and bad jokes, and looked in at Bennet Street. My curiosity cost me three hundred, but never mind." What a fortune these young blades must require! thought I.

A small turbot, a turkey poult, six French dishes, a cream, and an apricot tart, formed a part of their dinner; and six kinds of liqueurs were tasted and rejected. They talked a deal about Lord ——, and quoted many amateurs in snuff-boxes, pipes, and fellows who knew how to live. Every occurrence of town was treated with disdain except us and we and our party, and a supper at the Clarendon. An animated discourse about flounces at the bottom of pantaloons, and about the tying of cravats, lasted for a short time, and then greeking transactions came on the tapis. I was tired of sitting any

longer; and when I saw them dip into the fourth bottle, and call for olives and orange chips, in order to give a relish to more wine, I removed.

I beckoned the waiter to me, and inquired who they were; expecting to hear a title prefixed to each name. I was surprised to find that the lodger was the natural son of a man who was ruined and lives abroad, and that the tilbury man is a youth of small fortune, seeing life under the auspices of his friend. The waiter said that Tilbury was a good customer; but that the fixture paid very badly, though they were afraid to coerce him lest he should go to the Bench, and throw over his creditors. What an age is this for

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE END.

CONTENTS.

Introduction - - - - - - - 3

No. I.

Entering a room - - - - - - - 8

II.

A Patron - - - - - - - - - 15

III.

Too late for Dinner - - - - - - 21

IV.

Hyde Park on a Sunday - - - - - - 29

V.

On the Rage for Imitating Foreign Manners 37

VI.

On Guard for the First Time - - - - 45

VII.

Time and Wedlock - - - - - - - 59

VIII.

The Fatigue of Pleasure - - - - - 58

IX.

Fashion in Dress - - - - - - - 60

X.

The New Member of Parliament - - - 66

XI.

Want of Mind - - - - - - - - 70

XII.

Sudden Changes - - - - - - - 74

XIII.

The Waterloo Panorama - - - - - 79

XIV.

The Female Charioteer - - - - - 85

XV.

A Stranger - - - - - - - 92

XVI.

Female Gamblers - - - - - - 98

XVII.

Wild Oats - - - - - - - 105

XVIII.

The Romance - - - - - - 109

XIX.

A Conversazione - - - - - - 116

XX.

Just returned from College - - - 120

XXI.

Fashionable Advice - - - - - 126

XXII.

Fortune Hunters - - - - - 130

XXIII.

A Morning Drive in a Nobleman's Carricle 135

XXIV.

Sitting for a Picture - - - - - 140

XXV.

Another Dissertation on Painting - - 149

XXVI.

On Giving and Receiving - - - - 156

XXVII.

Exquisite Sensibility in High Life - - 161

XXVIII.

A Visit to my Friend at his Country Seat - 168

XXIX.

Delicate Distinctions - - - - 174

XXX.

A Rainy Day in the Country - - - - 178

XXXI.

Ramsgate and Margate - - - - 183

XXXII.

Vacant Hours - - - - - - 187

XXXIII.
The Children's Ball - - - - 194
XXXIV.
The Chien Munito and the Learned Pig - 198
XXXV.
Confusion of Persons and Ranks, in a scene at the Opera - - - - - 205
XXXVI.
The Pedant - - - - - - 209
XXXVII.
Ladies' Dress - - - - - 213
XXXVIII.
The Nabob Club - - - - - 219
XXXIX.
Mistakes in Company - - - - 223
XL.
Not at Home - - - - - 231
XLI.
Fairly driven out of town - - - 236
XLII.
Highland Hospitality - - - - 241
XLIII.
Gregor M'Gregor's Welcome - - - 247
XLIV.
The Philharmonic - - - - - 252
XLV.
A Guest out of his Latitude - - - 257
XLVI.
A Dandy in the Highlands - - - 261
XLVII.
Learned Women and Accomplished Women 266
XLVIII.
The Benevolent Farmer - - - 273
XLIX.
An Exquisite's Diary - - - - 276

L.
A Neighbour at Dinner - - - - 281
LI.
A Belle's Diary; a Fragment - - - - 288
LII.
Gallomania - - - - - - - 292
LIII.
Fancy Balls - - - - - - - 299
LIV.
Conversation - - - - - - 304
LV.
Just come from Boarding School - - 309
LVI
Exposure to Servants - - - - - 314
LVII.
Returned from Paris - - - - - 319
LVIII.
Electioneering - - - - - - 323
LIX.
Shopping - - - - - - - 331
LX.
Tattersall's - - - - - - - 339
LXI.
Female Politicians - - - - - 344
LXII.
Irresistibility of Manners - - - 350
LXIII.
The Waltz - - - - - - - 354
LXIV.
At-Homes and Conversaziones - - 359
LXV.
Les Chevaliers d'Industries - - - 365

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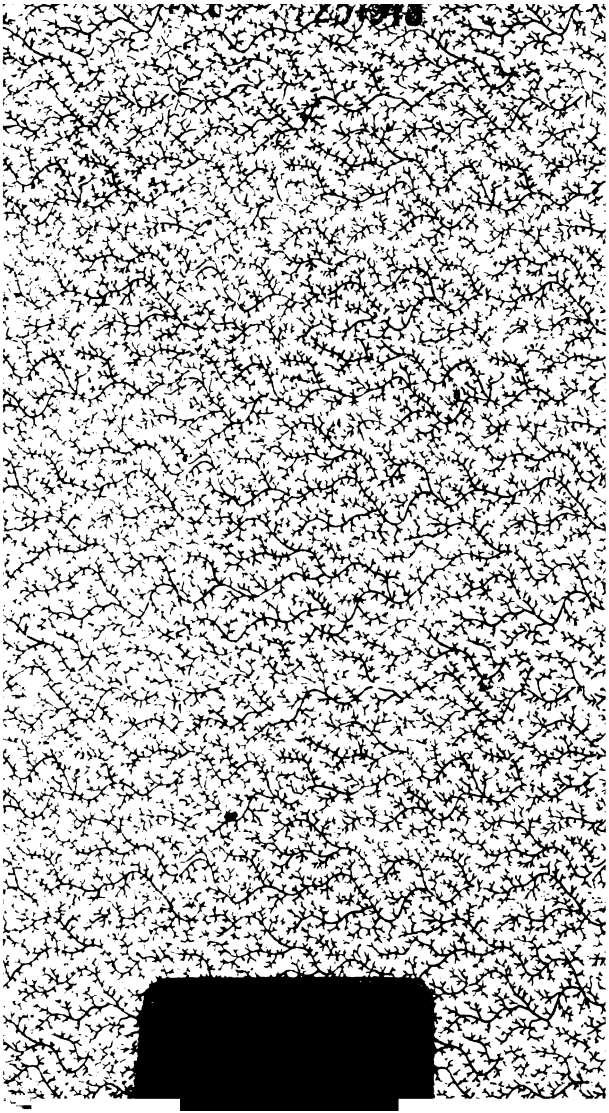
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